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P.P. Dublin
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The Celt.

A WEEKLY PERIODICAL .

OF

IRISH NATIONAL LITERATURE.

EDITED BY

A COMMITTEE OF THE CELTIC UNION.

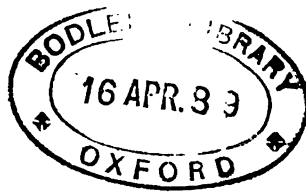
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The Celt.

"THE WISE MAN GATHERETH KNOWLEDGE, AND RULETH HIS OWN HOUSE."—*Old Celtic Proverb.*

No. 1., Vol. I.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1857. [ONE PENNY.

THE MAP OF OUR JOURNEY.

A committee of the Celtic Union have this day entered upon a seriously responsible mission, and taken upon their shoulders a truly onerous duty. And though that mission and its duties be to some of them a "labour of love," with others a pleasurable pastime; yet all feel the seriousness of their position in relation to the work before them, the country for whom that work has been undertaken, and the chances which may bring failure to annihilate, or success to crown their ardent and honest hopes.

And let not those hopes be misunderstood. They are not boyhood's hopes for fame, or manhood's hopes of gain. What they really are time may develop, but this we will say for ourselves,—We write without pay. The success of the Celt can bring us no pecuniary reward: and ~~whatever~~ we may lose by its failure, if it do fail, shall be small in comparison to the loss of the glorious hope we have alluded to.

Our mission will carry us into various departments, and amongst most dissimilar classes, it will entail a great variety of pursuits, and the collecting together of materials apparently incongruous and unsuited to each other. Yet, nevertheless, there shall be an end and an aim in all this, and we shall toil on to the goal.

The Celt will supply matter for the educated, as well as for classes having fewer acquirements; hence there may, at times, appear to be an inequality in the tone, and a want of keeping in the material of its pages. The intention of its editors is, that every page, every article, every extract, shall all tend to a definite end, the common good of our common country, to make Irishmen love Ireland better, cling to

their old faith closer, value truth, virtue, honor, more and more venerating the past, acquiring knowledge and power into the future, burying old feuds and animosities in oblivion, and substituting in their place brotherly love and manly union.

Great difficulties hang around such a work as this. We may be misconstrued, misunderstood, laughed at or reviled; bitter antagonisms may be stirred up against us, and men interested in obstructing may plant barriers before us. Secure in conscious integrity of purpose, we will not be deterred from the work we have marked out as fitting for us to do.

In some matters we may have to dissent from the opinions of great men and valued friends, but where we conceive we are right, we shall not hesitate to dissent and to press our own views upon our readers.

For example; while we admit as a fact indisputable, that Ireland is progressing in wealth and in knowledge, we deny that the progress so making is an evidence of real public prosperity, or truly valuable education.

The present appearance of comfort and wealth in the country is the result of that previous condition which has driven a million of our people into exile, and another million into premature graves; graves that should be marked with blood-red crosses.

A fourth of the whole nation has passed away, the three-fourths who remain have more to do, and therefore more to eat. Further, it is an enrichment arising from the concentration of the property of the many within the hands of the few. The cottiers are dead, or driven out, the graziers who now occupy huge farms are well to do and look prosperous.

The household living upon a scanty income can be maintained all the better in clothing and food, when the grave has closed over half its children; the survivors have as it were a double income. Such prosperity is a sham, the veriest make-believe.

Our own sweet poet of the Shannon, nearly a hundred years gone by, sang of such prosperity.

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Were it possible to try this mock prosperity by the test of bringing up the population of the country to its mark in 1845, would the present position of the property of the country bear it? Assuredly no; and as population increases, the seeming wealth of the country will

diminish with its augmentation, pauperism will increase and embarrassments again arise, unless famine and plague, the allies of mal-government, come and seemingly redress the evil. And this state of things must result periodically in Ireland until such time as a government shall rule the country with an earnest desire to better the condition of its people, by wise laws, the development of internal resources, the increase of external commerce, the fostering of domestic interests, the diminution of improper taxation, and the repression of bigoted and intolerant ascendancy.

The second progress, the educational one, is nearly as fallacious. It was no doubt a small step in the right direction. But the men who made it either had not the proper moral sense, or lacked the courage to boldly trample down class difficulties ; or else legislating as masters for slaves whose religion and nationalities they despised, they sought only to educate them as fit appurtenances to their rulers, materials for soldiers, instruments for taxation, human things who would be all the more valuable to their oppressors if little encumbered with love of faith, less burdened with love of country !

The national school system in Ireland, leaves religious teaching to anybody or to nobody, for it provides none. It ignores every thing that could tend to foster nationality, or teach the youth knowledge of or love for Ireland. The history, the antiquities, the poetry of the country are excluded as the veriest immoralities should have been. And they call this thing national, probably upon the "*lucus a non lucendo*" principle. The most *unnational* thing in Ireland is the *national School System* !

The Irishman who does not see through all this, must be dull indeed, but the Irishman is worse who sees through it, and hesitates to deal with it as truth should ever deal with evil. The education of such a man is complete in accordance with the "*unnational school system*." He is already moulded according to its rules, devoid of faith and of country, fit to be a slave.

To explain such things, to deal with governmental fallacies, to open honest men's eyes to truth, to put national reading into the hands of those from whom our masters would rob it, to supply Irish literary food for the educated and educating, to watch and stimulate national progress, above all, to antagonise, resist and battle with everything and all men, and

systems that seek to annihilate Irish entity ; will be some of the pleasing duties of the Celt.

The Committee find much of hope in their knowledge, that famine, plague, government patronage, or government corruption—the names are synonymous as things go in Ireland—have failed to de-Irelandise the people, or to still the national heart, it yet beats with warm and uncorrupted blood, great energies remain. Old men do not despair, young men toil and struggle earnestly with the world ; and as they struggle hope for better days in their native land.

Industry has not lagged and the materials for a nation are still here, scattered no doubt, yet ready to gather in, to guard the old faith, and the old land.

TYRCONNEL.

IRISH HISTORY.

The history of a nation is its second and higher life. As the individual destitute of virtue and intellect ranks with the lower creation, so the people whose achievements find no place in the annals of humanity class as a mere rabble. It matters little how good, or noble, or heroic particular persons amongst them may be : such exceptions, under varying aspects, may no doubt be found in every savage tribe ; but their perfections did not leaven the mass of their countrymen, and although their memory may be commemorated by the rude monuments of their race, their names are speedily forgotten, and the memory of their deeds passes quickly to the abyss of oblivion.

It is an old and trite complaint that there has never yet been written a good history of Ireland, and many a young Celtic mind has flushed with the fond hope that it might one day become the mirror of its country's past. It is a gallant and holy ambition, somewhat akin to the spirit which would burn to draw the sword in a patriotic cause and hail the death which was instrumental, however humbly, in giving life to the old land. But we fear that the hope of composing a history of Ireland like the histories which have been written of other nationalities is a dream, and nothing more than a dream. As this is a bold, and possibly a rash, opinion, we will state why we entertain it. The history of a country is the record of the grand, striking, brilliant, and above all, the *successful*, events in the nation's career. The defeats, the failures, the treacheries, the discords—the countless sins and misfortunes to which the community as well as the individual is liable, may be admitted, and are necessary, as connecting links in the sequence of

occurrences, and frequently lend a dramatic interest to the story. But an endless, or rarely varied, succession of these scenes is heart-sickening. It fills the native with sorrow—the stranger with contempt. No matter how righteous the cause—how holy the sanction which characterizes the struggle, this sad monotony weighs down the spirit, and the soul sickens to feel that the brave, pious, chivalric, and faithful people, that have absorbed its attention are, like a second family of Atreus, vainly battling against an all-powerful destiny.

Therefore a history, to be interesting, must be one at least of alternations of fortune. If we have in one page the fatal field whereon the oppressor triumphed, we require, by and by, the “green hill side” where the victims of tyranny at last wreaked their wrongs in battle line. To make amends for Cheroneia, we require a Marathon: to compensate for Cannæ a Zama is necessary; the surrender of Granada must atone for the disaster of the Guadalquiver—even though it took seven hundred years to blot out the stain. The nation which cannot boast of its great successes, while it deploras its calamities, does not possess that sort of history which human genius can make immortal. Ireland, unhappily, is in this condition, a condition which belongs to every land which has lost but not regained its independence. Bright oases there are indeed in that dreary waste—brief dashes of light amidst the weary gloom of seven centuries. They mark eras dear to every Irish heart, and “shine like the stars through the darkness of ages.” It is well to keep them in our memory, for they must be the pilots of our future course.

But they do not constitute history in the true sense of the word; and, paradoxical as it may seem, we hazard the assertion that, since the Norman Invasion, Ireland furnishes no materials for a great historical work. Not only, in our judgment, does the history of this country remain to be written—it requires to be acted. And that acted it yet will be, gloriously and prosperously, is our firm conviction. We cannot forestall events, but we may help to make straight their paths, and such is the mission of the CELT.

Conformably to this idea, it is proposed to sketch in these pages, from time to time, the most interesting scenes of Irish history, since the twelfth century, avoiding as far as possible to reproduce events with which the general public are already familiar. To this design we invite the aid of all Irishmen who may possess interesting and in any degree recondite information; so that our people may know their country, and so knowing her love her better still. T.

THE LEGEND OF ST. BARRY'S.

One of the most interesting ruins on the waters of the Shannon, is the roofless Oratory of Saint Barry in Lough Forbes. It is said to have been erected in the Sixth Century. Within its mouldering walls, the peasantry of the district are wont, with a deep faith in the efficacy of its holiness, to place, through the long night, the poor mind-stricken sufferer, whose malady, it is hoped, will be cured by prayer and watching—and the ancient walls are blackened with the numerous watch-fires of the anxious and trembling friends who have sought the blessings of health and sound intellect within its venerable sanctuary.

1

There !—hold the old boat steady !
 Let some of ye get in,
 And fix the rudder fairly on,
 With yonder iron pin :
 Now take the poor maid gently,
 Come, women, bear a hand !
 All right, the moon is rising
 Ho ! push away from land.

2

They floated o'er the Shannon,
 That group of stalworth men,
 And matrons, still, and hooded,
 From Tarmon's gloomy glen,
 And in the midst, a maiden,
 As the white moon as pale,
 That looked down on the waters,
 And silvered the boat's sail.

3

They were pulling for St. Barry's,
 For the Church's holy walls,
 Whose ivied lonely window,
 Looks on its ruined halls,
 Where the holy saint reposes,
 Who, in the midnight, hears,
 The mourning watching suppliants
 Who raise to him their prayers.

4

Now wrap the old sail 'round her,
 And bear her gently on,
 The boat is moored in safety,
 And brightly beams the moon,
 On to the square-stoned doorway,
 Just at the old tower's base,
 There, seat her near the window,
 Let the light shine on her face.

5

And there 'mid the dark walls olden,
 And there where the white alders grow
 There where the grass twines 'round the
 red briar,
 And the heavy cold night winds blow,
 There in that time-worn cloister,
 Where faith ever lives like a nun,
 Ever clasping the hands of past ages,
 The past and the present as one,
 There knelt down the group of brown peasants,
 To pray at the Saint's holy shrine,
 To pray for the health of the maiden,
 Who sat in the cold moonshine.

6

They lit up a fire of the pine-boughs,
 And folding their garments fast,
 All listened and prayed in the long night
 hours,
 As mournfully moaned the blast.

7

Ah ! the groan from the manly bosom,
 The sob from the woman kind,
 'Mid the bare black walls of the grass
 grown aisle,
 And the ivy that swayed in the wind,
 And the fire blazing up so fiercely,
 And the moon sailing on in the sky ;
 O'er the roofless walls and the traceless
 halls,
 Mouldering all silently.

8

Pray, pray, thou poor faithful peasant,
 Pray, pray, for the maiden's weal ;
 But ah ! will *she* pray in this cold world
 to stay,
 The child of a fearful tale.

9

There once stood a sheltered cabin,
 Close by a green hill's side,
 The home of this peasant maiden,
 A father's love and pride,
 And all thro' his hours of labour,
 'This fond hope shortened the day,
 That he knew, on his dull road homeward
 He'd meet her upon the way,
 For his helpmate was sick and weakly,
 And likely and soon to part,
 So, the tie of the beautiful maiden,
 Twined doubly about his heart.

10

Thus, year after year, went gently,
 Sailing away with time,
 And the weak woman seemed to brighten,
 In the light of the Maiden's prime,
 And the peasant grew browner and stronger
 And joy anchored down in his breast,
 And all the far dreams of the future,
 Were visions of hope and of rest.

11

When lo ! came the lord of the manor,
 To tell them to leave their old home,
 To thrust them all out on the highway,
 As outcasts and beggars to roam,
 His myrmidons tore down the roof-tree,
 With mockery, insult, and mirth
 And crushed in the walls of their childhood
 Upon the long time-sacred hearth.

12

The weak woman died at the threshold,
 The man knelt for mercy in vain !
 And a ribald vile jest met the maiden,
 As she kissed the cold corpse on the plair.

Then up sprang the soul-smitten father,
 With rage blazing forth from his eyes,
 His bride lying dead there before him !
 His loved home a blank to the skies !
 His child crying wildly for succour !
 He seized the first weapon at hand,
 And down fell the lord of the manor,
 Beneath the fierce peasant's red brand !

13

Full soon, on that spot stood a gibbet,
 Full soon, hung the peasant there dead,
 Whilst they buried the lord of the manor,
 With a grand marble tomb o'er his head.
 The maiden sat under the gibbet,
 A statue of motionless woe ;
 She was still near her only protector,
 Nor knew, from thence, whither to go.

14

Some good people spoke to her kindly,
 But, answered she vaguely and wild,
 And they knew that the angel of reason
 Had gone on before the poor child ;
 Then they thought of the church of St. Barry,
 Of the miracles wrought at his shrine,
 And thither they brought the poor maiden
 On whom the cold moonbeams shine.

15

They prayed for her all thro' the night time;
 They prayed 'till the breaking of day,
 And when the pine-fire had flicker'd all out,
 And left but its cold ashes grey,
 They sought the poor mind-stricken maiden,
 They raised up her meek bended head—
 God of Heaven ! the lord of the manor,
 Sire, mother, and maiden—are dead !

CAROLAN.

HISTORIC MEMORY IN IRELAND.

It lives within a narrow sphere indeed, and hath but a class existence. It does not, as one sees it in other countries, pervade the whole nation, pulsating from a common heart and with a common blood. It may be found existing in small circles and giving vital indications within confined bounds. But there is no proud national historic memory in Ireland, influencing, as it should do, all classes, giving a tone to public sentiment, and hanging its holy reminiscences upon the well defined battle fields, the castles mouldering from storm or mine, and the graves where repose the ashes of the departed true Irishmen who bled or died for the land and the truth ; or who closed a life of weary literary toil, spent in a great and holy cause.

Yet Ireland is full of historic monuments. Every wayside contains some locality of interest because of some momentous struggle, some glorious achievement or some mournful failure, whilst towns and villages abound with birth-spots or grave-yards of great and gifted men. But they awake no universal national enthusiasm as these things do in France, Switzerland, Scotland, and elsewhere in nations too numerous to crowd their names here.

Why is this? The answer is simple, truthfully simple. There is no popular national teaching in Ireland. No national history suited to take hold upon the public mind. Nay even in well taught grammar schools there is no Irish history at all ! and the national schools ignore our nationalities, historic and archæological, as things, it may be, dangerous to the state, certainly as things quite unnecessary to learn.

In earlier life we would have questioned the truth of such a sweeping statement of national ignorance, and with Irish pride combated

with such, as mere assertion, but a long intercourse and a heart-interested deep observance of our countrymen, north, south, east and west have forced the sad conviction upon us—and thank God! with that conviction suggested a remedy.

It is nearly ten years ago since having sailed in and out of the magnificent harbour of Cork, and having feasted our eyes with its sweet waters and picturesque banks, we turned our thoughts from the glories of nature to the consideration of the names which Cork numbers amongst those that were, and are here. It was easy to make most of them out, for we had stored them in memory, one only escaped us. We wished to stand beside the humble grave where reposed the mortal remains of one of the sweetest, the gentlest and the holiest of Ireland's gifted writers. We longed to bend in reverence over the ashes of Gerald Griffin, but the grave-yard of his interment had lapsed from our memory. We sought for information in our hotel, in sundry shops; and asked in vain. A gentleman suggested it might be in the Matthew burying-ground. We visited it. The caretaker knew of no such grave there or any where in Cork. At last we bethought us, he had been a Christian Brother. We were told the Christian Brothers had two convents in Cork, but our informant knew not to which Griffin had belonged, but a jarvey solved the difficulty by suggesting we should drive first south and then north, and that if it wasn't one sure it was the other; and it was his sapient advice which led us to the humble mound, with its humble and rudely graven headstone, where looking down upon the city, whose poor children he devoted his life to teach—the gifted Griffin lies in his mother earth.

Since then it has been our fortune to pass north, and standing upon the bank of that evil river where James and Ireland failed, we turned in sadness from the memory of that fatal fight, and asked our driver if he could take us to the convent where was preserved the head of that noble old martyr Plunkett. The fellow had seen some sixty summers and winters too. He knew everybody in Drogheda, he was master of William's Glen, thoroughly conversant with Donore and Duleek, knew more of Slane than he ought to know; but "the martyr, a dead head preserved in Drogheda." He had never heard of it. And when I came back to my hotel, even there all I could learn was, that there was some relic at St. Laurence O'Toole's convent, and I had better try there. And when at last my eyes rested on that sainted head and I bowed in its presence, I thought as I gazed upon the calm spirit expression that left its features all at rest, sweet and gentle as when in reply to the officious Chief Justice who urged him to have a Protestant Minister in his last moments, he replied, that there were clergymen in prison "and they will do my business very well, for they will do it according to the rites of our own church, which is the antient usage, they cannot do better, and I would not alter it *now*,"—the gentle irony of that "*now*;" or as when he made the solemn appeal, "and now, my lord, as I am a dead man to this world, and as I hope

for mercy in the other world, I was never guilty of any of the treasons laid to my charge." I thought if all Drogheda were assembled in front of the head of that sainted bishop, they would be the better of holy thoughts such as I felt crowd upon me then.

More recently in journeying over the rich valley lying between the town of Tipperary and the city of Limerick, in search of that spot where the gallant Sarsfield surprised King William's convoy and performed that feat of boldness now historic; I was once more struck with the grossness of popular ignorance; my driver, a Tipperary man born, and living till his hair whitened on his temples within a few miles of the very spot, had never heard of Ballynetty or Sarsfield. Peasants living upon the very ground, looking daily and hourly upon the rock where that castle once stood, were equally ignorant, and the only one peasant, who could point to it as a thing of any note, could only tell that in his boyhood he had heard that great battles had been fought thereabout, long, long time ago; but Sarsfield, his name was forgotten upon the very ground where he had risked all for Ireland.

Dare we hope to be an humble instrument in remedying this degrading and denationalising state of ignorance. Will our modest magazine find its way into the homes of the peasant and the artisan. Will true nationalists, genuine Irishmen, give it a direction and send it where it may sow some good seed, to yet be reaped in a better time and for some noble purpose.

C.

NAPOLÉON'S APPRECIATION OF TALENT.

M. Arago details in his autobiography an incident highly characteristic of Napoleon the First's deep insight into character and his wary caution in reference to punishing men of ability for political opinions. It occurred while Francis Arago was a pupil in the Polytechnic school. The pupils had been somewhat refractory in reference to attempts made to obtain an expression of their opinion in favour of some of the political movements of the period. They had refused to congratulate the government on the discovery of Moreau's conspiracy, again, they refused to manifest approval of the legion of honor. "They knew well," says M. Arago, "that the cross given without enquiry and control, would be in most cases the recompense of charlatanism and not of true merit."

"The transformation of the Consular into the Imperial government gave rise to very warm debates in the interior of the school. Many pupils refused to add their felicitations to the mean adulations of the constituted bodies. General Lacuée who was appointed governor of the school, reported the opposition to the Emperor. M. Lacuée, cried Napoleon, in the midst of a group of courtiers, who, applauded by

voice and gesture, "You cannot retain at the school those pupils who have shewn such ardent Republicanism: you will send them away." Then collecting himself, he added, "I will first know their names and their stages of promotion." Seeing the list the next day, he did not proceed further than the first name, which was the first in the artillery. "I do not drive away the first men from promotion," said he, "Ah! If they had been at the bottom of the list! M. Lacuée, leave them alone." *Arago's Autobiography*, p. 17.

In the foregoing extract, M. Arago refers to the lamentable ill use so constantly made in the distribution of honors intended for the gifted, the brave and the great. Too frequently influence unduly exercised, or meanness and servility cunningly displayed wins for mediocrity, sometimes for rascality, the honor rightfully belonging to true merit. Proud worth stands back, while flunkey toadyism presses in and wins. We remember reading that Selwyn, at the sale of the effects of the minister Mr. Pelham, remarked in reference to a dinner service of silver which the auctioneer was offering to the company, "How many toads have eaten off these plates!"—and Henri Beyle the French writer has bitterly remarked, "When I see a man strutting about in a room with a number of orders at his button hole, I involuntarily reckon up to the number of paltry actions, degrading submissions, and often of black treasons, that he must have accumulated to have received so many certificates of them."

ANECDOTES OF JOHN BANIM.

I remember well the first public occasion I ever saw John Banim. I was sitting in the Kilkenny citizens' club room, I was disturbed by a bustling movement, a heavy step was audible advancing up the stairs, it was John Banim's servant man carrying him from his carriage and bearing him up to the green baize-covered sofa allotted to him in the best corner of the room. Members pulled their chairs aside, the fire was raked up into a better blaze, and men pressed officiously to bid him welcome. He was in the servant's arms, half reclining, half sitting up, his arms round the man's neck so that his fingers were locked upon his shoulders, his legs hung down helplessly; and his emaciated frame told the sad story of paralytic wasting; his long and thin visage was made sadder still by the deep searing of small pock and by well defined traces of anxious and painful thoughts, but his eyes were most expressive, pale blue or gray, but large, prominent, broadly open, starting out of their sockets, they were full of meaning, and spoke to you before his lips moved. There was an energy of manner, a fiery gesticulation about him when he warmed with his subject or became excited in narrating some anecdote or reciting some piece of his own poetry, which he did in a most impassioned manner,

and so as to impress himself with great power upon his auditory. His voice was deep and solemn, and his emphasis peculiarly impressive. Upon this occasion I heard him recite with deep pathos "Sogarth Aroon," and in a moment after heard him thunder out these lines written in reply to Wellington's threat, of re-conquering Ireland, "*The Brigand, let him come, let him come,*" which he delivered with great power and with an impressive fervour that shook his attenuated frame like so many electric shocks. At its conclusion, when the plaudits of a crowded room answered him, his pale face became fiery red and his eyes actually sparkled.

It was upon that occasion that he narrated two anecdotes of his sojourn in France, which he visited just after the Revolution of 1830, and which event appeared to have awaked all his sympathies and aroused the full enthusiasm of his exquisitely poetic nature.

General Lafayette, then an old man, had waited upon him—the hero who had figured in three revolutions. Banim complimented him on that national guard in which he took such pride, and spoke of it as a grand new thought or suggestion to do away with standing armies and make every citizen a soldier. "Sir," said Lafayette, "you as an Irishman may well refer to it with pride. We had the idea from you; the first national guard the world ever saw was the Irish Volunteers." "Oh," exclaimed Banim when relating the anecdote to his fellow townsmen, "it was the highest compliment ever paid to me as an Irishman." Then he told amongst other anecdotes of the three days' revolution, how an old Parisian friend of his had suspended in his parlour the musket he carried on that occasion, and with it a solitary cartridge remaining of the powder he had used at the barricades. "I asked him," said Banim, "to give me of that powder, thirty-two grains." "Thirty-two grains," said the Frenchman, "for what?" "To sow one grain in every county in Ireland," replied Banim. "My God! I would," said the Frenchman, "if I thought they would grow!" D. T.

THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

Upon the second of August, 1776, fifty-seven bold and resolute men signed the charter of America's liberty. The names and memory of those men will live as long as history endures. Amongst them were a large number of Americans by birth, blended with the descendants of many European States. Of the total number, seven or just one-eighth of the entire, held Irish blood in their veins. Three of them were born in Ireland, and the other four were the sons of Irish fathers. And of those men, there was one, whose property risked by his signature would have made a sovereign's income.

An Irishman may justly feel proud that his countrymen so largely participated in that great event, and identified themselves unmistakeably in that movement, which was not rebellion, because it did not fail, but was glorious revolution because it did succeed. A rebellion of which the great Chatham said in his place in Parliament. "I hear it said that America is obstinate, America is almost in open rebellion. I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of ourselves."

The three Irishmen were George Taylor, James Smith, and Matthew Thornton. The four sons of Irishmen were Edward Rutledge, Thomas M. Kean, George Read and Charles Carroll. The last named died at nearly one hundred years of age, having outlived all the other fifty-six.

Some particulars of these seven men must be interesting to Irishmen.

1st. George Taylor, was the son of an Irish clergyman, he was born in Ireland in the year 1716. The immediate locality of his birth is unknown, he was brought up for the medical profession, and well educated, but abandoned physic and went out an adventurer to America. He reached that country with perfectly empty pockets, and had to resort to manual labour for his support at the iron works of Mr. Savage at Durham on the Delaware, where his occupation was to cast coals into the furnace while in blast, but he speedily mounted from such fearful labour into the counting house of his employer, and upon the death of Mr. Savage, he became the proprietor of the works by marrying his widow. He was now able to purchase an estate in the county of Northampton. In 1764 he was elected a member of the Provincial Assembly which met at Philadelphia, where he attracted attention as an active member of Committees, and an earnest worker of that stormy period.

The state into which his fortunes had cast him, was at that time remarkable for inclining more than any other to British union. For six years he continued a member of the Assembly, when his fortune becoming injured, he returned to Durham, to repair it. In 1775 he was again elected a member of the provincial assembly in Pennsylvania. Matters were becoming hourly more serious, and Pennsylvania felt that the crisis of liberty was arriving. The assembly therefore instructed their delegates to the national convention in the following touching and solemn words.

"The happiness of these colonies, has, during the whole course of this fatal controversy, been our first wish. Their reconciliation with Great Britain our next, ardently have we prayed for both. But if we must renounce the one for the other, we humbly trust in the mercies of the supreme governor of the Universe, that we shall not stand condemned before his throne, if our choice is determined by that

over-ruling law of self-preservation, which his divine wisdom has thought fit to implant in the hearts of his creatures." The delegates from Pennsylvania were nine in number, and on the fourth of July, when the convention declared for liberty, four of the nine voted for Great Britain, and against the declaration. Upon the 20th of July, there was a new election of delegates, the men who voted against liberty were not re-elected. George Taylor was elected a new delegate in place of one of them. Thus showing by public vote their approval of the declaration, and their high appreciation of Taylor's love of liberty and of his integrity. He now entered the Congress side by side with the great Franklin, another of the Pennsylvanian delegates, and with him signed the declaration of American independance upon the 2nd of August, when the entire 57 delegates affixed their signatures, the first rough draft having been signed with the name of John Hancock only, he being president. George Taylor retired from public life in 1777. He settled at Boston, where he died on the 23rd of February, 1781, in the 66th year of age. He left after him an only daughter, who never married, so that his family has no living representative at the present day in that country, but there it will be remembered for ever. Surely it should be remembered in Ireland too.

2nd. James Smith was born in Ireland, somewhere before the year 1720. His father was an Irish farmer who emigrated to America and settled on the west side of the Susquehanna. James received a good education as a civil engineer, then called surveyor, but he finally studied law, became a lawyer and settled in the town of York. At the commencement of the great struggle between England and America, he entered with great determination into the contest, and became early an advocate for separation. In 1774 a meeting of delegates was assembled from all the counties of Pennsylvania. James Smith was a delegate from York, and having been appointed one of a committee to prepare a draft of instruction to the General Assembly; the meeting had to consider the question of abstaining from importing goods from England and many in this state were desirous that the contest should be arranged without an appeal to arms, but Smith was of a different opinion, and suiting the action to his feelings, he raised a volunteer company in the neighbourhood of York, of which he was immediately elected captain, and Smith's company was the first corps enrolled in Pennsylvania to oppose with arms the soldiery of Great Britain. When this company expanded into the size of a regiment, he was made its colonel.

In January, 1775, when the province was convened, he was a party in that Convention to the resolve, "at every hazard to defend the rights and liberties of America;" and the remarkable declaration then drawn up for the Convention, was the joint production of three men, Rush, a native American; Smith, an Irishman; and M'Kean, the son of an Irishman. That declaration, amongst other remarkable passages, contained this bold one—"and whereas, the obligations of allegiance, (being reciprocal between a king and his subjects,) are now dissolved, on the

side of the colonists, by the despotism of the said king; insomuch that it now appears that loyalty to him, is treason against the good people of this colony."

Smith was now elected a member of the Convention, and by the Convention a member of Congress. He signed the declaration of independence on the 2nd of August, continued a member of Congress until 1778; in the November of that year he retired into private life, and to the practice of his profession. He died in the year 1806. How much of the Irish character is visible in the statement made by his American biographer Goodrich—"He always entertained strong anticipations of success during the Revolutionary struggle, and by his cheerfulness powerfully contributed to dispel the despondency which he saw around him."

(*To be continued.*)

LOVE OF FREEDOM DEFINED.

That which at all times has so strongly attached the affections of certain men is the attraction of freedom itself, its native charms independently of its gifts—the pleasure of speaking, acting, and breathing without restraint, under no master but God and the law. He who seeks in freedom aught but herself is fit only to serve.

"There are nations which have indefatigably pursued her through every sort of peril and hardship. They loved her not for her material gifts; they regard herself as a gift so precious and so necessary that no other could console them for the loss of that which consoles them for the loss of everything else. Others grow weary of freedom in the midst of their prosperities; they allow her to be snatched without resistance from their hands, lest they should sacrifice by an effort that well being which she had bestowed upon them. For them to remain free, nothing was wanting but a taste for freedom. I attempt no analysis of that lofty sentiment for those who feel it not.

It enters of its own accord into the large hearts God has prepared to receive it; it fills them, it enraptures them; but to the meaner minds which have never felt it, it is past finding out.—M. de Torqueville's *France*, p. 383.

WHAT THE DUTCH DID.

"To a country almost floating on the waters, and subjected to sudden inundations, they have given a firm foundation, and raised formidable barriers to the inroads of the floods, and of the ocean.

They have, without stone or timber in their country, built spacious cities and superb edifices : the foundations and superstructure of which they have carried from afar. Without possessing, at home, any one material used in the construction of a ship, they have built navies that have swept the flags of their former tyrants from off the ocean, and they have disputed the seas with the most formidable fleets. Without arable land, their cities became granaries for supplying Europe ; and with a territory not so extensive as Wales, and their people, at all times, subjected to heavy taxation, their army, their fleet and their commerce have enabled them to rank high amongst the nations of Europe."—Macgregor's *Commercial Statistics*. Sec. VI.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

A Correspondent enquires "Is there any plan or map extant, of the portion of Mary's Abbey, Dublin, where the Irish Parliaments assembled ?

The letters relating to Oliver Plunkett will be most acceptable.

The tale is returned, it is gracefully written, but too metaphysical and not Irish enough for the CELT. It ought to be an acceptable contribution to any general periodical. Meantime we shall be glad if the talented writer would use his pen on something national for our own pages.

Owen Roe's "New Era and Old Paths," shall appear in No. 2.

The translation of the Irish song is under consideration. We would desire to have the original Irish with it.

We republish our Prospectus here, to enable all our readers and correspondents to see what we promise to give, and therefore what it would be suitable for us to receive.

PROSPECTUS OF AN IRISH NATIONAL PERIODICAL.

TO BE PUBLISHED ON THE 1ST OF AUGUST.

Men loving Ireland, and everything Irish, have long felt the want of a cheap periodic ~~home~~ literature. A literature whose price would not embarrass its circulation, and whose aim should be to have its pages suited to all classes, and its contents redolent of nationality.

The Managing Committee of the "Celtic Union" have resolved to issue such a work, and keeping its editorship under their own care, promise that it shall be : Irish, Celtic, Catholic and Progressive.

A respectable number of contributors have been secured for its pages. Every Irishman holding a fit pen shall be welcomed to its aid ; but neither favour, affection, or fear, shall win a place in its columns for loose mediocre or valueless writing.

Its mission will be a lofty one. To stir up past memories. To develop existing energies and resources, and to direct the national heart to pulsate with pride for the past and hope for the future.

The "Celt" will have a wide field for its labours. In its pages will be found matter relating to the antiquities and traditions of the country, re-peopling its old castles,

stirring up the ashes of its raths and cairns, popularising its olden history, and making trite its past memories, wherever they are found worthy of record as deeds of virtue or examples for other times.

The "Celt" will labour to display the massive capabilities of the country for happiness, wealth and independence. Its vast mineral wealth. Its fitness for extensive trade and great commerce. It shall contain information and statistics having reference to all those matters, and will take in philosophy, art, or science, wherever these have relation to the country, either as what it is or what it should be.

The "Celt" will have pages of a more light and graceful character—fiction, poetry, and verse will adorn its pages wherever they can be made subservient to virtue, patriotism and nationality. Gleanings from the writings of other men, the books of other lands, the deeds of other nations or races, will form some of its material—when suitable as subjects for imitation or reflection.

We have said it shall be "Irish, Celtic, Catholic, and Progressive." It shall be Irish in all its tendencies; Celtic in its proud memories of the past; Catholic in its deep respect and attachment to the old faith; progressive as a guide into the future. Yet while pledged to be all these, Irish will not imply abuse of its antagonism, Celtic shall not mean an attack on other races or countries, Catholic must not convey collision or controversy with other bodies of dissenting Irishmen, and progression is not to be vain boast or idle threat.

Its teachings shall be without wrath or anger, but nevertheless with an undeviating onward aim, which, if it succeeds, will have an important national result.

To do all this, the "Celt" must have a large support. The Committee appeal for that support solely as Irishmen and Nationalists, for they have no pecuniary interest in the undertaking.

The "Celt" will embody the proceedings, and all particulars relating to the transactions and publications of the Celtic Union.

It is contemplated to publish it in uncovered penny weekly numbers—monthly parts, with cover, at 5d.—and bound as a volume, annually, at 6s.

The Committee invite letters of advice and promises of support and contributions from all its members and friends.

All literary communications, in reference to the "Celt," to be addressed to the President,

ROBERT CANE, M. D., 8, William-street, Kilkenny;
Or to the Local Honorary Secretary, JOHN T. CAMPION, John's-bridge, Kilkenny.

All trade communications to be made to the Publisher.

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The Celt.

"THE WISE MAN GATHERETH KNOWLEDGE, AND BUILDETH HIS OWN HOUSE."—*Old Celtic Proverb.*

No. 2., Vol. I.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1857.

[ONE PENNY.]

THE "NEW ERA" AND THE "OLD PATHS."

No. I.

"Stand you on the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, which is the good way, and walk ye in it."—*JEREMIAH, ch. vi., v. 16.—Douay Version.*

A New Era has now commenced for the "poor old country." A little ephemeral prosperity, the causes of which few care to investigate, serves to hush the murmurs of latent discontent, to dazzle and delude the gaze of the million, and to furnish occasion for loud and frequent pæans of jubilation to the venal schemer and the cringing sycophant. Never before in the annals of this ill-fated "island of sorrow" were scheming and sycophancy so rampant, so all-pervading. They flaunt abroad unabashed in all the meretricious tinsel of the sole deity *they* worship; they permeate every grade and every nook of our social system; they taint and poison the very breath of our national life; and they labour to establish a congenial code of their own, which would brand independent thought as a sin against Heaven, and its free expression as the foulest of crimes, to be expiated only at the gibbet or the stake.

From this revolting, but not overdrawn, picture of "Life in Ireland," we turn with alacrity to address a few words in solemn seriousness to the rising generation of "Irish Celts." By a law of nature, the youth of every land essentially constitute its future support and second hope. By a wonderful dispensation of Providence, not to be paralleled in the history of any other age or country, the Irish nation seem, at present, to be bereft of their first, and, what ought to be their greatest hope—"self-reliance." The foul corruption of some, the criminal apathy of others, and the in-born servility of many more, have largely contributed to paralyse the energies of the country: whilst, operating with something like the deadly fascination of the serpent upon its victim, and prompted by a parricidal instinct worthy of the first slayer of his kind, these recreants plot from day to day against the political existence of the land of their birth; they gloat over its agonies, and their highest ambition would be to deliver it up spell-bound and

asphyxiated, a tempting and easy prey, to be, unconsciously to itself, absorbed and assimilated in the capacious maw of the twin monsters, imperialism and centralisation—an imperialism, bloated and gorged but not satiated, which almost weeps because it has not more kingdoms to conquer, to impoverish, and to demoralise; and a centralisation, so tyrannically inquisitorial, so little fastidious, and so inexpressibly mean, that nothing comes amiss, from the vapid and un-ideal routine of the "circumlocution office" to the humblest details of a parochial board.

We therefore appeal to Ireland's second hope—to that candid and ingenuous youth, as yet uncontaminated by contact with depravity, whether moral or political, as yet unseduced by the example or the rewards of base and profligate apostacy, as yet unsophisticated and pure-minded, destined to become, at no distant day, the future men of Ireland. And here let us be permitted to say that we do know something of the Celtic youth. We know that youth of graceful, yet sinewy *physique*; of gentlest emotions, yet most impassioned energy; of generous impulses, of high and holy aspirations, of quick perceptions, flashing wit, and trenchant repartee. Under Heaven we know of no tribunal to which we would more gladly see referred the adjudication of a rotten cause or a corrupt job, than to the unbiassed decision of an assembly of Celtic youth, freely chosen, no matter how, say fortuitously. Spurning alike the ponderous pedantry of the syllogistic process, and the no less ponderous and pedantic details of precedent and black-letter, their clear intelligence, with intuitive quickness, would grasp, at a glance, the real gist of the matter, the cause of truth and justice would be sure to triumph, and the *caput mortuum* of falsehood and corruption would be held up to public scorn with that matchless force of sarcasm, which only the Celt can adequately employ or appreciate.

But as it is far from our purpose to flatter the foibles or the prejudices of any class whatever, not even those of the highly-gifted youth of Erin, so we cannot overlook the fact that from its nature, youth is necessarily a transitory and transient phase of human existence, foreshadowing the tendencies and character of the future man of action. It is highly susceptible of impressions for good or evil, which, being once made, remain for ever uneffaceable, and powerfully influence the conduct of the individual to the very last stage of active life. Youth indeed is strong in its innate purity of thought and feeling, in its inherent love of virtue, in its lofty aspirations after moral grandeur; but, alas! in another point of view, youth is also lamentably feeble and helpless. Of itself, that is, from its own resources, it can possess no practical experience of the present, for with it active life has not yet commenced; nor any reliable knowledge of the past, for some one is needed to unfold the records of that awful past, to expound its mysteries, and interpret its oracles; finally youth (*per se*) can have no faithful, trusted, and trustworthy guide to explore with unfaltering

step the labyrinth of the dark and mysterious future. Youth, therefore, in order worthily to fulfil its mission in the moral order of Providence, requires to become instructed, informed, educated.

Now, candid and ingenuous youth of Ireland, we ask, how fares it with your education? We care not if you have graduated at one of those favoured and costly halls, which state-craft, to subserve its own subtle, and as yet undeveloped designs, has called into existence, if not into complete activity—and where the resources of the state, no doubt for state purposes, are lavished with such unsparing profusion: or if, haply, you have sought the fountains of knowledge at institutions of humbler pretensions, and which are more easily accessible to the masses, which rejoice in the pseudonyme “National,” and thus cheat the popular mind with false pretences, inasmuch as they neither are “national” in the only genuine and honest sense of the word, nor were they ever intended to be such. Youth of Ireland, we ask not, we reckon not of your social grade or caste; but we repeat our first enquiry, how fares it with *your* education? Mistake us not—we war not against knowledge or intellectual development; on the contrary, we most humbly and reverently hope that the creative fiat, “let there be light,” may be realised in a moral and intellectual sense in Ireland, even in our day, to an extent little dreamt of in the philosophy of courts and cabinets. All knowledge we accept as good and desirable, if only communicated under proper sanctions and accompanied by proper safeguards. But trust us—our inquiry is not about your progress in the “ologies,” any, all, or some, nor in the manipulation of *longs* and *shorts*, so interesting to the initiated few, so utterly worthless to the toiling and bustling many, nor in the still more recondite mysteries of *plus* and *minus* and their cognate jargon. We simply ask, is there not one especial branch of knowledge which has been studiously and systematically excluded from the curriculum of your studies, no matter how extensive in other respects that may have been? Have you been ever taught that you have a country to love, to cherish, and, if necessary, to defend? Have you been taught even a slight but faithful outline of that country’s history, its past struggles and vicissitudes, its fearful persecutions and cruel wrongs, its momentary gleam of prosperity and independence, its subsequent decline and final downfall, and its present deplorable degradation? Does the word “patriotism” convey any meaning to your Celtic ears? and if it do, declare what names you have recorded on *your* muster-roll of Irish patriots. Do you find on the list the names of Oliver Plunket, Luke Wadding, John Colgan, Hugh Ward, or the Four Masters? We pause for a reply, and hoping to renew our enquiries after the short interval of one week, we suspend them for the present.

OWEN ROE.

TORTURE IN INDIA.

"Govern leniently, and *send more money*; practise strict justice and moderation towards neighbouring powers, and *send more money*."—T. B. MACAULAY.

England's most fascinating essayist has well defined in the above sentence the instructions sent from England to the governors of India. It is upon every body's lips, and all who read know that the natives of India are a sadly oppressed race, and that the wealth of their land and the industry of their hands are the sources of aggrandizement to a knot of British merchants, heartless and rapacious in straining after gain. But all do not know the vile and inhuman means resorted to, to extract Indian gold from the wretched land serfs in part of the East. That to obtain money from the miserable peasantry in one of the presidencies of that unfortunate country, the British government employ a class of subordinates who for long years have been using upon their victims a variety of torture, repulsive to humanity, startling to all common decency, and utterly at variance with civilization and Christianity. Torture such as may have disgraced the dark ages, or been practised by barbarous nations, amongst whom the word of God had been never preached and letters were unknown. Whoever wishes to study this loathsome subject will find the startling information he looks for in a remarkable "blue book" laid before Parliament in 1855, and entitled, "Report of the Commissioners for the investigation of alleged cases of torture in the Madras presidency."

In Madras the land is the property of the government, who let it out to peasantry. The land-tenure there is known as the "Ryotwarry" system, and the tenants are called "Ryots." It differs from the "Zemindarry" system prevailing in other parts of India, in this that the Ryots hold directly from the government, there being no intermediate landlord, the government itself standing in that capacity, and collecting its rents by its own officers. In the other parts of India there is an intermediate landlord, but in Madras the government itself is the party directly dealing with the tenant, and to make this state of things worse, the unfortunate "*Ryat*" is a mere tenant at will, having no lease and no fixed rent, it being liable to vary with the judgment or opinion of the revenue officer who collects it. Under such a state of things there will be always great difficulties in collecting the rents, especially if the season has been unpropitious or the annual assessment excessive or unreasonable. At times, too, no doubt bad tenants may be met with unable or unwilling to pay, but the mode of extracting the money from these wretches is, almost invariably, by the direct application of torture to their persons.

The varieties of torture thus brought into play would do credit to the ingenuity of demons. We shall enumerate most of them, but there are two principal ones in general use by the "*peons*" or police, one is called the "*kittee*" or "*cheerate*," the other the "*amndal*" or "*gingeri*."

The "*kittee*," which is in shape and power like a lemon squeezer, is a variety of the thumb-screw used in olden times. This is used forcibly upon the hands and thighs of the defaulters, and will it

be credited, *upon the breasts of women!* The application of this instrument causes intense pain, and not unfrequently produces fainting, and often permanent injury to the limbs or parts compressed.

The "*amenda!*" is a torture by means of constrained position. Thus the sufferer is tied, bent forward by a rope passing from his neck and shoulders to his feet, so that he is doubled forward, or one leg is tied up to his body, and he is compelled to stand for hours upon the other, or his legs and arms are interlaced and he is tied up in that constrained position. Frequently too while the wretch is bent forward a stone or weight is placed upon his back, or some savage "*peon*" sits on his shoulders and jests with his sufferings, and these abominations will be practised out in the open air under an Indian sun, close by the "*cutcherry*" or revenue office, and under the eyes of the *Tabsilder*" or native collector, and in the presence of the whole assembled inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

To these two ordinary tortures a multitude of others are superadded according to the tastes of the "*Tabsilder*,"—the "*Chora*," a whip made of leather so dried and hardened that it is more like something wrought from iron than a weapon made from animal tissue. We have one in our custody, and would give it cheerfully to any one who would use it in Leadenhall-street; and while this whip, or those made from the strong fibre of the tamarind tree is being used, the victim is tied up by his extended arm to a tree or the beam of a house. The variety of the modes of torture practised are so numerous that their name is legion, and some of them are of so foul and indecent a nature that we durst not pollute paper with a description of them. Common punishments are burning with hot iron, blows directed specially against the naked ankles and shin bones, tying several defaulters together by the hair of the head, so that every movement becomes an agony, lifting men up by the ears, tearing out the moustache by the roots; tying human beings by the hair of the head to the tail of a buffalo or other animal or hanging them head downwards, putting pepper and powdered chillies into the eyes and nostrils, and other unnameable recesses of the human body. Shall we add to this fearful catalogue the application of the "*Poollah*" or carpenter's beetle, or some other biting insect enclosed in a cloth or cocoa-nut shell, and placed upon the most secret and sensitive parts of the sufferer's frame, there to eat and gnaw his subdued and broken spirit into perfect compliance with the tax or rent gatherer's notion of the amount of money he should pay. Gracious heaven! is this the civilization British arms carries into foreign lands! Just Providence! how long, oh how long, must down-trodden human nature endure such crimes?

ORIGIN OF THE MOSS ROSE.

One day, the Angel of the Odours slept Beneath a rose-tree, pillowed on a flower, An atmosphere of fragrance round him crept And curtained deeply o'er his ruby bower,	A golden bee, poised on an opening bud, Stood sentinel, with murmur-dreamy tune, As when the willow-leaf just tips the flood, And harps a sound, in sultry listening June,
---	---

2

He slept—his ivory form tinged all o'er
 With crimson shadows from the roses' tips,
 Which swaying in the zephyrs, more and
 more,
 Made amorous visits to his breathing lips.

3

He slept—crushing his pillow—rose the more
 As beauteous dreams seem deepening
 his repose—
 The sky above was one blue lucent floor,
 The sun was panting with those lustrous
 throes
 That make the earth a fairy land of light,
 Lulling the children of the cloud and air
 To pause and love, and tarry in their flight,
 As did the angel 'neath the rose-tree there.

4

At length a mine of dew-drops hid within,
 The inmost core of one young budding gem,
 A little hidden diamond mere or linn,
 Burst o'er the leaf-lips, down along the stem,

Dripping in bell-like drops from spine to
 spine,
 Close by the dreamer's pearly open ear,
 Which woke him from his visions all divine
 To his still loved and lovely mission here.

5

The Odour-Angel woke, all smiles and light,
 And from his crimson pillow raised his head,
 Then shook his clustery pinions snowy
 white,
 And to the blushing tree, arising, said :—
 " Delicious rose-tree ! sweetest shade of all
 The myriad flowers beneath my royal sway !
 Soft was my rest within thy ruby hall,
 And for thy hostel rich take princely pay !"

6

Then, with a garment all of green and gold,
 He robed each rose-bud, with his radiant
 hand,
 An emerald mantle such as bards of old
 Gave to the spirit of our motherland !

CAROLAN.

CARNOT'S LETTER TO NAPOLEON.

The following letter, which was sent by Carnot to Napoleon in January, 1814, reflects immortal honour on that staunch and incorruptable patriot :—

"Sire,

So long as victory crowned your eagles, I kept myself to my studies in the closet and employed myself in the education of my children. Now that she appears to abandon them, and that you have need of devotion, I hasten to offer my services. Do not disdain them, though they are those of an old soldier, above sixty years of age. He can rally round your eagles many Frenchmen, undecided as to the part which they ought to take. It is yet time, Sire, to obtain an honourable peace, and to regain the love of the people, which you have lost.

(Signed)

"CARNOT."

"January, 1814."

In forwarding this letter, Carnot said to a friend to whom he showed it, that it would either send him to the *Chateau de Vincennes*, or give him a mark of the Emperor's confidence, which would be auspicious to the return of moderation and freedom for France. The latter being the case, he was accordingly entrusted with the defence of Antwerp, and from that time until the period of the downfall of Napoleon, the friends of freedom ceased not to plan the establishment of a representative government in France.

When Napoleon entered Paris, on his return from Elba, (1815) Carnot was the first person he sent for: as soon as he saw him, Napoleon addressed him as follows:—"Carnot, you are the only man who told me the truth before my reverses."—"Sire," replied Carnot, "do you wish I should *continue* to speak the truth?"—"I require it," said Napoleon.—"Well, Sire, France *will* and *must* have a free constitution."—"I *will* give it to her," replied the Emperor, "I am determined she shall have it." Such is the dialogue which passed between these two extraordinary men; the one a republican, who never unbent the rigidity of his principles, and the other a man who, after having rioted in the fulness of arbitrary power, and brought even monarchs and nations to obey his mandates, at that epoch was willing to strip himself of his restored authority, in order to revive and consolidate the rights and liberties of his people.

THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

Continued from page 14.

The third Irishman born was Matthew Thornton. He was the son of James Thornton and was born in 1714, but history does not mention the locality in Ireland; he was taken to America by his father while yet a child, and was there educated as a physician. In 1795 when governor Shirley planned his expedition against Cape Breton, New Hampshire furnished a corps of five hundred men. To that regiment Thornton was appointed surgeon, and in that position gave such satisfaction to the Anglo-American government that he was appointed to the commission of the peace, and got the colonelcy of a militia regiment. But Thornton was more warmly devoted to the land of his adoption and its liberties than to its English Sovereign, and when the government of the country was breaking up, and the governor of New Hampshire obliged to flee from that province. Thornton was honored by being chosen President of the provincial assembly then, in 1775, assembled at Exeter. Upon that occasion he delivered to the assembly an address replete with statesman-like wisdom, recommending to the young nation care of its agriculture, the encouragement of the growth of flax and wool, care of its young manufactures, and the better to effect their progressive improvements, the strictest temperance and morality. The opening passage of that discourse is most impressive,—“Friends and brethren, you must all be sensible that the affairs of America have at length come to a very affecting and alarming crisis. The horrors and distress of a civil war, which till of late we only had in contemplation, we now find ourselves obliged to realise. Painful beyond expression have been these scenes of

blood and devastation which the barbarous cruelty of British troops* have placed before our eyes. Duty to God, to ourselves, to posterity, enforced by the cries of slaughtered innocents, have urged us to take up arms in our own defence. Such a day as this was never before known either to us or to our fathers. You will give us leave therefore, in whom you have reposed special confidence, as your representative body, to suggest a few things which call for the serious attention of every one, who has the true interest of America at heart. We would therefore recommend to the colony at large to cultivate that Christian union, harmony and tender affection, which is the only foundation upon which our invaluable privileges can rest with any security, or our public measures be pursued with the least prospect of success." Henceforward his progress was rapid, he was elected into Congress, he was made Judge of the Common Pleas, and finally of the superior court of the province. Covered with years and honors he died in 1803, in the 89th year of his age.

The fourth was Edward Rutledge; he was the son of a doctor Rutledge who emigrated from Ireland about 1750. At twenty years of age he was sent to the Temple in London to get his education there as a lawyer. Having spent four years there in attending upon the courts and listening to the distinguished parliamentary orators of the day, he returned to his native America, where his clever and fascinating eloquence soon attracted the public attention. In his twenty-fifth year he was elected into the Congress that assembled in 1794 at Philadelphia. At the close of the session he received the formal thanks of his constituents. He engaged earnestly in the discussions leading to the declaration of Independance, in which he aided the great Jefferson. Subsequently he had the honor to be appointed one of the three commissioners to arrange a peace with Lord Howe. A high complement indeed, his two colleagues being the great Franklin, and the distinguished John Adams.

* The celebrated John Hancock, in his speech upon the occasion of the Boston Riots, has left us this fearful picture of the British then in America.—"Our streets nightly resounded with the noise of their riot and debauchery; our peaceful citizens were hourly exposed to shameful insults, and often felt the effects of their violence and outrage. But this was not all; as though they thought it not enough to violate our civil rights, they endeavoured to deprive us of the enjoyment of our religious privileges; to vitiate our morals and thereby render us deserving of destruction. Hence the rude din of arms, which broke in upon your solemn devotion in your temples, on that day hallowed by heaven, and set apart by God himself for his peculiar worship. Hence impious oaths and blasphemies so often tortured your unaccustomed ears. Hence all the arts which idleness and luxury could invent were used to betray our youth of one sex into extravagance and effeminacy, and of the other to infamy and ruin; and have they not succeeded but too well? Has not a reverence for religion sensibly decayed? Have not our infants almost learned to lisp curses before they knew their horrid import! Have not our youth forgotten they were Americans, and regardless of the admonitions of the wise and aged, copied with a seville imitation the frivolity and vices of their tyrants! and must I be compelled to acknowledge that even the noblest, fairest part of all creation, have not entirely escaped their cruel snares! or why have I seen an honest father clothed with shame; why a virtuous mother drowned in tears."—*Goodrich*, page 77.

In 1780 he was taken prisoner at the time of the British investment of Charleston, but at the end of a year, upon an exchange of prisoners, was liberated. He remained in the undisturbed practice of his profession until 1798, when he was chosen as chief magistrate of South Carolina. He died upon the 23rd of January, 1800, and was buried amid distinguished civic and military honors.

The fifth was Thomas M'Kean; he was born at New London in Pennsylvania in 1734—both his parents were Irish. He received a good education, and was admitted to practise in the supreme courts when yet but twenty-one years of age; he was chosen as clerk to the House of Assembly at Pennsylvania in a year after; and in 1762, he was returned a member of the Assembly for the county of Newcastle, and so high had he arisen in public esteem by the year 1779, that when he addressed his constituents and required to be permitted to retire as a candidate for the state legislature, he was permitted to do so, only upon the condition that he would name to them the gentlemen he considered fittest to represent them at the next session: after considerable hesitation he complied with their request, and the seven gentlemen whom he so nominated, were accordingly elected.

In 1765 when some members of the Congress were hesitating about their course and leaning to England, M'Kean distinguished himself by the energy and spirit with which he treated their want of patriotism and got into several personal quarrels in consequence. There are two remarkable circumstances connected with his public position, one was that he was the only person continued uninterruptedly a member of Congress for eight years and a-half, and the other that while he was the representative of the State of Delaware in Congress, he was at the same time Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, being thus as it were a working citizen of two States. M'Kean immediately after voting for the declaration of independence left the house, and at the head of a regiment of which he was Colonel marched to join Washington at Perthaboy, where he had a narrow escape of his life from the British batteries. In 1780 he was elected President of Congress, and when retiring, which he shortly did through ill health, he was presented with the following resolution:—"That the thanks of Congress be given to the honourable Thomas M'Kean, late President of Congress, in testimony of their approbation of his conduct in the chair and in the execution of public business."

He was greatly distinguished as a judge and a lawyer and devoted in a remarkable degree to the interests of his country. In 1787 he was sent as a representative from Philadelphia to the Assembly for ratifying the constitution of the United States, and took a leading part on that occasion, and concluded a remarkable speech with those memorable words—"The law, Sir, has been my study from infancy, and my only profession. I have gone through the circle of office in the legislative, executive and judicial departments of government; and from all my study, observation, and experience, I must declare, that from a full examination and due consideration of this system, it appears to me, *the best the world has yet seen.*"

But poor M'Kean's path was not all roses, thorns lay in it too; some judicial measures of his were impeached, but the impeachment fell to the ground. He died in 1817, esteemed and respected by all good Americans.

(To be continued.)

HISTORY IN IRELAND, ILLUSTRATED FROM ANCIENT AND RARE BOOKS.

FIRST ARTICLE.

The few following pages are presented to our readers as affording a specimen of a series of continuous historical sketches, illustrative alike of our ecclesiastical and civil antiquities, which we intend to publish at short intervals through successive numbers. Their sole merit will consist in their strict and conscientious adherence to the cause of truth before all things. They are not to be made vehicles of broaching *ad captandum* speculations of any kind; but they will be mainly based on records of the past which have long since lost all hold on the national memory, and which, in many instances, require to be excavated from the recesses of mouldering and almost inaccessible folios, as well as endued with a fresh vitality, in lieu of the slumber of ages long past in which they lie buried, and the not inappropriate garb of a dead language in which they are for the most part embalmed. In some sense they will represent the "dry bones" of our history; would to heaven that some gifted seer would warm them into life, so that their potential and authoritative voice might serve to guide, instruct, and warn our erring nation.

But as with the individual, so with communities, states, and nations—religion, the heaven-born guide that Providence has designed to regulate the inner life of the soul, and conduct it through suffering and trial to a blissful and immortal future—religion, I say, has never ceased to enter into every scheme of government, and to influence every form of polity that has ever had existence amongst mankind. But if this be a truth so universally admitted that any formal statement of it is little better than a truism, will it be denied that it is pre-eminently true of our unhappy country? It is in Ireland, more than in any other country in the world, utterly impossible to eliminate the religious element in treating however superficially of the national history. This brings us to our more immediate object.

The Irish Hierarchy, by a miraculous interposition of Providence, though sadly reduced in numbers at various times during the long-continued fury of Anglican (i. e. foreign) persecution, was never completely annihilated, as was the case in England and Scotland. The succession has been maintained *unbroken* from the earliest ages to the present day.

But though the Hierarchy remained unbroken, their powers of usefulness were completely wrested by violence from the hands of the secular clergy, dispersed, proscribed, hunted down like wolves, and with the same price set on the head of a priest as on the *caput lupinum*. What could any human efforts avail to preserve the faith? Here again we find the merciful scheme of an all-wise Providence. The Regular Clergy threw themselves into the danger, and braved all the terrors of these demoniacal laws. And it is to these humble but heroic men that, under Providence, Ireland is indebted for the proud boast of being Catholic. Foremost amongst them were the Franciscans; we therefore extract from Fr. Luke Wadding's Annals of his Order the following facts connected with the first arrival of the Franciscans in Ireland.

[The reader will no doubt perceive that as the following is a transcript of Fr. Luke Wadding's own words, the pronoun of the first person invariably refers to him.]

A tradition prevails amongst the Irish brethren of our order, that during the stay of our holy Founder at Compostella, (Anno, 1214,) and whilst he was yet engaged in erecting a convent in that city, he sent one of his companions to extend his Institute to Ireland: and it is a fact not controverted, that, at that precise time, he sent forth missionaries to various other nations. Gonzaga, one of our historians, in treating of the history of our Order in Ireland, seems to confirm this national tradition of the Irish Franciscans. He asserts that—"The founder and originator of the Franciscan Province of Ireland was one of the personal companions of the Seraphic Francis, who after passing over into Ireland from Compostella, built several monasteries in different parts of that island; and finally ended his days there, having acquired a reputation for the most exalted sanctity."

My respected friend, Father Anthony Daça, in the first tome of his "Chronicles," which he so obligingly sent me, specifies A.D. 1214, as the precise year of that holy brother's arrival in Ireland. By thus assigning to it a known and well-authenticated date, he fixes the vagueness of the prevailing tradition, and so far strengthens the presumption in its favour. It is still further supported by the authority of two totally distinct histories of the Franciscan Order in Ireland, which have been transmitted to me from that country—one of them having been composed about A.D. 1617; the other about A.D. 1620. However, in two ancient manuscript "Annals of Ireland," and in a third parchment MS., written by John Clyn, an Irish Franciscan, and a native of Leinster, it is distinctly stated that the Franciscans did not come over into Ireland until A.D. 1231, or the year following.

Now, taking into account the antiquity of these documents, and the internal evidence they afford of the good faith and perfect candour of their authors, as well as of their intimate acquaintance with the facts of ancient Irish history, I would feel disposed to adopt their statement as conclusive, especially as on all essential points they are singularly unanimous and consistent in their narrative; whereas, the tradition

prevalent in later times, concerning the first coming of the Franciscans to Ireland, is unsupported by the express testimony of even one single contemporaneous writer, and the assertion of Gonzaga, as he fixes no date, may be easily reconciled with the narrative of these ancient annals. An additional reason is, that it is generally admitted that the Dominicans anticipated our Order in their arrival in Ireland, as well as in England; and two of the MSS, above alluded to, fix A.D. 1226, as the date of the arrival of the Dominicans in Ireland.

Meanwhile, though I do not presume to decide the question definitively, I think the balance of probability is in favour of Clyn's assertion. However, when I come to A.D. 1230, of our own "Annals" I will explain more fully what suggests itself to my mind, on the subject of this historical difficulty.

[To be continued.]

A NOBLE-MINDED REBEL.

Samuel McAlister, a northern dissenter and originally a soldier in the Antrim militia, from which he deserted to become a United Irishman, has left us, in his last moments, an evidence of deep attachment and personal devotion to his chief, as remarkable as ever history recorded. When the celebrated Michael Dwyer became an outlaw and a wanderer amid the wild and well suited scenery of the Wicklow mountains, he was accompanied by men brave and resolute as himself, Samuel McAlister was one of them.

The escapes of Dwyer from his pursuers were many, and singular, but the one most remarkable of all was that in which McAlister's life was the sacrifice which won the Chief's deliverance.

It was a wild and stormy night, and Dwyer and three companions took shelter in a peasant's house at Dernamuck in the glen of Emale. An informer betrayed their retreat, and soon a party of highlanders tracked them to their lair and demanded admission. To resist might be death, but to surrender was sure destruction. The four men refused to surrender, the soldiers fired upon them through door and window, and they returned the fire; but the hopelessness of their resistance was speedily increased by a quantity of turf in the house catching fire; and then a ball from without shattered McAlister's arm, thus rendering him nearly valueless for defence and hopeless for retreat. The gallant fellow's limbs might be broken, but his spirit could not, and his devoted friendship to Dwyer was not to be quenched by the life blood flowing from his wound. "I am done for," said he, "but, Dwyer, I may yet save you; load your piece, hand it to me, I will present myself at the open door, I have yet one arm to discharge another shot; when the door is opened and I fire, they will all fire back at me, do you crouch near the door, seize

the moment and at a bound be off." "Now," said he, touching Dwyer kindly on the back, "let my last sight be the spring you make from amongst them." The door slowly opened, McAlister erect, but bleeding, with levelled musket stood within it, fired and fell pierced with many a ball; his cool calculation was right, all had fired, and ere they could load again, Dwyer had bounded forward and escaped, but the life pulse had ceased to beat in all that remained of the gallant McAlister, his spirit had fled, we trust to heaven, and ere it parted, be it hoped his eyes and heart were solaced with the consciousness that his plan had succeeded and his friend was safe.

MUNSTER WAR SONG.

The following spirited Irish Jacobite poem is from the pen of Pierse Fitzgerald, of the county of Cork—written A.D. 1750, and preserved in the collection of the publisher.

D'áitídear féin zán dhéiz ari fuaice,
'S ari anfad Theoir caob ne cuan;
Ar éana na n-éan zo reanmair, ruairic,
Zo z-cairfad mo Shéarair zle zán zhuairm.
 Mearairm zup rúbae do'n Mhúmaigh an fuaire,
 Da mairiogh zo dúbac do éirí na m-buaird;
 Tarrairiz na d-tonn le fleairair na lonz,
 Ta tarrairiz zo ceann 'nár z-cionn ari cuairib!

Ta larad ran n-znéin zac la zo neoin,
Ní cairre do'n nae, ní éiríon faoi neoil;
Aca barr na z-cairad az deanae rzeol,
Nac fada biad zaoirdeil zo faon faoi éol!
 Mearairm zup rúbae do'n Mhúmaigh an ceol,
 Da mairiogh zo dúbac do éirí na d-creon,
 Tonann na d-tonn, le fleairair na lonz,
 Tarrairiz zo ceann, nár z-ceann faoi feól!

Ta Aoiyill ar mair, 'r Aihve óz,
Eana na m-buairizoll ir aihve rídh;
Taib m'le 'zur cuile de n cairreo fór,
Da fuzear le buile zo d-cairid an leozan.
 Mearairm zup rúbae do'n Mhúmaigh an ceol,
 'S da mairiogh zo dúbac do éirí na d-creon,
 Tonann na d-tonn le fleairair na lonz,
 Ta tarrairiz aná nár z-cionn faoi feól!

Ní h-aham mairbh air amharc an laoi,
 Na bairim cum raia go fairge ríor;
 Mo dearcad ba leatad az fairne do ríor,
 Ar baircibh agh fairruirne az cairriainz na rliže,
 Gearaim zup rúbac do'n Whúmaim, 'r zup bion,
 Da mairiogh go dúbac do crú na ríž,
 Toraim na lonz a rzolta na d-conn,
 Ta cairriainz go ceann nar z-cionn faoi feol!

Žac n-duirne d'fui! Whilead ban na z-crēact,
 Cuirada na Tiaoi meari laibin crēan
 Do millead le bliž ir cradaž le claon,
 Cuirribh zagh moill an bairne rēin.
 Gearaim zup rúbac do'n Whúmaim, 'r aīžēin
 Da mairiogh go dúbac do crú na d-crēin;
 Toraim na d-conn ne rleairibh na lonz,
 Ta cairriainz go ceann nar z-cionn le faobair!

TRANSLATION.

I knew it well by storm and cold,—
 The waves which lash'd the shore foretold—
 The birds' sweet notes in forest tell,
 Our Prince comes over ocean's swell—
 'Tis time for Munster now to cheer,
 'Twill glad our wasting clans to hear,
 The dash of the wave 'gainst the ships of the brave;
 And gallant hearts that are drawing near.

The sun's full splendour shines each day,
 No cloud obscures the pale moon's ray,
 The slender branches sigh the tale—
 The mist shall soon rise from the Gaël:
 'Tis time for Munster now to cheer,
 'Twill glad the sons of chiefs to hear
 The dash of the wave 'gainst the ships of the brave,
 And gallant hearts that are drawing near.

High triumph have Aoibheall and Aine at last,
 Eana's fair virgins' gloom is past;
 A thousand and more of this joyous train,
 Now herald our hero with fairy strain?
 'Tis time for Munster now to cheer,
 'Twill glad our drooping tribes to hear
 The dash of the wave 'gainst the ships of the brave
 And gallant hearts now drawing near.

In storm or calm at peep of day,
 With eager steps I seek the bay;
 And strain my eyes in hopes to greet,
 The first glimpse of our Prince's fleet :
 Oh joyful in Munster the music rings,
 And joyful to all who mourn their kings ;
 The dash of the wave 'gainst the ships of the brave
 And gallant band the future brings.

All ye whose hearts beat warm and fast
 With gaëlic blood, the die is cast—
 Rise up rise out, like chiefs of old,
 And smite the foe whose doom is told :
 Oh sweet in Munster, sweet abroad
 To the sadden'd race of each proud lord,
 Is the dash of the wave 'gainst the ships of the brave,
 Who come to join us with the sword !

FEARDANA.

WHAT IT IS THAT MAKES AND PRESERVES LIBERTY.

"A charter, a paper constitution, however perfectly devised, never gave, or never can give liberty to a people who are indisposed to exercise self-government. I do not say nations long unaccustomed to political freedom are necessarily disqualified for the enjoyment of free institutions. The spirit of liberty may exist, although its manifestation be crushed by a constraining force. But if a nation voluntarily prefer servitude to freedom, in other words, if the individuals of whom it is composed, shrink from the task of performing faithfully and honorably the functions and duties which are incidental to self-government, if they willingly entrust to a master the office of ruling them, and of managing their affairs, without imposing control or exacting responsibility, it is idle to offer to such a people institutions which can be upheld only by the unceasing action of public spirit. For example, a legislature popularly elected may betray its constituents under the influence of corruption, apathy, or blind confidence, and enact laws which virtually surrender all power into the hands of the executive ; judges and juries may wilfully set at nought the enactments of the legislature, and the fundamental principles of jurisprudence, while exercising their functions as interpreters of the laws, and administrators of justice ; the executive may refuse to carry into effect statutes ordained by the legislature, or decisions of the courts of justice. Under such circumstances, what guarantees can a charter or a constitution provide for the preservation of public liberty, unless the people themselves be prepared to protect their institutions by resistance to those proceedings which tend to destroy them."

SMITH O'BRIEN ON GOVERNMENT.

A COOL GLANCE AT A PICTURESQUE FIRE.

M. de Stendhall, who accompanied the unfortunate French army in its march up to and its sad retreat from Moscow, concludes his account in these remarkable words. "We left the city lighted up by the finest conflagration in the world, forming an immense pyramid, which like the prayers of the faithful, had its base on earth and its summit in heaven. The moon appeared above this atmosphere of flame and smoke. It was an imposing spectacle, but one ought to have been alone or surrounded by men of mind to enjoy it. That which has spoiled the Russian campaign for me, is to have made it with people who would have common-placed the Coliseum or the Bay of Naples."

 QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

"MINSTREL" enquires under what title did Thomas Moore's letter in the *Press* newspaper appear?

The papers on Cairns and Cromlechs will be welcome if clear and pithy, but we cannot publish long antiquarian articles.

Is it known where the remains rest of the patriotic Bishop of Ross who was murdered by Cromwell's soldiers?

"STUDENT." There is no good general history of Ireland.

"TEACHER." Our limits would not admit long articles on theoretical science, but practical science, if briefly dealt with and palpably utilitarian, will be inserted.

We watch the post for the poetry promised from Connaught.

"JACOBITE." Your remarks are too true. We searched every probable spot in Limerick, but could get no trace of a tomb to Tyrconnell. He was buried most probably in the Cathedral or at St. Munchins.

The papers on Irish Ornithology if clear and fresh would be valuable.

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Country Orders for Saturday's number must be in on the Wednesday previous.

The Celt.

"THE WISE MAN GATHERETH KNOWLEDGE, AND RULETH HIS OWN HOUSE."—*Old Celtic Proverb.*

No. 3, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1867. [ONE PENNY.

HOW THE WOMEN OF A COUNTRY CAN INFLUENCE ITS DESTINY.

No. I.

It is a trite saying, that no man becomes a polished gentleman unless he has mixed much with female society, and moulded his manners and attuned his voice in the courtesy and gentleness which is best taught because best and most naturally practised by gifted intellectual women. It is a truism, that large benevolence, refined tastes and exquisite sensibility, are markedly displayed in the character of youth trained amidst sisters and at a mother's knee, apart from the ordinary male influences of the world. It is a fact, known to all observers, that men of gross minds, coarse language, and degraded habits, are invariably men trained up without, or debarred from the society of respectable females. These facts are in themselves all-important evidence, of what women can achieve, if they ambition to influence our sex, as a mass, and to mould an entire people in accordance with some noble principle and for some wise purpose.

Pondering earnestly over this great fact, we are led to address our countrywomen through the pages of the Celt, and to appeal to them in some matters of the deepest consequence to that country, wherein their destiny, and the destiny of all that is dear to them, is most probably set for life; shall we add a country, in which, after they have passed away, their children are to inherit the evil or good results of their parents' acts.

How this thought has haunted us in the drawing-rooms of the great, in the public ball-room and the theatre, at the tradesman's soiree, and beneath the tented roof, where at fair or pattern the peasants gathered for their humble, but equally important enjoyments. In all of them we have witnessed the influence of women, wherever worth and amiability had put its high moral stamp upon their character,

It is to this high order of women we address ourselves. The distinguished of their sex. The true female aristocracy; it matters not whether allied to squire or peasant, to title or to trade. She, the woman, who, without aiming at rule, can guide, almost imperceptibly,

her own circle, and lead it to noble thoughts and deeds, is an aristocrat, not according to courtly laws, but in accordance with God and nature's laws. The true stamp is upon her, the great blessing around her! Such a woman is, indeed, "a pearl of great price." Thank heaven, Ireland holds many such; they constitute a class, and with them we venture respectfully to advise.

We would converse with them about, it may seem, some matters of every day occurrence, yet matters of deep import in a national point of view, of deeper import still in relation to the men they value or the children they love. We would talk with them about the books that are spread over their drawing-room tables, the music they play, the songs they sing, the amusements they frequent, the male habits they smile or frown upon. Those subjects are too many for the limits of an article suited to the Celt, we will, therefore, have, from time to time, to return to each of them, and to others in relation to them, and will today confine ourselves to but a part of our task, and address ourselves to but a portion of our countrywomen, the portion who dwell in drawing-rooms, and frequent the theatre, the opera, and the entertainments where luxury and refinement are presumed to dwell. Dare we venture to tell Irish ladies, ladies entitled to national feelings, because of ancient Irish and Celtic blood in their veins, how our heart has sickened as we loitered around their book-tables, and took up and threw down in quick succession, the literary trash, which found in their rooms, did positively imply the measurement of their habits, tastes, and intellectual capacities. The filthy pages of Eugene Sue, the less sensual-worded, but equally demoralising pages of Dumas, the too warm works of Madame Dudevant, and then a class of less fearful English literature, but a literature utterly devoid of all moral teaching, and but remarkable for the sickly sentimentality which stands in place of truth and talent; poetry equally feeble and equally vicious. And why is this? And how is this? It is because our very women are in danger of becoming slaves, and though they have not learned to copy British vice and crime, they yet would fain follow in the train of British fashionable follies, simply because they are fashionable; and there is a timid notion that not to be fashionable is to be low and vulgar. And to such an extent has this display of a taste for a feeble and vicious literature gone, that the works of such writers as Scott, Cooper, Griffin and Banim, are too tame for endurance, and though would-be-literary ladies must sometimes talk of such books, it is evident *they* are not the works in which they are deeply read. And as to expecting to find those authors, or any useful work bearing upon the history or the antiquities of Ireland, upon a fashionable Irish drawing-room table, one might as well look for the grace of God in a gaming-house, or a book of prayer in the British House of Commons. Least of all can one hope to find an Irish national work amid those richly bound and well illustrated books which cover the chevenirs and book-stands of fashionable rooms. The stirring verses of either of the Davis's, the sweet ballads of Duffy, the verses of M'Carthy, the historic books of Mitchell or M'Gee, are utter strangers in such chambers. In some few of them

a copy of Moore may be found, and we must add with sorrow, the national portions of Moore are not those most read And look to the result; if by chance an Irishman, a true national Irishman, enters the society of one of those rooms, and starts an Irish subject of conversation, how the ladies fidget, and verbal intercourse jars and runs awry.

Ladies of Ireland, what a far nobler mission might lie before you, were you, instead of countenancing such frivolities, and succumbing to such contemptible British habits, to ponder upon the fact, that you have duties to perform to the country of your birth; duties to perform to your associates and friends, who are, or should be, the workers of a nation; duties to perform to the youth who stand at your knee, and are to work that country when we are gathered to the tomb; and that all those relations will be made better, purer, fitter for great things, and great deeds, if you inculcate and teach a higher class of sentiments, prouder aspirations, and a deeper regard for the country, which will be better loved by men who know its history and value its literature than it can be by the empty coxcombs whose literary tastes are low and puerile, and who, as surely as they lack nationality, and the expanded philanthropy akin to that passion, so surely will they lack these high and pure domestic virtues, which should alone make them deserving of your regard.

AD VINCULA.

These sweet and impressive verses were intended for our first number, but came too late for insertion in it.—EDS. CELT.

In God's all-bounteous ways
Are there not special days
Set for each special grace
His creatures can implore?
When humbly we adore
Christ on the cruel tree
Do we not pray to be
Dead to the sinful earth?
To him, as newly born
Pray for a spirit-birth
Or on his triumph morn
Rise with him from the tomb
To die by sin no more?
So doth the Church recall
To-day the peril dread
Of her first mission'd head
When bound in Herod's thrall
Teaching us from the gloom
Of Peter's dungeon wall
To trust in God o'er all,
Ev'n in our darkest doom.
Behold, a people prays!
Behold, a faithful race
Lies prostrate, helpless, bound
In a false tyrant's power—
An age for every hour—
A night disconsolate!
Asleep, upon the ground
Guarded by Fear and Hate!
Fettered with heavy chains
Yet trust in God remains.

To set the captive free!
Ceaseless the prayers that be
Breathed to the throne of grace
That in God's wondrous way
He might unbind the slave
For His own mercy's sake.
When shall the sleeper wake?
When shall we see the rays
Into the prison break?
Under what angel-name
Shall the Deliverer come?
Knowledge, or Hope, or Love,
Wafted from realms above
Glowing with holy flame?

This dungeon is our home,
This heavy sleep our shame,
And ours the prayer for grace
When on our listless eyes
The missioned Angel shines,—
When he exclaims "Arise!"
As if he said, be brave,
Quickly let us obey
Then shall he lead the way
Through all the frowning lines
Of bar and wall around,
And we, no longer bound,
Shall go in peace, to live for God, and raise
Trophies of faith and love for His eternal
praise!

CELTICA.

Fest of St. Peter's Chains, 1857.

THE GIFT OF "SECOND SIGHT."

Two men of great genius, one of them a statesman and an orator, a historian and a poet; the other a young and gentle genius, whose intellect burst its early coil too soon, have both indulged in that poetic second sight which dares to look through the mist of time and to write of the future. We mean Macaulay and the lamented Henry Kirke White. Both of them have left us beautiful pictures of what England may yet be in the hands of revolutionary time. But the great Scotch orator with whom secondsight might have been an hereditary gift, has palpably wrought his picture upon the model of poor Kirke White. Macaulay's picture is still more remarkable, from the circumstance, that in despite of all his intolerance of Catholicity, he, reluctantly no doubt, is yet forced to bear evidence to that wonderfully preservative power so displayed in the destiny of the Church, though he does not recognize, or at least does not acknowledge, that its preservation is but one and another great evidence of the Church's truth, being the fulfilment of Christ's promise to be with it. The singular testimony borne by Mr. Macaulay to this enduring power of the Catholic Church, occurs in his remarkable review of Ranke's *Lives of the Popes*, in the *Edinburgh Review*, Oct., 1840. "There is not, and there never was on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when cameleopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian Amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but as of yesterday when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin, the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The Republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the Republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy, and the Republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains; not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigour. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world, missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustin, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the new world have more than compensated for her losses in the old. Her spiritual ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn, countries which a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her communion are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to show that all other Christian sects united, amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do

we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca, and she may still exist in undiminished vigour *when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.*" This whole passage is of singular import, because of the political bitterness against Catholics, of the pen which drops it in glorious testimony of the fulfilment of the promise, that God is to be with his Church, through all time, and that it should stand impregnable for ever. We give it for a twofold purpose, first, because it is a testimony to be proud of, and second, because of the implied possible decay of England indicated in the lines we have italicised, and which are in singular keeping with the following lines written by Kirke White half a century ago,

"And empire seeks another hemisphere—
Where now is Britain?—Where her laurelled names?
Her palaces and halls. Dashed in the dust,
Some second Vandal hath reduced her pride,
And with one big recoil hath thrown her back
To primitive barbarity.—Again,
Through her depopulated vales, the scream
Of bloody superstition hollow rings,
And the scared native to the tempest howls
The yell of deprecation. O'er her marts,
Her crowded ports, broods silence, and the cry
Of the low curlew, and the pensive dash
Of distant billows, breaks alone the void;
*Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitols, and hears
The bittern booming in the weeds, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude—Her bards
Sing in a language that hath perished,
And their wild harps suspended o'er their graves,
Sigh to the desert winds a dying strain.*"

Kirke White's Works, vol. 2, page 156.

THE MOOR AND THE CHRISTIAN.

"Arriving in the ancient city of Granada, whose walls are bathed by the Dano and Zeuil, the waters of which principally receive their

supplies from the partial melting of the snows by which Mount Sierra is eternally crowned. This mountain completely overhangs the two little hills, on which this once proud city was erected. I have traversed the streets of this venerable city ; filled with remains of antique and curious monuments, buildings, superb in their decay, and of countless number, all which brought to my recollection those days, when Moorish magnificence rode triumphant through Christian countries. My attention was more particularly arrested by that most remarkable structure of antiquity, namely, the Alhambra or Moorish palace, with its splendid colonnades, marble fountains, basso relievos, and time-defaced inscriptions and hieroglyphics : whilst I was engaged in contemplating the shattered remnants of what was once the pride and glory of the Saracen, I ejaculated, " how many states have had their birth, flourished and decayed, since the atom that we call time was drawn from the bosom of eternity : how many countries have been inhabited and depopulated, '*since first creation peopled earth.*' Where now are gone those empires, that once, 'twas said, had half the globe beneath their sway ? And their proud monarchs whose dust now lies mingled with that of their meanest slaves ? Cities, towns, and villages, like the royal dome of Babel, all topple down to their foundations. Minds once animated with the soul of enterprise ; hearts that thought the whole world itself too small a field for conquest, and nearly deeming themselves of the immortal race of Gods, annihilated by a power mightier than their own, lie buried in the cold obscurity of the grave, there to remain until the last loud trumpet's echo shall alike summon the oppressor and the oppressed, before the dread tribunal of Omnipotence. The immortal spirit alone outlives terrene and perishing greatness, and through the wide realms of endless space, the undying soul may traverse its way, clothed with beauty everlasting, or with tortures infinite. Oh immortality, how thy remembrance raises our low desires above this tenement of clay, in which we are but too long enthralled. In the contemplation of that everliving state to which we are all hastening, we lose the recollection of those ends which are inseparable to our mortal condition ; at least we learn to bear them, as becomes the believers in a futurestate of permanent felicity. We learn to know that the transient and fading bliss which the world offers to our deluded senses may amuse, but cannot satisfy : may cloy and satiate, but will never enable or purify the least of our desires."

Thus did I soliloquise as I advanced onwards ; and at each step beheld some object worthy the attention of the antiquarian, and of mine. ' Oh frail man, I exclaimed, as I looked around me, and discovered emblems of Saracen greatness, fast dwindling into rubbish, "*here we have no abiding city,*" and thou oh immortal spirit, emanation, and image of the Deity, why dost thou consume thyself in wasting, petty, anxious cares ; why dost thou consume thy noble faculties in the pursuit of ephemeral greatness ; why does your ambition seek no nobler

end than the founding of an empire which a revolution can overthrow? Oh foolish men, why do you erect palaces which cannot long survive yourselves? Why is not the acquirement of virtue your only pursuit? Why is not an imitation of the perfection that the divine Son of God came on earth to teach, the object in which you centre your ever restless and insatiable desires? If such were the case, of what a paradise would not this earth be composed? Then fear, and love, and hate, with all the other passions being subdued, mortals would enjoy by anticipation, a portion of that felicity which awaits the just, in permanent futurity.'

I wandered on in a solitary and musing mood, leaving the city behind me, until I found myself at the foot of the *Sierra Nevada* or mountain of snow: here I was struck with the beauty of what appeared to me to have been once a marble fountain; little, however, remained of it, but the steps, which descended to the crystal spring beneath, and even these though shattered and broken, showed evidence of the skill which was displayed in their construction; not far from the former there was erected a rude heap of stones, as if commemorative of some transaction of the bygone days, although unillustrated by any inscription. Besides these monuments of antiquity, I saw reclined the figure of an aged man. He was wrapped in a cloak, and his venerable white locks that streamed from beneath his cap down upon his shoulders, gave him the resemblance of the impersonification of '*old Time*.' He was asleep as I approached, but the sound of my footfalls awaking him, he started; then on seeing a stranger with a foreign mein, he courteously arose, and saluted me with urban sweetness in his native tongue, begging of me to join him in his moss grown seat, from which we would enjoy the resplendent prospect of the setting sun. Truly it was a glorious sight to behold the orb of day shrouded in his clouds of fire, just sinking beneath the horizon, while his aslant beams still gilded every object, and clothed the luxuriant olives, the mulberry and orange trees, with unimagined splendor. The pale moon was just beginning to ascend the heavens, and ever and anon a dewy star began to twinkle in the blue depths afar. A breeze redolent with perfume refreshed the air, and lulled the senses into sweet oblivion of all that was painful to the recollection. Many birds still lingered on the surrounding branches, and the sweet and melancholy notes which they warbled appeared as the vesper song of praise to the Deity. Herds of lowing cattle were slowly winding down from their rich pasturages to the pebbled brooks to slake their thirst and cool their limbs after the scorching heat of day; a few toilworn labourers were seen bending their steps homewards after the fatigues encountered under a burning sun that had nearly reached to tropical heat. But more frequently were to be seen groups of light-hearted peasantry gaily dancing on the swarth through the groves of lime and acacia, while the lively notes of the castanet, added redoubled buoyancy to their step. The sun deeply immersed in the gorgeous drapery of

golden clouds that marshalled around him sunk imperceptibly beneath the horizon. A few moments brought on the thickening shades of twilight, the sky became tinted with that depth of blue unknown to northern climes, and which in the latitude in which I then was is so indescribable and so intensely beautiful. The cope of heaven was soon visibly studded with countless and resplendent stars, the queen of night robed in silver majesty assumed in triumph the empire of that hour, whilst like a curtain of gossamer, a thin ethereal mist spread itself over the bosom of nature, which gave a something of mystery and solemnity to this luxurious scene.

Trifling as the description of this sunset may appear to my hearers, yet it made an impression on my mind, which I believe shall never be effaced from it: and whilst other scenes, which I have since witnessed, have long since faded from my memory, this has indelibly remained engraven there, in all its gorgeous splendour of unimaginable beauty.

My companion, who had hitherto remained silent, seeing my attention so absorbed in the landscape before me, now broke forth into sentiments of the most lively admiration, and gratitude to that great and allwise Being who directs the cooling night to succeed the scorching day; the pale and mild light of the moon to refresh the eye, after its vision is weakened by the brightness of the noon-tide sun; and each successive season to follow each: the spring opening with the lengthening day, clothing the earth with verdant green, and blossoming the trees with tender foilage; summer ripening to maturity the luxuriant crops; and autumn bending beneath the weight of its rich harvests; while winter like a tender mother, fosters in its bosom the new-sown seed. 'Need we,' cried the old man, while his countenance beamed with enthusiastic fire, 'need we, I say, ever want for subject to praise our Creator, or matter for exalted meditation, when we stand to survey the tremendous works that have emanated from the hand of an Almighty architect. Let us look around as far as the eye can reach, on the glorious prospect which astonishes our gaze. Above our heads luminaries far distant, suns that illumine other hemispheres, are shining in unalterable brightness, in the blue depths afar; images as it were, set in the vault of heaven, to give us a faint representation of the unchangeable brightness of the throne of the divine Majesty. And while we cast our eyes on the earth, which is no less a master-piece of the work of Omnipotence, let us raise our hearts in adoration, from the creatures unto the Creator; and unlike the atheist exclaim, '*It is God that made us,*' unlike the atheist whose icebound soul, and palsied mind, never can ascribe, but to chance, to chaos, and confusion, the order, the regularity, and the beauty of the works of the Most High. While we survey the gorgeous splendour of that bright orb, whose refulgent beams, from age to age, warms and gives life, to all nature, let us believe him an emanation from the hand of the God of life and light: and whilst in sable majesty, the night is ushered in by countless

radiant stars, that through the wide realms of space, pursue their glorious march, let us ascribe their undeviating line of course to the great Author of regularity and order. After thus reviewing the works of the Eternal, can we, forgetful of the sublime ideas, with which their contemplation inspires us; can we behold, with admiration, the perishable moments of man's formation. But man, proud and wretched man, inebriated with vanity, becomes enamoured of his own work, and gives it the preference of those of his Creator. Oh! man, endowed as thou art, with reason and free will; sealed with the image of the Deity, carrying within thee that immortal spirit that cries out distinctly and unceasingly—

“Our true dwelling is in another, and an holier place”—

still cleaves to the earth, busies himself about the erection of a frail fortune, and fabrics that scarce survive himself, whilst he neglects the all-important mission, for which the beneficent Lord of the universe bestowed on him a deathless being. Oh! man, thou worthless tenement of clay, what hast thou to transmit to thy posterity, but emblems of thy folly, thy pride, thy avarice, and thy cruelty!

‘See in yonder once proud city of Granada, ruins enough, over which reasoning man might weep. That palace, boasting the name of the Alhambra, of almost fairy enchantment, splendid still even in decay; what is it? A temple erected by pride and folly, sustained by avarice, and desecrated by crime: that heap of nameless stones (to which I before alluded) which scarce can attract the traveller's notice, even that is a monument of guilt, and of irremissible sin.’ Here I interrupted my companion, and expressed a desire to know the legendary history that was connected with the rude mound above mentioned. He sighed and ejaculated, that when we are prompted by curiosity, to seek for information, he knew not whether it was from a spirit of good, or one of evil. Human presumption often prompted our interrogatory, when the desire of acquiring knowledge and virtue lay wholly dormant within our benighted souls; but that if we would impress on our minds the words of the French author, ‘*Il n’y a pour l’homme que trois éternités, naître, vivre, et mourir,*’ our conduct would be so influenced by these considerations, that we would walk, ‘*adorning earth, deserving heaven.*’ We would act on that stage of our being, which calls for action, with such uprightness and circumspection, as to leave nothing undone, at the moment that we bid farewell to earth; but the same author beautifully describes the blindness of man, where he says:—‘*Il ne se sent pas naître, il souffre à mourir, et il oublie de vivre.*’

Forced to subscribe to the sad truth of my venerable companion's words, whose aspect of hoary servitude, sufficiently announced, that the period was drawing near, when he would be called upon to rest from his labours; and whose sentiments told, that his days had been spent, in the study of the great end of man's creation; I did not again venture to press my desire, of being acquainted with the history to which he slightly recurred. After a short pause, he, however, once

more resumed the conversation, by saying, "After the abstruser studies, youth requires some relaxation, in order to refresh itself for the further pursuit of knowledge; for it is not fitting, *that the bow should be always bent*—hence I shall endeavour to remember the idle legend, which while it dissipates your mind tonight, shall invigorate it for to-morrow's duties." His features then relaxing from the severity which intense meditation always causes, and his voice assuming an amiable placidity he thus commenced :—

Othman and Rosamond.

Yonder, you behold the ruins of an ancient fortification, pointing to the remains of an ancient building, that in rude fragments lay scattered between us and the city. There dwelt within its once siege-proof walls, in the time of Saracen greatness, the De Hugos, a family, renowned for the nobility of their descent, their heroic courage, and brave resistance of the Moorish power, from the time their country became infested with barbarians. They were alike famed for the arts of peace and war; none sooner had his sword unsheathed in defence of his country's rights, than a de Hugo; none bore away the prize at the tilts and tournaments, before a de Hugo; none showed more skill and valour at a bull-feat, not even the Saracens themselves, that brought this latter sport from their barbaric land, and in which the Christians used sometimes join, both from the spirit of rivalry to their hostile neighbours, and in time of concord, by way of reconciliation, than a de Hugo. The females of this illustrious house, were no less famed for beauty, and the accomplishments that were common to ladies of that period.

At the conclusion of the thirteenth century, Don Guiso Carolas de Hugo, a most implacable and unforgiving foe of the barbarians, was the chieftain of his name, and dwelt in yonder fort, together with an only sister, whom the legends of the olden time, describe to have been a creature of peerless beauty, and surpassing charms. Her stature was of uncommon height, far above that of the generality of women, and thus displayed to more advantage the graceful symmetry of her unrivalled form; her eyes were likened to those of the gazelle, her face was compared to the rising sun, all bright and breathing with loveliness and animation, with a mind, well described by one of your English poets :—

"Pure as the snow-flake, ere it falls, and takes the stain of earth,
Without a taint of mortal life, except *her** mortal birth."

A splendid tourney being to take place, at which both Christians and Moors were to display their skill in arms, de Hugo appeared there as the bravest of the brave, with dauntless mien, and vengeance de-

* Thy,—in the original.

picted in his haughty eye, and heavy brow, against the oppressors of his native land. His sister, the beauteous Rosamond, was in one of the galleries erected for the accommodation of spectators, and seemed the loveliest of all the females that graced the thronged assembly. Among the Saracen chieftains, who sought to win his way to glory, on that day, was Othman, between whose race, and that of de Hugo, there subsisted an irreconcilable and more than mortal hatred, which had been transmitted down to each family, from the first invasion of the followers of the crescent, and these were glad to engage each other in the combat, for the purpose of endeavouring to satiate that vengeance, which burned within their unforgiving souls.

Othman, at the head of a few brave followers of Mahomet, was to tilt against Guiso, and an equal number of Christians. With similar bravery and courage on both sides, the foemen engaged, and fought; the combat was a long one, and in course of time de Hugo and Othman, alone were in the circus, contending for the prize and the honour of their respective religions. Both were unwounded and untired, as they were undaunted. The Infidel was mounted on an Arab steed of superior agility; the Christian's coal-black horse was unmatched for strength and weight. The two combatants at this time, had thrown away their lances, and daringly advanced towards each other, with sword and scymitar; bravely they defended themselves, whilst many an anxious eye was strained to catch a glimpse of this dubious conflict. It was unexpectedly terminated, by the proud steed of his prouder Christian master receiving a wound in the shoulder, from the crooked weapon of the Saracen, which disabled it; and the horse, and its unblemished rider, rolled headlong in the dust—and Othman thus became the conqueror without subduing.

The Hidalgo, stung with resentment, and maddened with rage, retired to his tent, vowing that at the next rencontre with the Saracen, he would either die himself, or wipe away the stain cast on his honour, with the blood of the Infidel.

At sight of her brother's overthrow, the beautiful Rosamond uttered a shriek of terror, her head grew dizzy, and falling over the balustrade, that was erected in front of the gallery, ere she was dashed to pieces on the flinty ground, he who was the cause of the disaster, namely Othman himself, flew to her assistance, and received her in his support. Overwhelmed with confusion, beholding herself the universal object of the gazing multitude's admiration, and feeling that she owed her life to the conqueror of her brother, and to the foe of her God and of her religion, she could not long sustain herself, but sunk fainting at the feet of the Saracen, who, quickly bearing her from the course, placed her in a spot without the circus; while doing so, the unbeliever was struck with the loveliness of the features of the fainting Christian, which he had never seen surpassed in the most beautiful of the Eastern women; his soul was spell-bound with amazement, while he leant over her in silence. Rosamond, partially recovering, seeing herself supported by

one of the race of Mahomet, looked around in a state of bewilderment, while she shrunk from the turbaned warrior, and buried her face in her hands; he bade her not be alarmed, that she was safe; without daring to look up at Othman, she enquired what had separated her from her friends and attendants. All this occurred in so short a space of time, that she was still alone with the Saracen; but presently, her women, who were endeavouring to make their way through the thronged array, reached her, and Othman, still gazing on her with intense rapture, exclaimed, while he resigned her to their care, 'And part we thus so soon, may we not hope to meet again,' she turned on him an offended glance, and adjusting her veil close around her face, she replied, 'Hush, foeman of my creed, *I am a Christian.*' Then allowed herself to be led away by her attendants.

The beautiful Rosamond was little aware how deep an impression the Saracen had made on her mind, during the short interview which she had with him; after she had retired from his presence, his figure still floated before the eye of her imagination. Her remembrance continually reverted to his noble and lofty bearing, while engaged in the tilt, and to the presence of mind, with which he saved her life, together with the gentleness and tenderness, with which he bore her from the arena. While her thoughts were thus occupied, she wholly forgot the disgrace which had befallen her house, in the overthrow of her brother. When she retired to the solitude of her chamber, her meditations still regarded Othman; for one instant, she could not divest her recollection of the proud barbarian, subdued to feminine softness in his attentions to her; and after she had sought her pillow, the last words which she uttered, were, 'Would that *he* were a Christian.'

Othman in like manner had only to see the daughter of de Hugo's House, to admire and adore her. The insuperable barrier which their opposite creeds drew between them, he considered not, but only meditated on the means by which she might become his own. The vision of her beauty haunted him so powerfully, that as he could no longer behold her, he wished at least to be in the spot near where he knew she dwelt; and accordingly he departed at dead of the night, unto the Christian fortification, (at this period there was a sort of amity or truce between the followers of the Cross and of the Crescent, for better to carry on the sports of the circus, for which reason there were but few guards loitering about the castles of the rival chiefs,) and placed himself beneath a lattice, that admitted both light and air into the apartment occupied by Rosamond.

(To be continued.)

HISTORY IN IRELAND,
ILLUSTRATED FROM ANCIENT AND RARE BOOKS.
(SECOND ARTICLE.)

The Committee of the Celtic Union, amongst other projects, have been desirous to transfer to the pages of the CELT interesting and im-

portant extracts from books whose rarity and costliness must tend to exclude them from the popular eye. In accordance with this view the two following extracts from scarce books are given:—one of them being made from De Burgo's *Hibernia Dominicana*, which usually sells for three guineas, and the other from Harris's "Ware" which brings not unfrequently seven guineas.

The literary history of the *Hibernia Dominicana* presents to the general reader, as well as to the Bibliographer, some curious facts which it were well to rescue from the oblivion which seems to be the allotted fate of most of the productions of a purely national character published in Ireland. It bears on the title-page the imprint of Cologne, yet it is well known to have been printed in Kilkenny, under the direct supervision of its illustrious and learned author. The date too is eminently suggestive—the penal laws had not yet ceased to goad, to persecute, and to demoralize. The terrorism of those evil days had wrought its effect even on the intrepid spirit of De Burgo. He only gives the initials of his legitimate title of Bishop of Ossory. An entire chapter, the *seventh*, had to be expunged from the bulk of the impression, not because it was historically false, but so circumstantially true as to excite the ire and persecution of the government of the day.

These copies, so emasculated, have received in Ireland the name of the *castrated* edition. The book in its integrity has become very rare indeed, but the "Supplement," which he published a few years later, has almost disappeared from public sales—it is worthy of all the honours of the three R's, i.e., *liber rarissimus*. An additional proof of the terrorism of the time is seen in the note prefixed to this seventh chapter—he keeps up the fiction of the foreign imprint, and thinks it prudent to add another, that this entire chapter which he heads with the title of "*digressio necessaria*" was the interpolation of a foreign Catholic divine who undertook to superintend the press at Cologne. The matter and the *ipsissima verba* of the chapter are mainly copied from Porter's "Compendium," of which a second and enlarged edition was published at Venice in 1756. A sketch of Dr. Porter's life seemed therefore unavoidable.

Brief Biographical Notice of Dr. Francis Porter, O.S.F., (from Harris's "Ware,") the Author of the "Compendium Annalium Ecclesiasticorum Regni Hiberniæ."—(*Writers of Ireland, Book I. p. 262*). Dublin: 1746, Vol. III.

Francis Porter, a Franciscan Friar, was born in the County of Meath, and was Professor of Divinity, and Jubilate Lecturer in the Irish College of St. Isidore at Rome, and for a time, President of the said College. He lived a long while in Rome, and died there on the 7th of April, 1702. He wrote some pieces against the Protestants, viz. :

Securis Evangelica ad Hæresis Radices posita, ad Congregationem Propaganda Fidei. [The Axe of the Gospel laid to the Roots of Heresy—addressed to the Congregation of the Propaganda.] Romæ, 1764, 8vo. In this book he reduces all the controversies between the

Protestants and Roman Catholics to the single question of the perpetual infallibility of the visible Church of Christ.

Palinodia Religionis pretensæ Reformatæ. [The Recantation of the pseudo-reformed Religion.] Romæ, 1679, 8vo.

Compendium Annalium Ecclesiasticorum Regni Hiberniæ. [A compendium of the Ecclesiastical Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland.] Romæ, 1690, 4to.

In this Treatise there is an Epistle of *Francis Eschinard*, a Jesuit, to the author, concerning the errors in the maps of *Ireland*. Then *Dr. Porter* begins with a description of the country, and gives a catalogue of its kings, and its wars with the *Danes*, &c. He afterwards proceeds to the ecclesiastical part, and what he writes of the first planting of Christianity there by *St. Patrick*, he borrows from Archbishop *Usher*. He then goes on to give an account of the *Irish* saints from *Fitz-Simon*, and of the schools, bishoprics, cathedrals, monasteries, &c., from *Ware* and others. He tells what a reverence the *Irish* always had for the *Roman* see; what mischiefs have been done them by the Protestant princes, from *Henry VIII.* to *King William*, and concludes with a bitter invective against *Martin Luther*, as the author of all.

Systema Decretorum Dogmaticorum, ab initio nascentis Ecclesiæ per Summos Pontifices, Concilia Generalia, et Particularia hucusque editorum, juxta Septendecim Sæculorum Ordinem distributum: In quo insuper recensentur præcipui cujuslibet Sæculi Errores, Adversus Impugnatores Orthodoxi: Item Recursus et Appellationes hactenus ad Sedem Apostolicam habitæ, cum Notis Historicis et Copiosis Indicibus.

[A Collection of the Dogmatic Decrees promulgated by the Popes, General Councils, &c., from the foundation of the Church to the present time (anno 1693), arranged in chronological order through seventeen Centuries: in which are likewise recorded the leading Heresies, &c., of each successive Century, and the principal Antagonists of the Orthodox Faith: also the Appeals made to the Apostolic See, continued to our day: illustrated with historical notes and copious indexes.] Avignione, 1693, folio.

In the title of this treatise he styles himself, "Theologian and Historiographer to his Most Serene Majesty of Great Britain," (meaning King James the Second), and he was theologian also to many Cardinals.

Opusculum contra vulgares quasdam Prophetias de Electionibus Summorum Pontificum, S. Malachi, Archiepiscopo Armacano, Hiberniæ Primati, Legato Apostolico, hactenus falso attributas; Gallicè primum editum, nunc novis Supplementis auctum, et in Latinum Idioma translatum: Adjunctis Celebrium Auctorum reflectionibus et judiciis de Abbatis Joachimi Vaticiniis, ejusque Spiritu Prophetico.

[A Tract against certain vulgar Prophecies concerning the Elections of the Popes, hitherto falsely attributed to *St. Malachy*, Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of Ireland, and Legate Apostolical; first written and

published in French, and now enlarged with new supplements, and translated into Latin. To which are added the reflections and judgments of certain celebrated authors, on the Vaticinations of the Abbot Joachim, and the prophetic spirit by which he was inspired.] Romæ, 1698, 8vo.

[We are compelled by press of matter to omit, for the present, the two concluding Sections of this Summary, viz. : Secs. 16 and 17. The continuation shall appear in an early number.]

Summary of the Contents of the Seventh Chapter of the Hibernia Dominicana.

Section 1.—Upon the death of Charles II. (1685), his brother James, a member of the Orthodox church, succeeds to the crown by the title of James II., under whom the Catholic religion begins to recover from the effects of persecution. The new King sends an Ambassador to Rome. An Apostolic Nuncio is accredited to the King (1685).

Section 2.—The Duke of Tyrconnel, being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, re-establishes the public exercise of the Catholic religion, to the inexpressible consolation of the professors of the Orthodox faith.

Section 3.—The Protestants are incensed at the liberty of conscience granted by the King, but the birth of the Prince of Wales (1688) annoys them still more. Some casual remarks on the numerous progeny of King James II ; on his offering to the Shrine of our Lady of Loretto ; and on the old and new style ; are thrown into the shape of notes.

Section 4.—The Prince of Orange invades England. He publishes his Declaration at Sherborn in the County of Dorset, on the 28th November, 1688. The Catholics are harshly treated. King James endeavours to avert these calamities, but in vain. Note on the Territory of Orange, and its Prince.

Section 5.—King James, finding his own personal safety, and that of the Royal Family endangered, proceeds to France.

William, Prince of Orange, and his Consort (Mary) are proclaimed King and Queen, on the 13th of February, 1689.

Section 6.—Louis XIV. (surnamed "the Great") provides, in the most affectionate manner, an asylum for King James and the Royal Family. His generosity calls forth the marked encomiums of Pope Innocent XI, in a letter addressed by him to Louis, of 1st February, 1689.

Section 7.—The same Pontiff sends a consolatory letter to King James himself, dated on the same day.

Section 8.—His Most Christian Majesty returns an appropriate reply to both letters of his Holiness, on the 17th of February, 1689.

Section 9.—King James sails from France to Ireland in the course of this year (1689) with supplies of men, arms, treasure, and ample munitions of war, all furnished by Louis XIV.

Section 10.—His arrival is hailed with the acclamations of the chief nobility, the clergy, and people of Ireland. He summons a

general Parliament of the realm, which was held in Dublin in the Abbey of the Dominicans (May, 1689).

Section 11.—Contains a recital of some of the salutary enactments passed by this Parliament.

Section 12.—(A.D., 1690). The prince of Orange follows King James to Ireland. He defeats him at the Boyne. James returns to France. The Prince of Orange reduces many fortified places in Ireland, but fails before Limerick. Unheard of cruelty committed there. He returns to England. The Irish are subdued in the decisive battle of Aughrim (1691). Limerick is at length obliged to capitulate.

Section 13.—The general peace of Europe is restored by the treaty of Ryswick (A.D. 1697) in which the Prince of Orange is recognised as the legitimate possessor of the three kingdoms; Providence, for just and inscrutable causes, thus permitting it. King James dies on the 16th September, 1701.

Section 14.—He leaves a son, the young Prince of Wales, who at once received the title of James III., and subsequently (in the year 1719), contracted a matrimonial alliance with Maria Clementina Sobieski. Panegyric of this princess, and of her paternal grandfather, John III., King of Poland. The monumental inscription on her tomb.

Section 15.—Laudatory notice of her children, namely, Charles Edward; and Henry Benedict, now (A.D. 1762) a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church; also of her husband himself, James III.

(To be continued.)

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

The two novels, "Alice," and the one illustrative of ancient Irish manners, are under consideration.

The concluding part of "The Signers of the Declaration of American Independence," is unavoidably postponed to No. 4., in which it shall appear.

Several poetic and other papers have been received, but not yet read or decided upon. All letters on literary matters to be addressed to President or Secretary, Kilkenny; but letters on business to the Publisher.

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Country Orders for the ensuing Saturday's number must be in on the previous Wednesday with the Publisher.

The Celt.

"THE WISE MAN GATHERETH KNOWLEDGE, AND RULETH HIS OWN HOUSE."—*Old Celtic Proverb.*

No. 4, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1857. [ONE PENNY.

HOW THE WOMEN OF A COUNTRY CAN INFLUENCE ITS DESTINY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Every observing woman and nearly all women are close and minute observers, wonderfully quick in developing character, amazingly shrewd in their analysis of actuating motives, and the springs of the conduct of individuals—will have observed how quickly they can direct and guide men into new pursuits, new habits, new tastes; thus let us suppose some intellectual woman, whose literary tastes incline her peculiarly to some one pursuit. We will assume she leads and influences a circle of her own, a female circle; her pursuit is botany, or natural history, or poetry, or works of fiction, or works of art, she is a connoisseur in the productions of the chisel or the pencil. The men who approach that circle will endeavour, most of them assuredly will, to keep pace with her, and will, in their leisure hours, read up and master her favorite subjects. And to do this, it will not be necessary that she should become an object of admiration to them, or that they should have any ultimate design, beyond that of not appearing ignorant, or inferior in her presence. Women know this, they perceive with intuitive shrewdness, that the man, who, a week before, was silent, when the favorite topic was a matter of conversation, or bungled ignorantly through it, has in the interim, made himself fit to converse about it, and has actually become a student, though unbidden by the female propagandist, who has thus influenced and directed his intellectual movements. What a power this is, for good or evil, how proud the consciousness of it ought to make women of intellectual capacity! Oh! how doubly proud were they uniformly to direct that power, so as to elevate the male circle that surrounds them, and to direct its energies to useful and holy purposes. Were a truly national spirit to influence the masses of our countrymen, as it does, we are sorry to know, but a very limited circle, it would speedily alter the whole aspect of this country; men would thus be induced to study the

old land, its literature, its history, and its resources, and understanding those, too neglected things, well, would love Ireland all the better and toil and labour for her good. Thus would nationality become fashionable, national books would lie thick on drawing-room tables, national music fill the music waggons that are now occupied with a sickly foreign sentimentality—or the trivial witticisms of such cockneyisms and Jonathanisms, as the "*Rat-catcher's Daughter*," and "*Vilkins and his Dinah*." The harp and the piano would be attuned to a music, peculiarly fitted to woman's powers, because it is essentially the music of the heart and the affections, and the woman who sings it with proper appreciation and feeling, would become the idol of her circle, and warble to crowds as entranced as all circles of Irishmen are who listen to Catherine Hayes's noble efforts to give vitality and passionate impulse to the music of her country. There would be for women too, a reward in work such as this, far beyond the pride of leadership or the glory of directing; the men into whose ears and hearts a refined music is poured—not a mere tinkling of well attuned sounds, but a passionate speaking music inciting to nobleness, virtue and attachment to friend, or cause, or country—are, while under its influence, lifted up from the gross passions of human nature, and are imbued with feelings purer and more hallowed than ordinary. The men habitually so lifted are permanently elevated, and in making better citizens bring to woman her reward, by becoming more domestic, and make better sons, brothers, fathers, and husbands.

Women may depend upon it that in cultivating the literature and the music of this fallen country, they not only tend to benefit their own relations, who are to live and die in it, and must either sink with its degradation or rise with its onward growth, but they do positively increase their own happiness, first by the consciousness of doing what is right and good, and next by the direct re-action of that good back into their own circles, and amongst all they esteem and love.

There are other bearings of this subject, which, at a future day, we will return to. There is a class of females too, it may be less elevated, but not less pure and valued by their countrymen, to whom we will then have some suggestions to make in reference to their power of aiding the work on hands. We allude to the class, who, living in rural districts, and knowing little of town fashions, and less of town vices, have yet received good educations in the convents of Ireland, and who returned to their own homes, are there to spend the rest of their lives, the daughters, and the sisters, and the wives of the farmers of Ireland, women whose father's pride it has been, that they should get a good sound religious education, and who do know something about the history of Ireland, and with strong national feelings in their young hearts, care a vast deal about the land of their birth.

We will have also to speak to a class humbler still, the peasant girls, who live in humble cottages, and who, in their sphere too, can achieve much and do good, peculiarly their own; and when, as a gallant Irishman ever should, we have thus paid our respects, first to the ladies

of the land, and the whole sex they represent, then our next appeal shall be to the men who guide and deservedly guide the great mass of the Irish people in whose hands we do believe, has lain and still lies the destiny of Ireland; we mean the young Catholic Priesthood of the land, whose ear and attention we will respectfully ask in the cause of a country they truly and really love.

A. B.

THE FELONS OF '48.

When Thomas Francis Meagher and two more of the '48 men were outlawed wanderers in Tipperary, and, at the close of a weary evening, sought food and shelter from a peasant whom they met on their way, the colloquy and events of the following little ballad took place.

1
"Good peasant—we are strangers, here,
And night is gathering fast—
The stars scarce glimmer in the sky—
And moans the mountain blast—
Can't tell us of a place to rest?
We're wearied with the road—
No churl the peasant used to be
With homely couch and food."

2
"I cannot help myself—nor know
Where ye may rest or stay—
A few hours more, the moon will shine,
And light you on your way."

3
"But—Peasant—can you let a man
Appeal to you in vain—
Here at your very cabin door—
And 'mid the pelting rain?
Here in the dark, and in the night,
Where one scarce sees a span—
What!—close your heart!—and close your
door!
And be an Irishman?"

4
"No—no—go on—the moon will rise
In a short hour or two—
What can a peaceful labourer say?
Or a poor toiler do?"

5
"You're poor?—well—here's a golden
chance
To make you rich and great!
Five hundred pounds are on our heads!—
The gibbet is our fate!!
Fly—raise the cry, and win the gold!
Or some may cheat you soon—
And we'll abide, by the road side,
To wait the rising moon."

6
What ails the Peasant?—does he flush
At the wild greed of gold?
Why seizes he the wanderers' hands?
—Hark to his accents bold:

1
"Ho! I have a heart for you, neigh-
bours!
Ay—and a hearth and a home!—
Ay, and a help for you, neighbours!
God bless ye—and prosper ye—come!

2
"Come—out of the light of the soldiers—
Come in 'mongst the children and all—
And, I'll guard ye, for sake of old Ireland—
Till Connall, himself gets a fall.

3
"To the devil, with all their gold guineas,
Come in—everything is your own—
And I'll kneel at your feet—friends of
Ireland!
What I wouldn't for king on his throne

4
"God bless ye that stood in the danger,
In the midst of the country's mishap—
That stood up to meet the big famine—
Och!—ye are the men in the gap!

5
"Come in—with a 'Cead mille failthe'—
Sit down—and don't make any noise—
Till I look for more comforts to crown ye—
Till I gladden the hearts of the boys!

6
"Arrah! shake hands again—noble
fellows!
That left your own homes for the
poor!—
Not a man in the land could betray you,
Or shut up his heart or his door!!"

CAROLAN.

THE MOOR AND THE CHRISTIAN.

(Continued from page 44.)

Soft as was his step, when he approached, the Christian maiden heard both it, and the sigh, with which it was accompanied. She listened, and believed that it was the wind which agitated the air; once more she endeavoured to compose herself to sleep, which until this night, had never before been broken until the early matin bell called her to prayer. She could not account for the uneasiness of her repose, or her disturbed dreams, which vividly represented to her perturbed imagination, the scenes of the preceding day, intermixed with many wild and chimerical phantasies. At one period she fancied that a follower of Mahomet, knelt before her, abjuring the tenets of his false worship, and signing himself with the emblem of salvation, enrolled himself beneath the standard of the cross. The next moment, she believed herself in the church, whilst conscience accused her of apostasy, in setting her thoughts on the foe of her God and her country; she thought she read her doom, written on high, in letters, of blood and characters of fire, which closed the gates of heaven everlastingly against her. This troubled and distempered sleep, if sleep it could be called, was frequently interrupted, and Rosamond starting called on the female companion who slept in an adjoining chamber, to know what it was that racked her soul, and thus haunted her slumbers. To her, she freely unbosomed the secrets which oppressed her, and faithfully related to her the dreams, which gave to her, on this night, a peaceless pillow. This woman, who was only one of her attendants, was ignorant and unenlightened; by her, the troubles of the Christian's mind, were interpreted in the most favourable manner, and in a way wholly pleasing to Rosamond.

Being scarcely less agitated, waking than sleeping, she thought that the refreshing coolness of the night air would calm her unsettled spirit; she accordingly arose, and robing herself in some flowing drapery, opened her lattice, and leant forth: the noise of doing so aroused the attention of Othman, who at the moment was meditating by what means he could accomplish an interview, with the fair Christian. He looked up, and to his inexpressible joy, beheld her who was the object of his thoughts standing just above him, while her unbound raven locks streamed in the current of air, which swept by. 'And is she then, so faithful, and so true, as to come at the sound of my sighs?' cried the Saracen. On beholding him Rosamond started, and involuntarily drew back from the lattice, while she mentally ejaculated, 'would that thou wert a Christian!' then her native pride, arising within her, she advanced a little; and somewhat haughtily said, 'rash infidel, what bringest thou here? Knowest thou not, that if my brother were to see thee here, thy life would pay the forfeiture of thy temerity,'—then added, in tones from which all asperity had vanished,

'Fly—fly—I conjure you—and make me not wretched, by seeing thee hold thy life, at so low a price; fly ere it is too late'—she waved her hand, as if bidding him, to depart in haste: but he exclaimed, 'Fair Christian, since my life is an object of thy care, deign to hearken to me for a moment: promise that we may meet again'—'and to what end?' interrupted the maiden; 'thou infidel! thou who revilest the cross, why should I seek to meet thee here below; thou whom I will never meet on high: but go I conjure you, lest the stern de Hugo should learn what is passing, and slay thee, for thy madness in thus approaching to his home.' At that moment, different contending emotions rebelled within the breast of Rosamond. Her tongue bade the Saracen depart; but her heart urged her to wish him to remain; and her religion and love of country, bade her abhor the foe of both: and conscience, that watchful monitor, told her, that such love as her's was unhallowed. Need it be said, she was unhappy: and this was the first time in her life for being so. She could not summon up courage enough to withdraw from the lattice, but continued there, listening to Othman's discourse, who with impassioned address, solicited an interview with her, on the following evening: she resisted for a long time, urging that both heaven and earth separated them. At length she yielded to his entreaties, on his saying that he would remain where he then was, to be pierced by a thousand javelins, if they were brought against him, ere he would depart, until she should promise to meet him again. Then she consented to see him the following evening at the fountain of Santa Maria—'the very one,'—continued Edward, 'whose marble pavements lay scattered at my feet.' Othman then assured the fair Christian, on the word of a follower of the prophet, which never yet was violated, that she should not repent of her condescension, and then departed.

When Rosamond was alone, she uttered to herself, 'what have I done? am I going to injure my own holy faith, in thus promising an interview to an infidel—oh, my God forgive me, if I have sinned;' she then strove to calm the rising remorse of her soul, by thinking that the coming meeting was to be one which heaven itself appointed, and that she herself was to have the glory of converting the infidel to the truth, and of ending the feud which for ages subsisted between her family, and that of the turbaned warrior. With these, and such like ideas, she pacified her mind, and once more lying down to rest, she sunk into a calm repose undisturbed by any of those visions, which haunted her slumbers at an earlier period of the night.

The next morning the paleness of her cheek, and the agitation of her air, easily betrayed that all was not at peace within the breast of the beautiful Rosamond. She scarce dared to meet her brother's gaze, so guilty did she feel, at the remembrance of that evening's appointment with the foeman of her religion, and her house: and she could not suppress a shudder, at hearing the direful threats of vengeance, which Guiso uttered against the unbeliever for bereaving him of the honour of that victory which he reckoned should be his own.

De Hugo, who tenderly loved his sister, quickly perceived the uneasiness of her mind, and deeming it caused by her feelings being similar to his own regarding his defeat of the previous day, he reiterated anew to her, that ere long his turbaned enemy should rue the day on which he first encountered him in the tilts: and bade her with that assurance cheer up her looks, and not deem that the honour of the house, was in the least degree sullied by the chance victory which the Infidel had won. Then with a downcast eye, she answered with an air of deception, such as she never before had occasion to assume, "Oh my brother, art thou not a Christian? and why does not more peace possess thy soul: are we not forbidden to seek vengeance on our enemies." These few words of Rosamond's, so far from allaying the storm that was labouring within the breast of the haughty de Hugo, was quite enough to rouse all its fury; for all Christian as he was, he considered that he could be engaged in no holier duty, than that of avenging his insulted honour, and of exterminating a follower of the prophet. Rosamond knowing his temperament, and fearing that to offer him the arguments which religion suggests, would only serve to irritate him so far, as perhaps to go seek instant and deadly vengeance on Othman, scarce knowing what she did, burst into tears, and throwing herself on his bosom, cried, 'Guiso my beloved brother; you know that I am no lover of warfare—but forgive me, if I have offended you.' 'My sweet sister, calm yourself,' cried the warrior, affectionately kissing away her tears—'ought you not rather rejoice to see the foe-man of our God destroyed, and when this sword of mine shall be stained with his base infidel blood, shall it not give 'glory to God on high,' and will you not yourself embrace me with more affection when I present you his broken sword and turban bathed in his heart's gore?' 'Talk not to me of blood, you make me shudder, dear Guiso: you know that I would willingly see the glory of the cross triumphant over the whole of the land; but I cannot bear to think of sending an infidel to his doom in the midst of strife and fury,' answered the unhappy Rosamond; then no longer able to bear the presence of her brother, she hastily retired from him, a prey to the keenest misery of soul. She knew that the implacable hatred of de Hugo would know no intermission until he should succeed in accomplishing the final destruction of the Saracen; and likewise she felt that the passion to which she had yielded herself was grievously offensive to high heaven, and that she deeply erred in thus placing her affections on an unbeliever, and on one between whom and herself there never could be an alliance. She strove to quiet the upbraidings of her conscience, and in some degree to hallow this her first and earliest love, by believing that a few discourses of her's with the Saracen would win him to her own holy faith; and then she believed that the obstacles which heaven and earth appeared to raise between Othman and herself would vanish.

The evening arrived to which she looked forward with a mixture

of dread, anxiety, hope, and fear. She repaired to the neighbouring church to attend the evening service of vespers, which she did on this occasion with a perturbed mind and distracted air; then dismissing her attendants, saying she would wander a while alone, and drawing her veil close around her, she proceeded to the fountain of Santa Maria: there she found the Moor already arrived; she uttered not a word until he first addressed her, but leant in silence against the embattlements of the fountain, then she said in an agitated voice—'I know not what has brought me hither—I only know that I am guilty in coming here'—she trembled as she spoke, and looking at Othman, thus continued—'would that thou wouldst enroll thyself among the children of redemption, and sign thyself with the blessed sign of salvation,' and then she hesitated and the mounting blood crimsoned her face. 'Fair Christian,' said the Saracen, 'speak not to me of my creed, thine is alike to me, I ask of thee only to receive me as thy faithful adorer'—'Hold! it is not lawful that I should listen to thee, I am a Christian, and thou art an Infidel, the outcast of Heaven, already foredoomed to misery without end, unless you forsake your false tenets; therefore it is forbidden me to listen to thee, the foe of my God, the enemy of my house and name, and the oppressor of my country.' 'Fair Christian, we adore the same God, it is He who has united our hearts, let us not strive to separate them—be my bride—the mistress of my Moorish palace, all the treasures of the east will I lay at thy feet—thou mayest worship thy God as thou pleasest; for me, I am the follower of the Prophet, and no renegade shall be; on my knees I ask thee to hear my pleadings.' He advanced, and was going to drop on his knees before Rosamond, when she repelled him, and undoing the Crucifix which hung to her Rosary, presented it to him, saying—'kneel not to me, but to Him who hung upon the cross; wilt thou take this sacred emblem, and wear it next thy heart, whilst I pray for thee?' 'No, Christian, I shall not wear that which I do not reverence: I am the foe of the cross, and of all the followers of the cross, thyself alone excepted: but for thee my love is as true as the alcoran—say but that thou lovest me in return, beautiful Rosamond, then we shall defy earth or heaven to separate us'—'It is not lawful,' she replied in a mournful and subdued accent, and burst into tears. 'Thou hast declared thy love, Rosamond my own,' rapturously exclaimed the Moor, at seeing this exhibition of feeling on the part of the fair Christian, then taking her hand he imprinted on it a fervent and burning kiss. 'We part—said she moving from him—'not for ever,' he cried,—'yes, for ever,' she replied, 'a long eternity shall separate us, unless you abjure your false creed and conform to mine,' answered the Christian. 'Rather may this head wither on its trunk, ere I forsake Mahomet's belief—but go not yet, hear one word more'—'I must away, but I will pray for you, when in my lone oratory: meantime, take the cross of redemption, and wear it at thy heart, and press it to thy lips,' she replied once more presenting to him the emblem of love divine. 'Never, Christian!

never shall I wear that which my soul abhors, and that which thou thyself wouldst say I dishonoured by my unbelief.' They parted; but not without the infatuated and illfated Rosamond having promised once more to meet the Saracen by the fountain of Santa Maria.

Frequently from that evening did the Christian and the Infidel meet at the same place and hour, though conscience with its unceasing whisperings told Rosamond that she was violating all its most sacred dictates; yet the blandishments of fond and illplaced love overcame all her resolutions that each of their meetings should be the final one. Often did she proffer the crucifix to her lover, and conjure him with all her powers of eloquence to embrace her holy faith as he valued his soul's eternal destiny; but steadily did the proud follower of Mahomet reject all her entreaties. Then drowned in tears, she represented to him that her love was unhallowed and anathematized by her church; that now it was time to part for ever as there was an eternal separation between them. But weak and wavering between her duty and her affection, though she felt herself loaded with an insurmountable weight of guilt in thus yielding her affections to the infidel enemy of her religion and her house, yet she loved her error too much to pray to heaven for grace to break those bonds which love had formed. Their interviews generally began in joy, and on the part of the unhappy Rosamond ended in grief and tears; yet never, never could her lips pronounce that last adieu which duty imperatively commanded her to utter.

On her return from her clandestine meetings, Rosamond's state of mind was truly wretched: the apprehension of its coming to the knowledge of Guiso, that the foe against whom he declared implacable hatred was her lover caused her a continual terror, for well she was aware that if her brother came to learn the situation of her misplaced affections, that all Christian as he was, and much as he loved her, believing her the perfect and spotless being that she always seemed, rather would he plunge his poignard in her bosom than see his house contaminated by a connection with an infidel.* The anxiety of her feelings soon wrought a visible change in her outward appearance. The paleness of her cheek and the dullness of her eye began to alarm de Hugo, who imputing this alteration to ill health lavished on her a thousand tender and affectionate caresses, all which were insupportable to her, knowing how deeply she was deceiving him. Thus did the fair Christian sacrifice her peace of conscience and repose of mind to a blind and unhallowed passion for one who was the sworn enemy of her God, her religion, and her country.

Matters continued thus for a short period in which there was more

* Though it was not unusual for the Christian and Saracen families to intermarry during the occupation of Spain by the latter, yet many of the former looked upon it as unholy, and deemed it almost as an act of apostacy to allow their blood to mingle with that of the infidel. The Hugos were of this opinion.

of bitterness, remorse, and anguish than of pleasure to poor unhappy Rosamond, when an event occurred which brought her affairs to an *eclaircissement*. One evening returning later than usual from the fountain of Santa Maria where she had had her customary interview with the idol of her soul, she was bade to hasten without delay to her brother's presence, who had been seeking her with great earnestness for some time past. On receiving this message an undefined terror seized her, for well she read in it a part of her doom: however, endeavouring to compose herself and assume an air of indifference, she entered de Hugo's chamber, and advanced to give him a gay and caressing salutation; when his dark and stern eyes flashing fire; his mouth lurid with foam and anger, met her gaze, and in tones of irrepressible rage he cried—'Avaunt, guilty woman! approach me not:—thou art discovered and betrayed—avaunt to thy chamber, and there ponder on the disgrace which thou hast entailed upon our house. Knowest thou, that from henceforward thou art a prisoner here, and the first present that I will make thee shall be the head of thy lover quivering on my lance; it shall be placed on thy mantle-piece, that the bloody spectre may haunt thee by night, and that every morning when thou awakest, the remembrance of thy unhallowed love and the death of him whom thou darest clandestinely to love, may give thee as much misery as what thou now inflictest on me in seeing the noble house of de Hugo, my religion, and my country dishonoured by thy crime; much as thou wert once idolized by me, gladly would I sheathe my poignard in thy breast, if by doing so I could wipe off the foul stain which thou hast cast upon our name. Go to thy chamber, and no longer believe that one drop of Hidalgo blood runs in thy veins; or that thou art of the Christian faith: think thyself the slave of Mahomet's unbelieving follower, the scorn of thy own sex, and the hatred of mine. Go! I repudiate thee, and cast thee from my love for ever; never more shalt thou appear before any one, except those whom I shall place to watch thee, and whom I shall teach to abhor thee; thou shalt lead a life of seclusion and misery here below, wringing thy hands in fruitless repentance and vain despair, while beyond the grave the doom of the renegade and apostate shall await thee.'

Rosamond threw herself on her knees before her brother, and would have pleaded for pardon, but he, terrible in his wrath, in a paroxysm of rage seizing her by the arm, dragged her from the room, and commanded her in tones of dreadful denunciation never more to seek his presence. 'Oh kill me at once,' she cried, as she gave a last look at him, 'but spare my Othman's life, let mine be a sacrifice for his.'

Rosamond had indeed been betrayed: the female companion mentioned at an earlier period was the person who did so. At the commencement of her attachment to the infidel, this woman fostered her misplaced affection; but when it arrived beyond the possibility of eradicating it from the breast of her ill-fated mistress, and that she feared dishonour to the noble house of de Hugo, then it was she be-

came alarmed, and scrupling the error she committed without ever once remonstrating with the fair Christian, she disclosed the whole to Guiso, while his sister was absent at the fountain of Santa Maria, pleading her own excuse for not sooner doing so, by saying that she feared at once to expose Rosamond to her brother's resentment, and that she had hoped that the lady's own high sense of religion and honour would induce her to forego a love which her church or family could never sanction, but that now there was no alternative left to her but to betray to him the fatal passion which triumphed over her unhappy mistress.

Instead of the unfortunate Rosamond summoning religion and reason to her aid, to help her to overcome her mis-directed love, she rather cherished it with unconquerable tenacity, vowing that no earthly power should separate the Saracen from her affections; that for him alone she would live, and that with her last breath she would invoke blessings on his head. In vain the holy fathers of her religion expostulated with her on the criminality of her conduct; she told them, that she needed not their advices, as it would be only with life that she would forego the remembrance of Othman. In vain the pious matrons, who were permitted to visit her, deplored that she had not expired in infancy, before she thus contaminated her illustrious house and name. She listened to them in silence, but with unwavering constancy towards the object of her passion. As she was no longer allowed to leave the fort, she seldom quitted her own apartments, but remained there, brooding over the possibility of once more beholding the Moor, or of at least informing him, that for his sake she was a prisoner; but still, nevertheless, was true to him, her first love. She had no relief in her sorrows, for religion constantly whispered to her that she sinned deeply, in continuing to cherish this, her fatal passion; and she no longer dared to raise her voice to heaven in prayer, as she meant to live and die but for the foe of her God. Her days and her nights were spent in tears, but alas! they were not the salutary ones of repentance for her error.

Two moons performed their revolving course, and no change took place in the fate of the now truly wretched Rosamond. One evening that Guiso, exhausted from unusual fatigue, retired to rest before the sun had gone down, his sister, filled with some momentous purpose, descended to the hall, and there finding her brother's folding cloak,* and shadowy plumed cap, she arrayed herself in them, and as her height exactly corresponded with his, she passed out of the court mistaken for him by those who held guard there; and immediately directed her steps to the fountain of Santa Maria. While Rosamond was on her walk, she listened to the interior voice that spoke within, and she resolved that this should be the last time that she would ever seek to behold

* A long cloak was not altogether common among the Spaniards, as theirs were usually short, and of mean dimensions.

the Saracen, unless he adjured his false tenets, and knelt at the altar of her God: she made no doubt, but that she would find him at the fountain, for she assured herself that he too was constant, and often visited the spot which was dedicated to their love, in the hope of meeting her there again. When she had arrived as far as yonder heap of stones, she beheld approaching, the idol to whom she had consecrated her affections: 'my Othman,' she cried, to herself, 'I must renounce thee, and for ever, if thou conformest not unto my belief.' Othman who was walking at a slow and moody pace, perceived not his beloved one until she was within a few steps of him; and when he did so rushing madly forward, while drawing his scymitar from beneath the plaits of his robe, he plunged it into the bosom of the young and beauteous Rosamond, and laid her weltering in her gore at his feet, exclaiming at the same time—'Perish tyrant brother of my own chosen love, long have I sought for my revenge; long has this blade thirsted to drink thy blood'—'My Othman, it is I, thy own loved Rosamond whom thou hast slain—thou knowest me not—'cried the fainting Christian, whilst the life blood was fast gushing from her wound. Beholding what he had done, and the death that he had given to her, for whom he would lay down his own life, the turbaned chieftain flung his weapon from him, and foaming tore his beard, uttering wild yells of despair. In vain he strove to staunch the gory stream that was fast ebbing life away; but seeing her grow weaker at each moment, he beat his breast in wild dismay, and dashed his head against the ground. She raised her dying voice, to articulate some words of comfort to him, who could not be comforted.—'My Othman,' she cried, 'the blow is not severe, when it comes from thee—grieve not for me, it is the righteous will of Heaven that we should part, but let my dying spirit be blest for once, take this cross and wear it'—first pressing the sacred emblem to her expiring lips, she next presented it to him; but the proud Infidel, unchanged to the last, while a look of haughty disdain and contempt curled on his lip, repelled her offer, and exclaimed—'I am as true to the Prophet, as to thee, my Rosamond'—and once more taking up his faulchion, waving it on high, the follower of Mahomet continued—'my life was bound to thee, so shall it end with thine—the sod that is crimsoned with thy blood, shall also be dyed with my own'—and giving one glance towards the east, he plunged into his bosom the weapon still reeking with the unfortunate Rosamond's blood; and at the same moment both Christian and Infidel slept in that long and dreamless sleep, which knows no more awaking, until the last loud trumpet's sound shall rouse the nations of the earth to stand in judgment before their God!

The cold dust of the daughter of de Hugo's house was considered to profane consecrated ground. Her bloody remains, wrapt as they were in her brother's mantle, together with the Saracen's gory corpse, were deposited in one grave, beneath yonder rude heap of stones, which was raised to mark the spot where the murdered one and the self murderer found an unholy grave.

THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

(Continued from page 26.)

The sixth was George Read; his father and grandfather were residents of Dublin; born after his father's settlement in America he received there a good education, and was called to the bar in 1753, when but nineteen years old. At this period of his life he performed one of those generous acts to the other members of his family, which indicated great domestic attachment, and a strong sense of justice. By the existing laws he was entitled to two-thirds of the family estate, as the eldest son, but he settled his right amongst his brothers, saying, "My education has cost a great deal, it is enough for me, let the property be yours." Ten years later that education and the talents it developed raised him to the post of attorney general at Delaware.

In 1765 he was elected from New Castle County to the General Assembly at Delaware; holding a public situation connected with the Government his apparently natural position was with the cause of Great Britain; his biographer Goderich says of him, "By an adherence to the Royal cause, he had reason to anticipate office, honor and wealth. But his patriotism and integrity were of too pure a character to be influenced by worldly preferment or pecuniary reward. The question with him was not what a worldly policy might dictate, but what reason and justice and religion would approve."

In 1766 he was President of the Assembly. In 1777 was Governor of Delaware. In 1782 he was an Admiralty Judge. In 1787 he was the representative of Delaware in the great American Convention. Six years later he was Chief Justice. Having enjoyed those various distinctions, he died suddenly in 1798.

Charles Carroll was the grandson of Daniel Carroll, an Irishman who emigrated to America as far back as 1689. Charles Carroll was born 8th September, 1737, O. S. at Annapolis in the province of Maryland.

At the early age of eight years he was sent to France for his education, then the great Catholic school of the world; he was placed under the care of the Jesuits at St. Omers, where he remained until he was fourteen years old. He subsequently studied at Rheims, then at the College of "*Louis le Grand*," and having studied civil law at Bourges, and at Paris, he left the latter capital for that of England, where he remained for seven years, and returning to America in 1769, he carried into that country the knowledge of a scholar and the accomplishments of a gentleman. His sojourn in Europe had not made him a royalist, and the education bestowed upon him by French and Irish Jesuits at St. Omers did not fit him to be a slave.

Just seven years after his return to America, we find him striving with voice and pen in the cause of liberty in resisting the arbitrary conduct of Governor Eden who undertook by proclamation to settle questions properly belonging to the Assembly of the popular representatives. Carroll grew rapidly in public estimation; his education, his talents,

his public spirit and resolute defiance of English oppression won the confidence of all. A circumstance occurring during the excitement against the importation of tea will illustrate his position as a leader. Maryland had on the 22nd of June, 1779, by a resolution of its delegates prohibited the introduction of tea. In despite of this resolution a vessel arrived at Annapolis laden with tea. The populace assembled resolved not to permit it to be landed, the excitement became so great as to threaten the lives of the British Captain and his crew. In their difficulty they sought out Charles Carroll, and asked his interference with the people as the only means of staying the spilling of blood. He achieved that end, preserving at the same time intact the public determination not to admit the tea. In fact his interference but the better secured the popular right without permitting blood to tarnish the cause unnecessarily. He induced the Captain to destroy his cargo and vessel as the only means of quieting the public mind. "This alternative was indeed severe," says Goderich, "but as it was obviously a measure of necessity, the vessel was drawn out, her sails were set, her colours unfurled, in which attitude fire was applied to her, and in the presence of an immense concourse of people she was consumed. This atonement was deemed satisfactory and the Captain was no further molested."

In 1776 Mr. Carroll was chosen in conjunction with the great Dr. Franklin to go as Missioners to Canada to stir up the people there to side with the States against England; but their efforts failed, as did the military attempt of the gallant Montgomery, an Irishman, to take Quebec.

When signing the declaration of American independence, his manner of doing it was anxiously watched by all those around him, who knew the princely fortune that he was risking for confiscation to England if the revolution failed to be secured. "Will you sign it?" "Most willingly," said he. "There goes a few millions," said one. "No," said some one, "amongst a multitude of Charles Carrolls, he will escape;" again he seized the pen, ready to devote all to freedom, and not without a hope in God's providence to guard the new liberties of his young country, he added to Charles Carroll the name of his residence, "Carrollton."

He lived to a noble old age; in 1824, the Congress of the United States forwarded to him a magnificent facsimile of the declaration of American independence which he had so signed. Adams, the then Secretary, thus addressed him:—"Permit me to felicitate you and the country, which is reaping the reward of your labours, as well that your hand was affixed to this record of glory, as that after the lapse of near half a century, you survive to receive this tribute of reverence and gratitude from your children, the present fathers of the land."

In 1829, when Goderich wrote his book, Charles Carroll was still living and his biographer says of him, "Like a peaceful stream his days have glided along and have continued to be lengthened out, while the

generation of illustrious men with whom he acted on the memorable 4th July, 1776, have all descended to the tomb. At the age of nearly ninety-two years he alone survives." "He seems an aged oak standing alone on the plain, which time has spared a little longer, after all its contemporaries have been levelled with the dust. Sole survivor of an assembly of as great men as the world has witnessed, in a transaction, one of the most important that history records; what thoughts, what reflections, must at times fill his soul! If he dwell on the past, how touching his recollections; if he survey the present, how happy, how joyous, how full of the fruition of hope, which his ardent patriotism indulged; if he glance at the future, how must the prospect of his country's advancement almost bewilder his weakened conceptions. Fortunate, distinguished patriot! Interesting relic of the past!"

We are indebted to a book the perusal of which has often afforded us much gratification, for a further fact in reference to the connexion of Ireland's sons with the declaration of American Independence. Charles Thompson, an Irishman, was the first Secretary of the American Congress, and signed that document in his official capacity. We have taken this fact from the introduction to Doheny's graphic history of the American revolution.

In future papers, as time serves and the subject warrants, we will refer to Irishmen honoured in the new world and identified with its history.

C. D.

UNACKNOWLEDGED LEGISLATORS.

Poets are not only authors of language and of music, of architecture, of statuary and painting, they are the institutors of laws and founders of civil society; and the inventors of the arts of life, and the teachers who draw into a certain propinquity with the beautiful and true, that partial apprehension of the agencies of the invisible world, which in the infancy of society might well be called religion. Poets, according to the circumstances of the age and nation in which they appeared, were called in the earlier epochs of the world, legislators or prophets. A poet essentially comprises and unites both these characters, for he not only beholds intensely the present as it is, and discovers those laws, according to which present things ought to be ordered, but he beholds the future in the present, and his thoughts are the germs of flower, and the fruit of latest time. *The most unfailing herald, companion and follower of the awakening of a great people to work a beneficial change in opinion or institution is poetry.* Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present; the words which express what they understand not; the trumpets which sing to battle and feel not what they inspire. Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.

P. B. SHELLEY.

[Essays and Letters from Abroad.]

THOUGHTS OF A DEEP THINKER, WRITTEN TWENTY YEARS AGO.

A nation cannot give way to a party ; and if the House of Lords sets itself in array against the people, its fate is sealed. A quick and full participation in that people's feelings can alone save it.

The first step of improvement is naturally to sever from the House of Lords a branch, which never ought to have been engrafted on it. The Ecclesiastical Peers, unfitted by education, unfitted by want of time, if they perform the other duties of their stations, occupy a position completely at variance with the religion they profess. They may protest that all their votes are uninfluenced by the hope of translation ; and heaven may know that their assertions are true ; but man, except it be revealed to him, can acquire little evidence of this. Man can only judge of the actions of his fellow men by reference to what is known of human motives and of human passions ; and if there be a class which claims exemption from these springs of action, it is not from the past history of our species that evidence, on which that claim can be admitted, may be derived.

This severance will, however, advance us but a little way in harmonizing the two branches of the legislature. The creation of a sufficient number of hereditary peers might remedy the evil for the present ; but the permanent increase of the number of a body, already sufficiently large, ought to be avoided. Circumstances also might arise which, at a future period, might require a renewed application of the same remedy. The smallest deviation from our present system, consistent with the attainment of the desired object, is an immediate and large creation of PEERS FOR LIFE.

C. BABBAGE.

[A Word to the Wise.]

 OBJECT AND AIM OF ART.

It is its object and aim to bring within the circle of our senses, perceptions and emotions, every thing which has existence in the mind of man. Art should realise in us the well-known saying, "*Nihil humani a me alienum puto.*" Its appointed aim is—to awaken and give vitality to all slumbering feelings, affections and passions ; to fill and expand the heart, and to make man, whether developed or undeveloped, feel in every fibre of his being *all* that human nature can endure, experience and bring forth in her innermost and most secret recesses ; *all* that has power to move and arouse the heart of man in its profoundest depths, manifold capabilities and various phases ; to garner up for our enjoyment whatever, in the exercise of thought and imagination, the mind discovers of high and intrinsic merit, the grandeur of the lofty, the eternal and the true, and present it to our feeling and contemplation. In like manner, to make pain and sorrow, and even vice and wrong become clear to us, to bring the heart into immediate acquaintance with the awful and terrible, as well as with the joyous and pleasurable ; and lastly, to lead the fancy to hover gently, dreamily

on the wing of imagination, and entice her to revel in the seductive witchery of its voluptuous emotion and contemplation. Art should employ this manifold richness of its subject-matter to supply on the one hand the deficiencies of our actual experience of external life, and on the other hand to excite in us those passions which shall *cause the actual events of life to move us more deeply, and awaken our susceptibility for receiving impressions of all kinds*. For we do not here require absolute experience to excite these emotions, but only the *appearance* (*Schein*) thereof, which art substitutes for sheer reality. The possibility of this illusion, by means of the representations of Art, (*Schein der Kunst*.) rests upon this, that *every reality must pass through the representative medium*, (i. e. that we know things *mediately* by *ideas*, not *things*) before it can be recognised by the mind, or acted on by the will, and therefore it is immaterial whether we are acted on by external immediate reality, or receive our impressions through other means, viz.:—pictures, signs or forms, which represent the qualities of the reality. Man can also picture to himself unreal things, as if they absolutely possessed reality. Therefore, whether we receive the impression of a situation, a relation, or the subject-matter of a life, through the medium of external reality, or only through the representation of it, in both cases we are sufficiently affected to sorrow and rejoice, to be moved or agitated according to the nature of the subject, and in both cases we run through, in quick succession, the feelings and passions of anger, hate, pity, anxiety, terror, love, esteem, wonder, honour and fame.

[“Einleitend” to Hegel’s “Ästhetik.”]

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

The poetry *a la Scott* is before the Committee, as is also “THOMAS.”

We have received:—

Saxon and Celtic Crimes. 2. Antediluvian Patriarchs. 3. The New Creation, and several Minor Articles.

Correspondents will please address the President or Honorary Secretary at Kilkenny on all Literary matters, and Mr. O’Daly the Publisher on all matters of trade.

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Country Orders for the ensuing Saturday’s number must be in on the previous Wednesday with the Publisher.

The Celt.

"THE WISE MAN GATHERETH KNOWLEDGE, AND RULETH HIS OWN HOUSE."—*Old Celtic Proverb.*

No. 5, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1857. [ONE PENNY.

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE VERY REV. LAURENCE F. RENEHAN, D.D. PRESIDENT OF ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE, MAYNOOTH.

A true-hearted patriot and distinguished Irishman has lately departed from amongst us. Some few weeks past, the public journals announced the death of the Very Rev. Laurence F. Renehan, D.D., the late revered and lamented President of St. Patrick's Royal College, Maynooth. A few short obituary notices and a brief memoir accompanied this announcement; but it is to be hoped, that a more extended biography of a good and a great man shall yet appear, from the pen of some friend, sufficiently cognizant of the particulars of his life, and capable of rendering justice to his name and memory.

The present writer only purposes placing on record a few personal traits, mental characteristics, and authentic anecdotes of Dr. Renehan, which have not yet appeared in print, and which may be of interest to patriotic Irishmen of all persuasions. In stature, the late President of Maynooth was rather over the middle size, of portly figure and bearing, until within a few years of his decease, when he had begun to contract a slight bend of the head and shoulders, possibly induced by the advance of years, or, more probably, by habits of study and continuous attention to his official and professional duties. His frame always appeared robust, until menaced by his last approaching attacks of illness; his complexion was florid, and until within the last few years, a healthful—almost a youthful—bloom mantled his cheeks. His features were marked by an energetic, thoughtful and serene expression, singularly placid and benevolent; all the facial outlines were prominent and regular, full of dignity and manly grace. The predominant qualities of Dr. Renehan's mind were almost reflected in his animated countenance when engaged in conversations, especially of the character that most interested him. He was an earnest, persevering and laborious investigator of the history, antiquities and traditions of Ireland; all his energies were directed to the collection and preservation of her

literary monuments. Hardly any rare or valuable work, connected with the land he loved so well, was found excluded from the shelves of his large private library. His collection of the "O'Renehan MSS." had been the result of years of toil and travel, of correspondence and pecuniary outlay; and it appeared to afford him very sensible pleasure, when he could find a friend of kindred tastes, desirous of inspecting the contents of his invaluable literary store. This pleasure was rendered still more manifest, when the object of these enquiries was with a view to acquire real information, or to make it subservient to public and national purposes. Dr. Renehan was no mere book collector, in the ordinary sense of the word; he had an aim and object in view, which were not destined to terminate with the close of his mortal pilgrimage. We believe that his intention, during life, had been to leave his books and manuscripts as a legacy to a popular national institution; and we have no doubt his executors will faithfully execute the portion of the duty allotted them, in carrying out those intentions.

Many of Dr. Renehan's vacations were spent in tours to the Continent; and he visited France, Belgium, Italy, &c., besides the British Islands. With all the local and topographical features of his native land, he was thoroughly familiar, and his well stored mind was ready to connect them with their several historic associations, on the occasion of every visit. But health and recreation were not the sole, nor even the primary motives of these trips; his pilgrimages were not always directed to the scenes pointed out by the guide books, or to the objects to which the attention of common-place tourists is ordinarily directed. Days and weeks were spent in rummaging the libraries of Paris, Rome, Brussels and Louvain, in quest of MSS. and other documents, serving to illustrate the history and antiquities of his native country. Documents connected with the state of the Irish missions and missionaries, since the period of the Reformation, and during the dark penal days, were the special objects of his literary researches, and his accumulation of transcripts and rare—almost unheard of—editions proved the success of his patient, protracted and careful researches. It may appear strange, that notwithstanding his zeal for the developement of Irish historical literature, Dr. Renehan never engaged in the compilation of any work which might serve to throw additional light on subjects as yet imperfectly known, or not sufficiently illustrated. A sort of vague rumour had been circulated amongst the students of Maynooth, and amongst many of the secular clergy of Ireland, that he designed giving to the world a new edition of Dr. Lanigan's *Ecclesiastical History of Ireland*, with a continuation of his own down to the present day. The present writer asked him if there were any reliance to be attached to this rumour. "No," said Dr. Renehan, "I have not contemplated such a design, for I find that the duties of my position, as President of the College, are not only sufficient to engage, but even to entirely absorb my whole time, so that I cannot find leisure for any serious literary pursuit.

"But," he added, "I most sincerely wish that any other person qualified for the task would engage in such a work, and he should have all the aid and facilities my books and MSS. could afford to enable him to execute it."

Dr. Renehan informed the writer, that he had felt the most anxious desire to inform himself if any of the remains of John Colgan, the Irish Hagiologist, had been preserved in the Library of St. Isidore's, at Rome. On the occasion of a visit to the eternal city, he spent three whole days searching amongst the various MSS. contained in this library. He examined every paper and document that he thought by any possibility might have been written by the learned Irish Franciscan, but in vain. At that time, all the valuable MSS. of this library—so rich in Irish historic remains—were in a state of the most shameful neglect and disorder, anything but creditable to the custodians and fellow-religious of such men as our ever to be revered Hugh Ward, John Colgan, Luke Wadding and the O'Clerys. For want of a little care and expenditure, most valuable papers and MSS. were moth-eaten, illegible, unbound and uncatalogued. Is it not painful to be obliged to disclose such a state of things to the Irish Catholic, and to learned men of all denominations? Well do we remember the honest feelings of indignation, in which the venerable President of Maynooth expressed himself when recounting the fruitless results of his labours, and the time he was obliged to employ—even to the prejudice of his health—in an ill ventilated and badly appointed room; and severe indeed were the strictures passed by him, in contrasting the zeal and patriotism of our religious of the seventeenth century, with that of their Irish-Roman representatives of the present age. Let us hope that these censures shall be no more deserved; and that our Irish clergy, both secular and regular, will endeavour to emulate the examples of men who toiled and lived for the honor of their country and religion, and who deemed it possible faithfully to discharge their onerous and exalted offices, whilst zealously endeavouring to preserve the literary monuments of their country. In the midst of trials, persecutions, exile and martyrdom, surrounded by difficulties and discouragements of no ordinary nature, they have left us undying legacies of their love for Ireland, and for the national Church, united in communion with the See of Peter. Many, if not most, of the Irish clergy of our own times are highly accomplished, educated and imbued with a love of learning; they live at least, in tolerant times; with their limited means and the numerous demands on them, they cannot always be expected to become the possessors of large private libraries, but their shelves should be stored with books suitable for the Irish student, scholar and gentleman, and it is an easy matter to obtain access to nearly all our public libraries; an hour or two each day can be devoted to study by the most laborious missionary; with these and a thousand such means and opportunities afforded, the Church and their native country have claims

upon their literary labours and energies. Such were the views and suggestions of the late Dr. Renehan; and we sincerely trust, that there will not be found a single ecclesiastic of episcopal or sacerdotal rank, nor a single ecclesiastical student in Ireland, who will be found to dissent from these opinions of an enthusiastic, enlightened patriot, and an estimable and pious Church dignitary.

A SAD TRUE STORY, AND A CONTRAST.

The midnight hour had come; the speakers at both sides upon an important debate were nearly run out. The minister had met a sterner opposition than he had anticipated, and the numbers of that opposition were so considerable that every supporter of the Whig government must be gathered into the house for the division. We do not indicate the year or the question, and the reason why we do not is because we do not wish to pain the surviving friends and relatives of one now no more by a too pointed reference to his melancholy fate. For the same reason we will describe that individual under the name of Mr. Blank; his numerous contemporaries still in the house will recognise the man at once, and it is not necessary that as yet his name should exemplify a lesson full enough of bitter knowledge without it.

The whipper-in and his aide's were everywhere; first in two's and three's and then more slowly, droppingly, and one by one the minister's tail came in; what a fearful search to scan their hearts as they hurried at the minister's beck and took their seats, some of them already bought, some with the bargain made, but the purchase money not paid down. Miserable outrages upon manhood's shape; well might the gifted Porson have exclaimed in his "Devil's Walk," how the father of evil be-thought him upon seeing "a certain minister with a majority behind," of how "Noah and his *creeping things* went up into the ark."

Ministerial slaves were still talking against time, because the whipper-in of the pack had not yet cast the signal "*enough*." The fate of the ministry hung in the balance.

The library held a few wearied members, who having taken their part in the debate but awaited the signal to return and record their votes. One of them, a remarkable looking man, with dark eyes and visage, sat with a disquieted air poring over a volume of German poetry; he was aroused from the perusal of it by a touch of Hayter's finger on his shoulder, "Sheil! can you tell me anything of Blank? I have been every where in search of him, and have had others out too, and can get no tidings of him; we are pushed to a man, and even the loss of one may put us out." Sheil slowly closed his book, and looking up with an earnest air, asked in his quick shrill voice, "have you been to——?" "yes," "and to——?" another "yes." "Then I will see and

find him myself," said Sheil, "how long have I?" "Oh not an hour," was the reply, "but I will manage until you return." Ireland's patriot orator, England's place-man, knew the habits of his unfortunate countryman, and with the quick intuitive knowledge peculiar to gifted minds speedily conjectured the whereabouts of Blank; quickly placed in a cab the driver was ordered to drive to No. — of — street. It was not far from the British Commons, where poor Blank had on more than one occasion riveted the attention of the house by an able speech for Ireland, about which Ireland the said Blank really cared just as much as he did about the Caffre race, or as any man ever did whose evil propensities and extravagant habits made him feel the daily want of money, the daily consciousness that that want could only be supplied by a minister willing to purchase such saleable commodities as himself. Sheil reached a plain looking house, knocked. "Is Mr. Blank in?" "Not here at all, sir," was the quick reply. "Can I see Mrs. —?" "Yes sir." The lady of the house appeared, and gave a similar answer to a similar enquiry; but the man of genius read the lie in her features, and rushing past her reached an attic chamber, where upon a bed, ailing and desponding, the unfortunate Blank was stretched. "Good God! Sheil, what brings you *here*?" "My dear fellow, I come for you, you are wanted at the house, the minister is hard pressed, and every man is in to vote except you;" "Then," replied poor Blank, "I hope the minister will be beaten, he has held me on until I am perishing with hopes it is plain he never meant to fulfil, and if I was able to leave this bed tonight, I would, so help me God, go down and help to kick him out." "Nonsense, my dear Blank, the time for serving you is come at last, up and come with me, and I pledge my honour to you I will explain the whole matter to him in the morning, and never leave him until you have got your mark." Poor Blank was persuaded, the hope of *something* waked up his sinking spirits, he consented. "But we must not lose a moment," said Sheil, "on with your clothes, the carriage is ready and we will be in the house in ten minutes." Still Blank did not move. "Where are your clothes?" "There." "Where?" "Upon the hooks." "What hooks? I see none." "Then try the chair at the foot of the bed." "They are not there." Blank now laughed outright, a bitter laugh. "Then," said he, "they are here," and he pulled some bits of soiled paper, half print, half writing, from under his pillow. "Here," said he with a bitter smile, "here they are, just as the Irish nation is in the British Commons, by means of representatives." Did the wretched man mean that the nation and his clothes were each in their place pawned, and that Irish representatives and pawn office tickets were synonymous. If he did it was not a bad soubriquet. But so it was; this gifted gentleman, a scholar and an orator, a man once of landed property in Ireland, a leader during years of stirring agitation, one who has paraded in the showy gold and green uniform of the '82 club, now lay there in a dubious lodging-house,

heartless, friendless, and without a coat to cover his back. It had passed to the pawn office to supply bread for the cravings of downright hunger. Sheil drove to a clothier, returned with a suit of clothes, took his debilitated and sickly companion into a carriage. They drove laughingly to the house; Blank's spirits rose with the prospect of a place; he voted, the minister smiled. The wretched man returned to his sad chamber, slept, and no doubt, dreamed of preferment, but with the morning he woke, feeble, ailing, sick, and ere the week closed, an obscure grave in a London churchyard had received his unfortunate remains. The man so full of early promise, the man in whom the country had once placed reliance, had not fulfilled the promise, was undeserving of the reliance, had sunk into a miserable hanger-on for place, and had perished of his own follies before the completion of that degradation and debasement from which high principle would have shrunk,—but into which the mere worldling, the creature of sensualities and yearnings after false enjoyments, was ready to plunge because he hungered and thirsted for mere pelf as means for vulgar pleasures, being utterly incapable of those loftier feelings which find enjoyment in limited means, while honor, principle and virtue remain unsullied.

Alas! what a sad picture of the results of that place-giving and place-begging which has led to such wholesale corruption. Deeply should we grieve were this deplorable example to be considered a specimen of all our countrymen under the temptations of British gold. No, thank heaven, there are yet men representing Ireland not to be bought; yet it is a patent fact, that members, who but a few years back, proclaimed and loudly proclaimed, the tale of Ireland's wrongs, are now marvellously silent, or worse still, are paraded daily in the ranks of our oppressors. And are they sons of that country, wherein that glorious old Irishman, the Bishop of Ross, prepared to die ere he would even advise his countrymen to a course of action contrary to what he believed to be right?

Surely the country has afforded noble illustrations of virtue not to be corrupted—of truth not to be stained; but though such examples have, from time to time, appeared before the public, yet the corrupting influence of British patronage and British gold continues to oppress freedom and demoralise Irishmen.

There is, in the history of England, a period fully as corrupt as the present—a time when a vicious Sovereign threatened to demoralise the country, as he had done the court and the aristocracy. Yet even in that corrupt reign of Charles the Second, there lived one man whom Charles's example could not win to crime, whom neither his money or his blandishments could corrupt, and though we do not love England we can yet do justice to a great Englishman. Andrew Marvel, a true man, of small fortune but considerable talents, and still greater integrity, was representative for his native place, Kingston-upon-Hull, in the parliament of England, just two centuries ago. Marvel was one

of those remarkable men who have the moral courage to stand almost alone, and by word and example to oppose, and oftentimes to stem the deep tide of national corruption, which is sweeping all before it, and contaminating, while it sweeps, everything it touches.

He continued to represent Kingston during a period of twenty years, and it is a remarkable fact, worthy of the memory of reformers, that Marvel was the last member of parliament in England who was paid for his services by his constituents, from whom he received a sum of four shillings per diem.

He lived at a time when amongst many more serious evils to be resisted in the British Commons, the constant demands of an extravagant king for money, were of daily occurrence; hence Marvel's opposition and able resistance of the king's ministers made it a cabinet question that he should be purchased. The king had met him in company, and greatly struck with his abilities and deportment, felt that it was all important to remove him from opposition and secure him to the court; accordingly Lord Danby, then lord-treasurer of England, was deputed to find him out and win him for Charles. Danby had some difficulty in discovering the obscure whereabouts of the gifted poet; at length he did find him, and Cooke, in his biography of Marvel, tells us, "Mr. Marvel, who then lodged up two pair of stairs in a little court in the Strand, was writing when the Lord Treasurer opened the door abruptly before him. Surprised at the sight of so unexpected a visitor, he told him he believed he mistook his way. The Lord Danby replied, 'not now, I have found Mr. Marvel;' telling him that he came with a message from his majesty, which was to know what he could do to serve him. His answer was in his usual facetious manner, that it was not in his majesty's power to serve him. But coming to a serious explanation of his meaning, he told the Lord Treasurer he knew the nature of courts full well, he had been in many; that whoever is distinguished by a prince's favours is certainly expected to vote in his interest. The Lord Danby told him, his majesty had only a just sense of his merits, in regard to which alone, he desired to know whether there was any place at court he could be pleased with. These offers had no effect on him, though urged with the greatest earnestness. He told the Lord Treasurer he could not accept them with honour, for he must be either ungrateful to the king, in voting against him, or false to his country, in giving in to the measures of the court." Cooke continues, "The Lord Treasurer, finding no arguments could prevail, told him the king, his master, had ordered a thousand pounds for him, which he hoped he would receive, till he could think what further to ask of his majesty. This last offer was rejected with the same steadiness of mind as was the first; though as soon as the Lord Treasurer was gone, he was forced to send to a friend to borrow a guinea." Another authority has narrated that when Danby offered the one thousand pounds, Marvel called his servant, and held with him the

following colloquy—"John, what had I for dinner yesterday?" "Shoulder of mutton, sir." "John, what was my dinner today?" "Mutton cold, sir." "And what, John, is to be my dinner for the next two days?" "Some of the mutton hashed to-morrow, and the blade bone broiled the next day, sir." "You see, my Lord Danby," said Marvel, turning proudly towards him, "how I live, you can judge whether the man who can so live is bribable."

At a moment when corruption walks openly and unabashed before the public eye—when, under the names of office or of patronage, virtue, honour, and country, are offered for sale—when Members of Parliament, by the most debasing influence, *purchase* a seat in the Commons, and then when there *sell* for a larger sum still, not merely the wretches they purchased, but along with them, their country, its liberties, and its religion—at such a moment it is pleasant to look back upon what is considered the most corrupt period of English history, but decidedly a period not more deeply steeped in public crime than the present one, and find there one man who could not be purchased.

There is, too, a deep moral in the lesson afforded by the sad fate of our own unfortunate countryman, whose evil ways and place-begging habits ended so sadly. The moral, too, survives in the fact that Marvel lives in history, a glorious example for the present and for future times, while poor Blank is already forgotten.

A FOREIGNER'S JUDGMENT OF ENGLAND.

"The famous Gentz spoke to Wishaw in an affected tone of concern of the embarrassments England is surrounded by, particularly in respect to the state of Ireland; and said it was rather strange that a country which took such mighty interest in the way *other* powers governed their dominions, should not have learned better how to manage her own."—Russell's *Life of Moore*, page 152, vol. iv.

MATERIAL FOR A NATION.

Shew me a people energetically busy; heaving, struggling, all shoulders to the wheel; their heart pulsing, every muscle swelling with man's energy and will;—I will shew you a people of whom great good is already predicable; to whom all manner of good is yet certain, if their energy endure. By very working they will learn; they have, Antæus like, their foot on mother fact, how can they but learn?—CARLYLE'S *Past and Present*, p. 278.

THE VENERABLE BEDE.

HIS TESTIMONY OF EARLY IRISH LEARNING.

The writer, best known as the Venerable Bede, was born near the boundary separating England and Scotland, about the year of our Lord 673. Full of learning and holiness he was admitted a member of holy church at a remarkably early age. He says himself, "in the nineteenth year of my life I was made deacon, and in the twentieth was ordained priest; both ordinances were conferred upon me by Bishop John at the bidding of Abbot Ceoldred." Giles, in his life of Bede, tells us that this John was Bishop of Haguestod, now Hexham, in the county of Northumberland. Subsequently Bede refused to be made abbot. "The office," said he, "demands thoughtfulness, and thoughtfulness brings with it distraction of the mind which impedes the pursuit of learning." His principal work is his "Ecclesiastical History of England." He died in 735, having lived sixty-two years. In 1154 his remains were placed in a shrine of gold and silver adorned with jewels, in the Cathedral of Durham by Bishop Hugh Pudsey, and inscribed,

"Within this chest Bede's mortal body lies."

Giles tells us that "in the reign of Henry VIII., this beautiful shrine was demolished, and the saintly relics were treated with every indignity by the insane and ignorant mob." An inscription still remains in Durham Cathedral.

"Hac sunt in fossa.
Bede venerabilis ossa."

In his Ecclesiastical History he describes a plague which ravaged the southern coasts of Britain in 664, and goes on to say, "this pestilence did no less harm in the island of Ireland. Many of the nobility and of the lower ranks of the English nation were there at that time, who in the days of the bishops Finan and Colman, forsaking their native island, retired thither, either for the sake of divine studies or of a more continent life; and some of them presently devoted themselves to a monastical life, others chose rather to apply themselves to study, going about from one master's cell to another. The Scots* willingly received them all, and took care to supply them with food, as also to furnish them with books to read, and their teaching gratis."—*Ecclesiastical History*, chap. xxvi, page 163. This extract clearly shews that Ireland was at that period renowned for its learning and its holiness, that the English were wont to go to Ireland both for study and for religious purposes, and that such was the unheard-of liberality of the teachers that they welcomed the scholars to their cells, opened up rich manuscript treasures to their wondering eyes, not only supplying them with books and learning, but even with food; and seeking in return no reward but that which a Christian scholar may feel when he bestows knowledge, and makes it subservient to truth and to the glory of God! Well may we Irish feel proud of such an ancestry.

* Scots or Irish, Ireland was then called Scotia.

MACHINE POETRY MANUFACTURED BY STEAM.

THE YANKEE IN DUBLIN.

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
A Palace and a Prison on each hand."

BYRON.

"I stood in Dublin, on the Bridge of Blood,
A Poorhouse and a Prison [both*] on each hand."

MYSELF.

I saw, too, how the streets were nicknam'd,
One call'd "Nassau," two others "Britain,"

One "Capel," and two nicknam'd
"Brunswick;"

One splendid one—they call it "Sackville,"
Another fine one nicknam'd—"Grafton;"
(I thee invoke, O, shade of FRANCIS—
Sat nominis umbra—mighty—"Junius!")

I saw two statues, one call'd "William,"
Another,—and it is a high one,
On fluted Column, built of granite—
If I mistake not, is call'd "Nelson."
They talk'd of one to Moore the poet,
But where it is, I really know not,
There's ne'er a one to great king Brian,
O'Neill, or Tone, or good Lord Edward,
To Grattan, Swift, or Robert Emmett,
Or Bourke, or Molyneux, or "Junius,"
To Father Mathew, or O'Connell,
Nor even one to Thomas Davis.
And of these facts here is the moral—
As long's this land is in subjection,
So long—no longer—it must thus be.
Tis much the same way with the bridges,
Excepting that their names are English,

"Carlisle," is one, another "Essex,"
One King's, one Queen's, and one—*et cetera.*
Who brought these alien names to Dublin?

I guess the fellow was a "flunkey"—
That's what we call it in Ohio,
But here, I calculate a "toadey,"
And "toadeys" here are very common,
At least, I guess so from the sign-boards—
A "lion and a unicorn."

(Quadrupeds with one *unique* horn)
And underneath, some curious motto,
Such as the following, for instance:—
"Cornuto to the Lord Lieutenant"—
"Flea-catcher to the Lord Lieutenant,"—
"Corn-cutter to the Vice-roy's butler,"—
"Purveyor to the Lord Lieutenant,"—
"Toadey to the Lord Lieutenant,"—
"Informor to the Lord Lieutenant."

In truth, dear friend, I feel quite sick of
This sychophantic flunkeyism;
Farewell—I'm in a tallish hurry—
Yours, very piddish,

HIAWATHA.

Dublin, 4th July, 1857.

THE DARGLE, WICKLOW SCENERY, AND WICKLOW GOLD.

"Quartz and Mica are the natural home of gold, and some gold is to be found at home still, but then more of it has been worked out and scattered like seed all over the neighbouring clay."—Robinson on Australian gold in "Never too Late to Mend."

The words of poor Robinson came clear and forcibly to our memory upon a recent occasion, when after wandering by the rude banks of the murmury waters of the Dargle and clambering along its winding

* One of each.

walks, which serpentine through its sombre shadows, we at last came to that spot where emerging from deep shades beyond the murmur of its babbling waters, escaping from the sound of numerous fiddles, the bursting of champagne and the laughter of the many gay and happy groups, whose gaiety may be pleasing to witness, but whose presence and deportment amid its beautiful scenery caricature that loneliness and stillness which would make the Dargle enchanted land, and would leave to poetry and the imagination scenery exclusively their own. Escaped all these, our tired limbs stretched upon the grass at that point which tops and crowns the entire wood looking out through that open gap which, connects, as it were, the dark shades behind and below with the rich undulating valleys and the magnificent hills that bound them in the far off and sweet landscape stretching out before our delighted eyes. The deep purple of the sugar loaf mountains, whose apices seemed as painted in prussiate of gold, all the more beautiful because of the contrast that colour makes with the rich crimson heath that girts their centre, and this blending again into the emerald green verdure and the rich golden harvest hues that lie at the foot of those mountains. Then the same deep and glorious colours stamped on every hill and crag around, characters peculiarly Wicklow's own, and contrasting in a remarkable manner with any mountain scenery in Ireland, even from "dark Donegal" down to the paler and lighter hues of the southern mountains of Slieve-na-man and the Galtees. And ever as we wandered through the deep ravines and hill guarded valleys which extend from the Glen of the Downs on to the Scalp and round through Powerscourt; and looked upon the granite that in masses hung lowering from the mountain sides, or as we picked up the pebbles, the Quartz and the Mica abounding in that country, and remembered how Wicklow had once had its gold mines; how in ancient Ireland, a thousand years gone by, gold was found and wrought in such plenty that the mere ornaments of the period which are still turned up from our bogs and our rivers accumulate in heaps upon the tables of museums and in the cabinets of the curious. We did feel a sort of historic and geologic consciousness that we walked over gold. If it be so, heaven grant! that no man finds it while subject to "royalty laws," but that the secret remains undiscovered until Ireland's destiny and her true wealth lie in her own hands.

A SKETCH OF THE WICKLOW GOLD MINES.

Gold was found in the streams descending from the mountain known as Croghan Kinsella and extending towards Arklow, by the peasantry, towards the close of the eighteenth century. The attention of the government was drawn to the consideration of its importance in the year 1796, and the Lords of the Treasury issued letters in the month of June of that year, directing certain intelligent mineralogists, at the head

of whom was the celebrated Kirwan. The parties so appointed commenced their operations in the following August. There is little doubt but that before those government steps were taken the peasantry of the district had found gold there to the amount of ten thousand pounds worth. The particulars of the government experiments will be found in the 4th volume of the "Transactions of the Dublin Society," and an interesting condensed sketch of the general facts is contained in "Kane's Industrial Resources." Upon a future occasion we will give full details from those sources, as we mean at present to merely summarise the facts.

The mine was worked from the 12th of August by government officials until the 26th of May, 1798, when the insurrection breaking out the works had to be abandoned and the working materials removed. The works were again renewed on the 8th of September, 1800, and continued until the 25th of March, 1801. It appears that the quantity of gold raised within the term that the government took charge of the streams was somewhat less than the expenditure. More recently it appears that those districts were worked for gold by an English company, but Professor Kane says the business was conducted in a slovenly manner, and was not remunerative; he estimates the value of the gold raised by the government at £3,675, but Kirwan's report, as published in the Dublin Society's Transactions, gives the figures of the sale of gold raised within the term to have been £2,259 9s. 11d., and coming to within £16 of the total expenditure including outlay for material, the total expenditure being £2,275 9s. 6d., and which he subdivides thus, labour £1,678 16s. 7½d., material £296 13s. 6d., incidentals £92 17s. 2d., commission to directors £206 17s. 3d. A paternal government would have looked a little farther after so important a question. But in 1801 Ireland no longer had an Irish parliament, and the policy of its English masters has never been to enhance the value of the country or to encourage hopes in it or attachment to it. Wise Englishmen, and the wise Irish gentlemen who make England's garrison in Ireland, think it far better to encourage Irishmen to desert their homes and families and to emigrate to Australia or anywhere, so the feared troublesome material be once shipped out of Ireland. We do not mean in this article, or in the fuller one in reference to geological and working practical facts which we reserve for a future number, to express any belief that gold in any great quantity exists in the neighbourhood of Croghan Kinsella or any other part of Wicklow. That gold does exist we firmly believe, but it would be only for a native government or intelligent miners, with large capital, knowledge, and enterprise, to think of searching for it. We but attempt to popularise the knowledge of what has been done, and to so far sketch a history of gold and gold works in a mineralogical and practical point of view, as may sow some knowledge-seeds amongst our younger countrymen in reference to a subject they ought to know something about.

DEFENCE OF THE TYROL.

After the battle of Aspern, Bonaparte detached a force of nearly 40,000 men, under the command of General Lefebvre, to subjugate the Tyrolese, who, headed by the brave and enterprising Andrew Hofer, had opposed a desperate resistance to all their attacks. The account of this expedition, as related by a Saxon major, who escaped from the destruction of those terrible days, presents one of the most striking instances of national and individual heroism that history records.

"We had penetrated to Inspruck," says the officer, "without great resistance. Our entrance into the passes of the Brenner was only opposed by a small corps, which continued falling back after an obstinate, though short resistance. Among others I observed a man, full eighty years old, posted against the side of a rock, and sending death amongst our ranks at every shot. Upon the Bavarians descending from behind to make him prisoner, he shouted 'hurrah!' struck the first man to the ground with a ball, seized hold of the second, and with the ejaculation '*in God's name,*' precipitated himself with him into the abyss below.

"Marching onward we heard resound from the summit of a high rock, '*Stephen, shall I chop it off yet,*' to which aloud "*no*" reverberated from the opposite side. This was told to the Duke of Dantzic, who notwithstanding ordered us to advance; at the same time he prudently withdrew from the centre to the rear. The van, consisting of four thousand Bavarians, had just stormed a deep ravine, where we again heard halloed over our heads, '*Hans, for the Most Holy Trinity;*' our terror was completed by the reply that immediately followed, '*In the name of the Most Holy Trinity, cut all loose below,*' and ere a minute was elapsed, thousands of my comrades in arms were crushed beneath and overwhelmed by an incredible heap of broken rocks, stones, and trees, hurled down upon us. We were all petrified; every one fled that could, but a shower of ball from the Tyrolese, who now rushed from the surrounding mountains in immense numbers, and among them boys and girls of ten and twelve years of age, killed and wounded a great many of us. It was not until we had got those fatal mountains six leagues behind us, that we were reassembled by the Duke, and formed into six columns. Soon after the Tyrolese appeared, headed by Hofer the innkeeper. After a short address from him they gave a general fire, then flung their rifles aside and rushed upon our bayonets. Nothing could withstand their impetuosity. They darted at our feet, threw or pulled us down, strangled us, wrenched the arms from our hands, and, like enraged lions, killed all, French, Bavarians, and Saxons, that did not cry for quarter. By doing so, I, with three hundred men, was spared and set at liberty.

"When all lay dead around, and the victory was completed, the Tyrolese, as if moved by one impulse, fell upon their knees and poured forth the emotions of their hearts in prayer, under the canopy of heaven; a scene so awfully solemn that it will ever be present to my memory." Hofer and the Tyrolese fought for liberty and fatherland.

PERCY.

SONNET.

Although sweet Natures we have loved depart,
 And fancy seeks their smile on heaven's shore.
 Yet are they present to the human heart,
 Imperishable as the love they bore ;
 While here it was their spirit that we loved
 Unseen, but not less real than the clay.
 Beauty intrinsic, that which breathed and moved,
 Within the circuit of life's glaring day,
 Still lives, enriching sorrow's darkling night,
 And as some rose, the rarest of the year,
 Whose blossom drank the morning's crimson light,
 Dies, but to dwell in perfumes' airy sphere,
 Sweet natures live, though time their dust destroy,
 And beauty changes to a sightless joy.

S. N.

HISTORY IN IRELAND.

ILLUSTRATED FROM ANCIENT AND RARE BOOKS.

(THIRD ARTICLE.)

We hasten to fulfil the promise made in the last number, by supplying the two concluding sections of the summary of the 7th Chapter of the *Hibernia Dominicana*, which were omitted for want of space. The 7th Chapter itself, with its valuable and interesting Annotations, shall be continued regularly from the present number, until concluded.

Summary. (Continued from Sect., 15.)

Section 16.—After the death of Mary II; and William III,—Anne, the second daughter of James II., and a Protestant, succeeds to the throne (Anno 1701). As she died without leaving any surviving issue, George, Duke and Elector of Hanover, an alien by birth, but a Protestant, is chosen as Sovereign to succeed her; (Anno 1714), though Europe could furnish fifty Princes and upwards, each possessing superior claims to the succession on the score of blood—but forsooth, they were *all* Catholics!—Two other Georges succeed the First.

Section 17.—Contains the Articles Civil and Military concluded at Limerick, at the period of its Surrender, the 3rd October, 1691.

As the great object of the *Hibernia Dominicana* is to illustrate the Annals of the Dominican Order in Ireland, its illustrious author avails himself of two events which are synchronous, or nearly so; namely, the accession of James II. (1685) and the election of a General of the Dominicans at Rome (1686), to connect with his main narrative, this *seventh* Chapter, or *digressio necessaria*, which is merely an episode, giving a rapid outline of events in the three kingdoms, from the death of Charles II., to the commencement of the reign of George III., when the *Hib. Dom.* was published (Anno 1762).

HIBERNIA DOMINICANA.

CHAPTER VII.

Dr. Porter's Narrative.

Upon the demise of Charles II., (15th February, 1685) who died in the bosom of the Catholic Church,* his brother James succeeded to the throne. On that same day he was recognised and proclaimed, amidst the usual public formalities observed on such occasions, and the enthusiastic acclamations of all classes, from the peer to the peasant, as the true, undoubted, legitimate, and hereditary Sovereign of England, Ireland, and Scotland; though he made open profession of his adhesion to the orthodox faith, and of his devoted attachment to the Holy Roman Church.

The immediate consequence was that the Catholic religion seemed, under the blessing of Providence, to be restored to fresh vitality, and, as if rehabilitated after long depression, it began to resume its pristine dignity. For the new King, being most tenacious of the profession of the Catholic faith, and intending that the title of *Defender of the Faith*,† should no longer be a misnomer in his own person, as it had been a usurpation on the part of his predecessors, granted freedom of conscience to the Catholic body, throughout his dominions; a priceless boon to them, after their long-continued subjection to a cruel yoke. And prompted by that filial reverence, which he wished to pay to the Apostolic See, as well as in order to testify by a solemn public act his obedience in his new character of Sovereign, he accredited to the reigning Pontiff, Innocent XI., an Ambassador Extraordinary, as the diplomatists phrase it. His choice fell on Roger Palmer, Earl of Castlemaine, one of the chief nobility, who was endowed with great diplomatic abilities, and had suffered largely in past times for his attachment to the Catholic faith. Ample funds were supplied, to maintain the dignity and splendour of the embassy.

* Charles II., King of England, was a Catholic in his heart, and at the point of death made open profession of the Catholic faith.

Shortly after the explosion of the *Rye-House* plot, Charles II. fell sick, and when *in articulo mortis*, after making a formal and open profession of that Catholic faith, which he had secretly adopted for many years before, he was absolved from heresy, and received the holy Viaticum from Father John Huddleston, an English Benedictine. This fact is authenticated by the testimony of Father H. himself, and of other trust-worthy witnesses. Dr. Philip Michael Ellis, formerly Chaplain to James II., and afterwards Bishop of Signia, in the *Campagna Romana*, makes a careful reference to many indubitable Acts and Monuments bearing on this matter, in a letter, dated the 25th August, 1709, and addressed to Dominic Bernini. Bernini inserted this letter *in extenso* in his "History of Heresies" published in Italian. The date of Charles's death, (15th February, 1685) is according to the new style. His conversion dates from 1656, when he was received into the bosom of the Church at Cologne, by Dr. Peter Talbot, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin. He even sent the Doctor secretly to the Court of Madrid to communicate the intelligence of his conversion.

† (Anno 1521) Henry VIII. obtained the title of "Defender of the Faith," from Pope Leo X., as a reward for his polemical tract written against Luther, a work (says De Burgo) full of piety and erudition.

QUERIES AND REPLIES.

"Feardana" and "Mac Carthy More" will appear in No. 6.

A Correspondent desires some particulars concerning the Abbot Joachim, alluded to in the 3rd Number of the CELT.

"MATHEMATICIAN" is under consideration.

NATIONALIST's advice about "*Tales*," will be attended to.

"CHARLIE."—Declined.

M. W.—Try a shorter poem, and take more pains.

We received the letter and poem of the "YOUNG NATIONALIST"—his poem was to have appeared in No. 5, but is withdrawn, in consequence of finding it already published in a weekly Newspaper. It was impossible it could appear in an earlier CELT than No. 5, because No. 3 was printed, and No. 4 made up and printing, when it was received. It was equally impossible to give any notice to "NATIONALIST," as he did not supply his name or address. The Committee regret this, as they were prepared to regard "NATIONALIST" as a valued Correspondent.

We, the Editors of the Celt, tender to our countrymen, our grateful appreciation of their warm sympathy, so unequivocally evinced by a demand for our Magazine, trebling that which was anticipated for the first month, now completed.

We have been, too, as a further evidence of the interest taken in our work, literally inundated with a multitude of letters of advice, as to how we should conduct THE CELT, and what should be its tone. We have received, too, some sharp criticisms upon our articles, amidst a vast number of cheering approvals, for all of which we tender our Correspondents our very best thanks. Rebuke as well as praise is wholesome, and we shall therefore continue to feel thankful for both advice and remonstrance. And though time may not permit of our entering into explanations with all those who may dissent from our views, writings, or actions; yet their opinions shall be always respectfully received, and where we find their advice useful and not inconsistent with our pre-arranged and pre-determined plans, it shall be attended to—Meantime, we are not at sea without a chart or a compass, we therefore sail on, somewhat confident we are right, and fearless of results; no doubt unforeseen or inevitable accidents may arise, but as yet, we see our way very clearly, look steadily to our guiding star, and with a good ship and an honest crew, we place our trust in heaven.

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Country Orders for the ensuing Saturday's number must be in on the previous Wednesday with the Publisher.

The Celt.

"THE WISE MAN GATHERETH KNOWLEDGE, AND RULETH HIS OWN HOUSE."—*Old Celtic Proverb.*

No. 6, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1857. [ONE PENNY.

THE "NEW ERA" AND "THE OLD PATHS."

(No. 2.)

Stand you on the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, which is the good way, and walk ye in it. JEREMIAH, c. vi. v. 16, Douay Version.

(PREFATORY REMARK.)

As the papers, bearing the above heading, are to be devoted exclusively to the discussion of topics of historical and national interest, and must necessarily allude to various epochs in our history, commencing from the Norman invasion, we think it expedient, for facility of reference, to subdivide the entire range of the seven centuries into the four following periods:—viz

1st period—THE MEDIEVAL—under the Norman and Plantagenet kings, from the Norman invasion to the accession of Henry VII.

2nd period—THE INTERMEDIATE—under the Tudors, from the accession of Henry VII, to the death of Elizabeth.

3rd period—THE MODERN—from the accession of James I, to the death of George IV.

4th period—THE RECENT—from the passing of the Emancipation Act to the present time.

Possessing no pretensions to the poetical *afflatus*, we scruple not, however, to avail ourselves of one of the many privileges of the votaries of the Muses, namely, that of rushing *in medias res*, though dealing with prosaic and startling realities, involving many rather unpoetical details, but which only require to be accurately delineated and grouped in the strong light of truth, to fix the attention of our readers, and challenge their serious consideration, without the adventitious aid of poetic diction or imagery, or the prismatic, and consequently diffracted hues imparted by an excited fancy. Our illustrations of Irish patriotism shall, for the present, be selected from the early part of the third

period of our history, according to the four-fold division thereof given above. This period extends from the accession of the first of the Stuarts, the Celtic King James I., to the death of the Guelph, George IV., in his day, *par excellence*, the first gentleman in Europe (*credite posteri!*): or, as it may be more plainly formulised, from the abolition of the Brehon laws of Celtic and Catholic Ireland, to the infraction, and (inferentially speaking,) subversion of the boasted and time-honoured "Constitutional" law of Teutonic and Protestant England; for such we must be permitted to consider the passing of the Emancipation Act.

One observation only shall we add, (*en parenthèse*,) while referring to this mighty triumph over the fell spirit of bigotry and intolerance; this first practicable breach made in the approaches to the citadel of an egotistical, exclusive, and (latterly a passive,) persecuting "Constitutionalism." The measure in itself was a mighty and more than organic change, *le commencement de la fin*, the beginning of the end. A single generation can scarcely be said to have passed away, and yet men may point exultingly to many of its vast public results, some of them so marvellous as to transcend the wildest flights of the warm Celtic imagination of our departed sires. We, on the contrary, would be disposed to take a desponding view of public affairs, when we contemplate the little real progress realised by the country for the last quarter of a century, notwithstanding all the heroic sacrifices made by the people, as contradistinguished from the Catholic aristocracy, did we not know that the privileges conferred by the Emancipation Act were never temperately, sagely, and honestly utilised. That measure, with all its advantages, could only effectuate a partial amelioration, as it was expressly framed to minister to the ambition of a class, and ignored (at least by implication) all regard for the welfare, nay, the very existence of the people at large. But fundamentally defective as it was in its very nature from these cardinal omissions, it has been, of late years especially, systematically prostituted to subserve the vulgar vanity of some, and the corrupt and mercenary instincts and interests of others, so as to render the very name of Ireland a bye-word to the world, and her representation a mockery and a delusion. The evil has already risen to an alarming crisis, and has never been so forcibly exemplified as in the polyonomous colluvies which mainly constitutes the Irish contingent of the present *parliamentum indoctum*; a *fainéant* assembly, (be it said reverentially,) which incubates, it is true, a long progeny of legislative bantlings, but which is energetic only in its steadfast purpose to deny, or delay, or altogether frustrate the ends of justice to Ireland. The remedy of all this lies of course in the hands of the Irish constituencies—if they have grown enamoured with, or wedded to, the system, why then we have done, for *tout est dit*; but if not; we merely repeat the suggestive adage:—

"Aide-toi, et le ciel t'aidera."

This long digression on the merits, uses, and abuses of the Emancipation Act, has led us away from what we originally intended when commencing this paper, which was to introduce here, for the instruction of our juvenile Celts, a *tableau* of the reign of James I., extending, as it does, over the first quarter of the seventeenth century. It is a most important epoch in our annals, as all students of Irish history are well aware, and must not be treated in these papers in a careless or perfunctory manner. But as we have already almost exceeded the limits assigned to us in the present number, we shall reserve this subject for a special article, in which we hope to be able to trace the history of the final supremacy of British law in Ireland, and illustrate its triumph from the records of rapine, spoliation, and judicial murder, which were its concomitants and accessories.

But yonder we perceive a sleek, well to do, and self-complacent gentleman fling down the "CELT" in a rage; and, at length, finding utterance for *his* virtuous and hitherto ill-suppressed indignation—"What!" he exclaims, "is it to be for a moment endured, that in an age like ours, of fabulous prosperity, boundless commercial enterprise, devoted loyalty and dutiful attachment to the powers that be—nay more, to their very shadows and symbols, the outward visible signs of the glorious supremacy of 'law and order'—a writer should be found so ill-advised as to question the truth of the prevailing and fashionable optimism that 'whatever is, is right'—and so regardless of all the amenities and proprieties of our present happy social system, as to rake up from the oblivion of ages long past the memories of feuds and animosities, with which the present generation of Irishmen can feel no sympathy, which can only shock the delicate susceptibilities of ears polite, and which are quite as much out of place and keeping in the latter half of the nineteenth century, as would be the intrusion of a skeleton, grinning and ghastly, amidst the gorgeous festivities of a vice-regal banquet."

"Such a writer is no better than a dreaming visionary, to be despised and scouted, or a firebrand and incendiary, to be summarily crushed and extinguished—in any hypothesis, he deserves to be visited with the severest pains and penalties of incivism, if not of lese-majesty."

Simpleton or sciolist—slave or sycophant, whichever you happen to be, that hurl so glibly at our devoted head your angry and truculent denunciations—take breath, and learn, or at least, listen to, one or two home-truths with which we purpose to close this paper. The by-gone memories we would recall are not those of *mere* feuds and animosities—all such we wish to leave buried in profoundest *Hades*—but the reminiscences of the long and gallantly contested life and death struggle of our Celtic ancestors for all that can exalt a nation, and ennoble an individual—for all that can embellish existence here—and secure eternal felicity hereafter—the rights of property—and the rights of conscience—these we cherish as the proudest inheritance that could be bequeathed

—in how many instances, alas! the only inheritance that remains to our spoliated and impoverished nation!

And think not, good Mr. Optimist, that the struggle has ended with the mortal career of those combatants of the olden time, many of whom have achieved for themselves a dubious historical celebrity. The antagonism of race and creed still exists strong and fierce as ever, only partially veiled by the hypocritical euphemisms of a hollow truce, which the events of a single day might, at any time, convert into open collision. The burning sense of every imaginable species of wrong, often perpetrated through sheer wantonness, and therefore searing and galling the more acutely, still holds possession of the Celtic mind—not all the opiates or anodynes of a really paternal government (if indeed the terms ‘paternal’ and ‘imperial’ be not in themselves contradictory) could do more than mitigate and allay—heal they could not. But why dream of concessions or redress from our imperial masters? why expect aught but contumely and insult from that stronger, and not over scrupulous or sentimental nation, at whose chariot wheels our unhappy country has been dragged so long and so ruthlessly? Their real feelings towards our race remain unchanged and unchangeable. One conclusive proof is here, *inter alia multa*—the fact we are going to state is not denied—the inference we draw is undeniable. It is admitted on all hands, that the surest and most reliable exponent of the real state of public opinion in England, is to be found in the “*Times*” newspaper. Where then were you, Mr. Optimist, when the *Thunderer*, following the bent of his rather peculiar moral idiosyncrasy—ignoring Heaven, defying man, and insulting the whole human race—yelled forth in fiendish exultation—“The Irishry have disappeared with a vengeance.”

And do you never stumble on any of these Christian and gentleman-like effusions, in which the Boanerges of the press, from time to time, condescends to notice Ireland, her gentry, her social condition, and general interests, with such perfect good taste, such profound political wisdom, and such intimate knowledge of the subject? Oh! no indeed, you never do—your attention is directed to the share list, the court circular, the turf, the ring, &c., to anything and everything but Ireland. So much then for your optimism.

“The Irishry have disappeared with a vengeance.”

Thus shouted the *Thunderer*, and echo, catching the last word, responded—“*vengeance*.” And no doubt a day of retribution shall at length arrive, when the balance shall be adjusted betwixt oppression and its victims; it would be blasphemous to doubt it, as that would be to ignore as well the moral attributes, as the very existence of a Supreme Being, and to adopt in its worst form, the coarse and brutal materialism of Boanerges himself. But when or how this consummation is to come, is a mystery which we aspire not to scan or scrutinise. In truth the settlement of the “Irish difficulty” most congenial to our own feelings would be a “constitu-

tional" one. We think that the tone and status of Irish parliamentary representation might be so elevated as to afford to some future Celtic Archimedes a *ῥή, πρὸς ἑστῶ*, from whence to raise the temple of Irish freedom, by the application of a little gentle pressure on the fabric of imperialism, which, as passing events sufficiently demonstrate, is based, in church and state, on no very secure and permanent foundation. This would be *our* "vengeance," one worthy of a Christian, a Catholic, and a Celt.

"EXORIAM ALIQUIS NOSTRIS EX OSSIBUS VLTOR!"

OWEN ROE.

THE POET MOORE'S LETTER TO THE STUDENTS OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

PUBLISHED IN THE PRESS NEWSPAPER SIXTY YEARS AGO.

About a *mo*: since, one of our correspondents enquired after the letter which *we* had written in Arthur O'Connor's paper, and which is referred to in his diary, published in Russell's *Life of Moore*, where the allusion made to it will be found at page 56, vol. 1st. Moore does not mention under what signature he wrote; but he does refer to the subject and the date. He tells us it was a letter addressed "to the students of Trinity College," and he describes it as a transaction of the year 1797.

Now the first number of the *Press* newspaper was published on the 28th September in that year, and the publication was continued until the March of the following year, having lived about six months. He moreover tells us that the letter was published in a conspicuous part of the paper.

We have been at the trouble of consulting the volume known as the "*Beauties of the Press*," and also the file of the paper itself, a perfect copy of that rare publication being within our reach.

We find, in the *Press* newspaper, published upon the 2nd December, 1797, a letter addressed to the "Students of Trinity College." It is the second article, the signature too is "A Sophister." Now the evidences that that letter is the one written by Moore are to be found in these facts, that he tells us it was a letter to the students of Trinity College, that he tells us it was written and published in 1797, that he was a sophister of Trinity College at that date, that it is the only letter in the *Press* addressed to the students of Trinity College, and then comes the style of the production itself, palpably Moore's prose, only a little more redundant than some of his more mature prose works. There can be no doubt the letter we publish is the one enquired after.

In a subsequent part of Moore's diary he mentions an anecdote of Robert Emmet in reference to the letter, highly characteristic of the sound sense of a truly great man. "He owned to me," says Moore, "that on reading the letter, though pleased with its contents, he could not help regretting that public attention had been thus drawn to the politics of the university, as it might have the effect of awakening the vigilance of the college authorities, and frustrate the progress of the good work (as we both considered it) which was going on there so quietly. Even then, boyish as my own mind was, I could not help being struck with the manliness of the view which I saw he took of what men ought to do in such times and circumstances, namely, not to *talk* or *write* about their intentions, but to *act*." The italics in the foregoing extract are not ours but Moore's. They are so printed in the diary, and convey an important meaning and a deep lesson.

To the Students of Trinity College.

"The person who thus takes the liberty of addressing you, has the honour of being a member of your body. He has perceived with satisfaction amongst you that predominant spirit of liberty, which is the natural emanation of minds expanded and purified by erudition. He has seen the young patriot catching fire from the page of Demosthenes, and feeling with the orator when he exclaimed, "*let us march against the Tyrant; let us conquer or die.*" He observed these emotions with delight; but he saw with equal disgust, the exertions of monastic bigotry, to depress the maturation of this spirit; he saw the government of the university assimilate itself to the government of the country; its rulers goading and petulant—its measures coercive and arbitrary. A few generous youths opposed themselves to check this unauthorised oppression, but they were made the victims of scholastic tyranny, and the partizans of mental freedom, exiled as rebels from your walls.

You had a society too, the only ornament of your college, where all its men of talents were assembled into one bright galaxy of genius. But they began to think for themselves—to speak for themselves, they promoted that collision of opinions, from which sentiments of truth are elicited, they became obnoxious to the board, and at length were arbitrarily expelled. Another society has succeeded to this "*fumus es fulgore*," where the energies of the youthful mind, (Heaven knows!) are manacled enough, where every generous effluence of the heart is frightened back from the lips, without utterance, by the sombrous frown of some monkish despot, whose malignant presence is intended to canker the germination of genius—such are the mounds, my fellow-students, they oppose to the progression of mind; such are their efforts to break that resiliency of spirit, which, I hope, nay I trust, will strengthen with resistance.

On *you* the eyes of all, who, even in these days of persecution, still

cherish a prospective hope and look forward to that hour of retribution, when the recreant agent of tyranny shall shudder before the sovereignty of the people. On *you* their eyes are expectingly turned. In *you* they behold the seeds of their statesmen—their heroes—their *Buonapartes*! In *you* they see the talents that will illumine the resurrection of Ireland; that will raise her to that rank in the climax of nations, from which she is fallen so many, so many degrees! Do not disappoint their expectations—study to be a scourge to tyrants—study to “deserve well of your country.” And, oh! my fellow students, look to that country—that sunk, that injured country! and if your hearts are yet free from the infections of a court; if they are not hardened by ministerial frost, can you see poor Ireland degraded, tortured, without burning to be revenged on her damned tormentors? All her characteristic traits, by which nature had distinguished her in creation, sullied and effaced by the bloody hand of oppression. Her courage emasculated, or made the unnatural instrument of wounding herself, and butchering her friends! her good-nature abused and debased into imbecility—her frankness, after betraying herself, succeeded by the sullenness of mistrust—can you behold, without indignation, that horde of foreign depredators, who murder the happiness of our country, and gorge on the life-blood of Ireland? who stretch us on the rack of persecution, and wonder when we struggle or groan amid our torments. Can you behold, with patience, those mercenary prefects, sent hither as to a province devoted to rapine and desolation; those wretches, whose souls are the emblems of government, rotted by pollution, and prolific in damnable machinations! who exult in the wages of prostitution, and, like an animal that feeds on its own ordure, live by the corruptions which themselves have generated.

Has not justice thrown away her scales, and exchanged her sword for the poinard of the assassin? Is not hatred to Catholics the *Established Religion* of government, and the oath of extermination their only sacrament? Is not perjury encouraged, and murder legalised? Is not the guiltiest outrage of the soldier connived at, while the sigh or the groan of the peasant is treason. What is the trial by jury? a mere show—a farce where the jury is *acted by drunkards*, a villain personates the accuser, and the doom of the victim is hiccuped out by a bacchanalian, or pronounced with true stage effect, amidst the tears of a dramatic judge! Even this scenic illusion is renounced as superfluous and dilatory; judiciary power is consigned to the soldier and the orangeman, and the fire and the bayonet are found to be more speedy than the galleys. Alas! our afflicted country! how long will her green plains be dyed with the gore of butchery, and obscured with the ashes of conflagrations! When will she profit by the lessons so brilliantly exhibited to her eyes, and which she has been so slow, so very slow in learning? Oh! when will the “Nemean Lion” rouse from his trance, and shake off

the vermin that engender on his crest? That is the period we pant for—that is the goal we press to—and surely, surely it is not far distant! that Deity, who is the guardian of those imprescriptible rights, which he has imprinted on the heart of MAN, and charactered on his heaven-directed brow, that Deity will avenge those encroachments on the prerogatives of human nature. He will punish the hand that poisons the chalice of religion, with the amatitude of bloody dissension.

You, my fellow students, have explored the page of history, where the insect courtier is forgotten—the despot is blasted in infamy, and the glorious tyrannicide is immortalized. Can you remember one instance of a people naturally brave, and wanting but the will to be illustrious, succumbing to the domination of their own servants—their minions—and passively agonizing under the extremities of oppression? No—Ireland is singular in suffering and in cowardice. She could crush her tormentors, and yet they embowel her—she *could* be free—yet she *is* a slave.

At a period like this, then, when neutrality should alone be counted treason, in the name of our country—our liberty—our God—let us not, my friends, by a silent and criminal apathy, sanction the rivetting of chains, which perhaps may be indissoluble for ever. In spite of the informers and blood-hounds of administration—in spite of the drivelling despots of our monastery—let us cherish and diffuse amongst us that soul of liberty, that etherialized spirit of opinion, which eludes the grasp of the tyrant, and acquires elasticity by compression. Let us speak to the Nation—let us speak through the organ of the PRESS, as long as that echo of freedom can reach the ears of Irishmen, and rally them round the standard of their country—Let us show those ministerial minions—those political calamities who insult us—that Ireland has sons untutored in the school of corruption, who love her liberties, and in the crisis will die for them."

A SOPHISTER.

TRABULGAN.

Ho! for the seas—in southern breeze,
Flung wild around our coast,
With banners green—and white between,
A brave and bounding host.
Ho! for the sea,—deep, blue and free,
The sun-burst on its head,
When clouds of light, all orange bright,
Throw splendours on its bed,
With banners bright, all green and white,
Around our sea-coast spread.

Trabulgan rests, where young birds' nests
Are deep in woods and dells;

From rocks all gray, that stem the spray,
Spring-water fills the wells;
Here shamrocks green, with rills between,
Are spattered by the spray,
And corn fields peep above the deep,
To see the closing day;
While clouds of light, all orange bright,
Throw splendours on the bay.

Ho! for the seas—with southern breeze—
On Bantry, or Tramore,

On Mizen Head, where breakers spread—
 Dungarvan, or Ardmore.
 I saw its ways on Spanish bays,
 But Oh! it thrills me more,
 To hear it lave, and fret, and brave,
 Trabulgan's rocky floor;
 And see the wave, all bright and brave,
 Fling green flags on the shore.

Here at our feet, on surges fleet,
 The fairest sea-plants stray;
 All black, and white and crimson bright,
 They dip—rise—float—and play;
 In pools of seas, anemonies
 Delighted drink the sea;
 Where sea-pinks hold the rocky mould,
 And sea-gulls soar away;
 While banners green, all white between,
 Are flung upon the bay.

Ho! for the sea—when south winds play,
 About old Munster hills;
 Ho! for the sea—with its fair Lee,
 And tributary rills.
 Whose placid lakes, and reedy brakes,
 The water lily fills—
 Ho! for the sea—bright, blue and free,
 The Old Head standing by,

Where Kinsale set, spreads out the net,
 And boats o'er surges fly.

Ho! for the girls, our sea-shore pearls,
 That watch "the homeward bound,"
 And make the men come back again,
 To hallowed Irish ground.
 Ho! for the men, the stalwart men.
 That tend the canvass swell;
 The men afloat, that fly the boat
 And hold the helm well;
 That search the seas, in any breeze,
 And ev'ry weather tell.

Ho! for the sea—bright, green, and free,
 On Cork, or Kerry shore;
 Ho! for the sea, bright, blue and free,
 In Bantry, or Tramore;
 Let cowards fly, with danger nigh,
 We'll stoutly ply the oar,
 Let cowards roam, from their old home,
 We'll seek no foreign shore;
 Let England's King, the red flag fling,
 The glorious sea-breeze blows,
 The green and white, to cheer our sight,
 Where'er the salt sea flows.

MACCARTHY MORRIS.

I suppose all your readers are aware, that "Trabulgan" is the beautiful seat of Lord Fermoy, situated on the Southern coast of Ireland, near the entrance to Cork Harbour.

The following is a note from my common-place book, of a visit made by me, in company with some friends, before 1848, to Trabulgan.

"On the strand between the rocks at the lighthouse, we made a large collection of beautiful sea-plants. We had much amusement in collecting them. As they were often drawn away from our grasp by the retiring wave, we were tempted to walk into the sea after them, frequently, quite deliberately.

"The headland, from the lighthouse to Trabulgan, commands a magnificent view of the Atlantic. The shelving cliffs, bathing their feet in the bright blue waters—the beautiful light blue butterflies, and those black and gold, flitting through the fields and resting on the flowers—the springs of fresh water on the strand—the curious sea-anemonies, opening their petal-like feelers in the sunny pools of salt water, between the rocks—the sea-plants—the empty shells—and the shell fish—and the ships, glancing in the sun light, and passing into shade, and into sunlight again, as they "put about" and changed their course—all—all seemed living in the full enjoyment of this happy day

"Rostellan House is finely situated with woods, orchards, and gardens to the rear, set in the hollow of green hills, and open at the front to a south west view of the ocean.

"The sail to Cork was truly beautiful. Over 'Sun-lodge', the moon rose in Autumn splendour, large and red in hue, as the tint of fading leaves when the sun-set light rests upon them. Every advance of the boat brought the moon and scene into new relations—now the moon was close to the castle, now touching the wooded hills—now in the centre of the scene, projecting screens of wooded banks on both sides—and its bright red reflection, gleaming and floating towards us on the dark and gently swelling tide. Looking towards the city, we saw the warm twilight, still resting on it—every way we turned, our eyes rested on soft and reposeing nature."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

How very frequently in our daily experience do we see the effect of certain words and phrases either of an occult, or (which will answer the purpose of their originators as well) a totally unmeaning nature, being applied to individuals, and by the popular application of them coming to be the pretexts for heaping oppression on the oppressed, and for justifying the act. The world's history is full of instances of popular ignorance being thus practised on by crafty and designing men for selfish purposes. Thus, when Sir William Molesworth was a candidate for the representation of the borough of Southwark, one of the "cries" raised against him was, "down with 'Obbes;" now Hobbes has been down among the dead men for a couple of centuries, so that the wish might have been deemed superfluous, and besides those who with brazen lungs cried "down with 'Obbes," had been personally but little scandalized by the philosopher of Malmesbury's opinions. This example is merely intended to illustrate what we mean, for we are not enquiring in how much it was judicious, or the contrary, for a modern statesman to edit the doubting sage's writings.

It has been reserved for this, the much eulogised nineteenth century, to behold one of the most daring of these inferential lies promulgated and conclusions drawn from its application, which affect not merely individuals, but influence in some measure the fortunes of a whole race; and this is the lie.

To account for the misery and dissatisfaction that accompanies the extension of the English rule, the fine theory of the national superiority or inferiority of particular races was propounded, and by an ingenious train of reasoning, based on this theory, God's providence was narrowed within the most limited space—even within the seas that encircle the shores of England—and it was asserted that nature had in some mysterious way conferred on the people of that country, and on them alone, the sole right to have and possess all and every thing, which by any possible means, either of fraud or violence, could be converted to their own use and benefit. And that the earth, and the fulness thereof, which (some people foolishly imagine) was designed for men of all races, should alone belong to those people called "Anglo Saxons."

This idea is insisted on as if it was a natural right, notwithstanding that protests have been daily written in blood against it, by some one of the people held in subjection, and that in the British Empire the gates of the temple of Janus have never been closed.

The distinctive peculiarities of race, which are insisted on by Englishmen in favour of themselves and as reasons why they should rule, are accordingly never taken into account by them with reference to other people, unless to justify English oppression.

The greatest victims of this supposed English superiority of race have undoubtedly been the Celts, not merely of Ireland, but also of

Scotland and Wales, whose assumed inferiority, according to the ideas of the believers in Anglo Saxondom, make it only right and proper that these latter should be our guides, philosophers, and, (after their own fashion,) friends.

What "down with 'Obbes" was to Sir William Molesworth, are to the Celtic race the phrases "the impulsive Celt," "the improvident Celt," the Celt gifted with rare flashes of genius, wit, and fancy, but without steady application, and who must have the reflective Anglo Saxon to guide him!! These convenient sentences have been used with the greatest possible advantage by those who would destroy the Celticism of the Irish character, and in addition have unfortunately been adopted by too many of the Celtic race themselves, *who forget that the estimation which a man or a country forms of itself is that in which the world will hold it.*

Who the Celts are—what influence the race has exerted on the literature and history of Europe, and of English history in particular, and how far the conventional character of the race, founded on English misrepresentation, is true, will be the subject of some future papers, in which we intend to confirm our views upon the subject by some apposite illustrations.

O.

WILLY BRAND.

AIR—" *Blow the candle out.*"

1
My love is come of English blood,
And was my father's foe,
But now he's all for Ireland's good,
As once for Ireland's woe;
And now he's leal, and true as steel,
When war is in the land;
And aye thro' blame, and Oh! thro' shame
I'll love my Willy Brand.

2
My love, he is a soldier free,
So stately and so tall,
With armour shining gloriously,
And sword, and plume and all;
With horseman's shoon and musketoon
He rides by tower and strand;
And aye thro' blame, and Oh! thro' shame
I'll love my Willy Brand.

3
My love has drawn his gallant sword
For Ireland's cause and king,
Black Cromwell, with his blood-stained
horde
Of traitors, back to fling—
And may God speed each man and steed,
The dark foe to withstand;
While aye thro' blame, and Oh! thro' shame
I'll love my Willy Brand.

4
Each day she waited by the hill
Her Willy Brand's return;
And still the same, through woe and ill,
Her love for him did burn;
And back love gave her soldier brave,
When peace swayed o'er the land,
For aye thro' blame, and Oh! thro' shame
She loved her Willy Brand.

FEARDANA.

LATENT HONOR IN A DETECTIVE.

Just seven-and-twenty years ago, the spirit of nationality, touching the hearts of all classes of Irishmen, made its way amongst the students of the different schools of physic in Dublin. Sad was the waste of subjects and the neglect of lectures, for nearly a month, in more than one of the establishments where the youth of Ireland were then learning the use of the forceps and the knife, and prying into the mysteries of the human coil, which spirits daily left tenantless, mainly for the use of the youth who were then known as "*Sackemups*," and as such occasionally winning, if not entitled to, dirty jackets in the liberties and outskirts of Dublin, when caught after dusk prying near grave-yards or the receptacles of the dead. They order those things better now, but the medical students of that date were positively, to some extent "*Sackemups*."

It was a cold winter's morning, upon which, the fire which was smouldering in many an Irish student's breast was lighted into a flame at the bidding of one man. Alas! poor T. B. K., native of the "*Urbs intacta*." There was, amongst the one thousand students then filling the medical class-rooms of Dublin, no truer heart, no bolder spirit. May the earth sit as lightly upon thy mortal remains, as we trust that Providence, who rules us and the land, has dealt leniently with thy mortal errors. May eternal rest and peace be thine, is the earnest prayer of thy old chum, who pens these lines.

Poor K. had got notices printed, announcing a meeting of those students who were favorable to "Repeal," the meeting to be held that evening at "Hayes's hotel" in Dawson-street. These notices he had contrived to have placed upon the benches at an early hour, in every lecture room in Dublin. There was one for almost every seat.

The lecturers and porters of the Dublin schools of that day, well remember the excitement created in the lecture rooms; how the professors were disturbed in their lectures; how whisper mounted into loud words—words became angry and remonstrant, and in one school blows were exchanged between the hot spirits of the followers of physic. The turbulent meeting of that night, too, will be remembered as well by the then owners of Hayes's hotel, as by the students who figured in the meeting, which became a melee between nationalists and orange-men. We may refer to these details at some future time, but at present our business compels us to be brief.

The first meeting was mixed of friends and foes, many subsequent ones were held before the business ripened into a public meeting of the national students held in the old Abbey-street Theatre.

The writer of these lines was one of the students attending those meetings. He still remembers with pleasure the many friends he made amongst the new men he met there. It was in the progress of

making new acquaintances from other schools than the one where he was then a pupil, that he first met a gentleman of about twenty-five years of age, of middle size, slight make, dark complexion, and thoughtful countenance. A man whose intelligence and pleasing manners won regards from the circle about him. He spoke with ease and fluency, had been well educated, described himself as being a "Richmond man;" it was a school at the other extremity of Dublin, and there was much less intercourse between its students and those of the southern side of the city, than between any other two schools in Dublin. He was so much the gentleman and so ardent in his patriotism, that I felt a growing friendship for him, and it appeared to me that he regarded me with equal favour. Upon the evening which makes the turning point of this article, I had, for the first time asked his name, given him my card, and promised to call at his lodgings the following day to accompany him through the Richmond hospital, which up to that time I had not seen, and the importance of which in a surgical point of view he dwelt much upon, even to the description of an important case of aneurism then known to be in one of its wards. He gave his name, Thompson, his lodgings in North Queen Street.

That night was one of peculiar excitement; poor K. and B. and D. and MacC. had been spouting upon nationality by the hour; the night wore out, it was proposed by K. that we should sup together, names were taken down, I gave my own and that of my new friend Mr. Thompson, to whom I turned and expressed a wish that he should be my guest at the supper table. He declined, I pressed him warmly—I saw his face grow pale, his eyes swam as if with some sad reflection, he turned round to me and exclaimed in a subdued but deeply impressive voice, "no by G. I will not follow you to the supperroom, I have followed you, watched you close enough, but I will not do it again, I will not follow you to the supper table. One word of advice to you, you are young and rash; beware; I am a detective." He had taken my hand, but at the last word I had withdrawn it, for amazement at my own simplicity had almost stupified me; an instant's reflection aroused me to the consciousness of the struggle he had made, the fight between good and evil, how his better nature had predominated over his vile trade, and I would have given my hand—but he was gone. I never saw him afterwards, and was in after years a little more guarded how I gave my confidence too soon to new men; but to this hour I remember with pleasure the nobleness of the nature which yielded to the impulse of good, and for the hour, blushed for, forswore and abandoned a vile occupation.

MEDICUS.

THE PRIEST AND HIS PEOPLE.

AN INCIDENT OF THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

In one of the O'Hara Novels, a hardened and a guilty man is represented as being moved to repentance by the mere *look* of a child after leaving the confessional. The author, however, thought it necessary to apologize for the too close resemblance of the picture to a somewhat similar one in "Paradise and the Peri." The incident in the following verses, (of which the writer was a witness,) will show how true to nature was the imagination of both poets. It occurred in a chapel in the County of Tipperary, on the occasion of one of those marvellous events, a temperance meeting.

The apostle of temperance, the child and the old man formed a group which possessed every requisite for the subject of a great *historical* painting.

1

The old man alone is standing,
Alone of the silent crowd,
Every eye, save his, looks upward,
And every knee is bow'd,
For the words of the heaven-sent preacher
Were words of subduing love,
And a voice in each heart proclaimeth—
"His mission is from above."

2

By the steps of the gilded altar,
And down thro' the pillared nave,
And out in the grass-grown grave-yard,
Where the elm trees' branches wave—
The guilt and the sorrow-stricken
Are kneeling side by side
With childhood, in sinless beauty,
And youth, with the glance of pride.

3

Sad, woe-worn wife, what meaneth
The unearthly gleam that shone
All over your face, grief-clouded,
Like the moon on a grey tomb-stone?
"Oh! praised be the Heavenly Father
Black sorrow, and want and pain
Shall darken our path no longer,
And peace shall be ours again."

4

And the white-haired priest is kneeling
In the midst of his people there,
And, with clasped hands raised to heaven,
He prays a thanksgiving prayer:
For souls will be won from darkness,
Of whom he might else despair—
And he feels his heart half-lightened
Of its load of leaden care.

5

Pale student, some vision glorious
Lends light to your soul-fraught eyes?
Ha! you see, over sorrowing Kíré,
The morning star arise!
And knowledge, and self-reliance
Give strength to the souls of men,
And the slaves' chains—with his vices—
Grow hateful to him—and them!

6

A people, to freedom marching,
Proud, trustful, in might and right;
The unawed unrelenting tyrant,
Will he dare them to the fight?
If so—"In the name of the Father,"
And the Son and the Holy Ghost"—
Pale student, you now are charging
In the midst of that fiery host!

7

But the old man he still is standing;
He mutters, "I dare not kneel."
The apostle descends from the altar—
How earnest is his appeal,
With his hand on the old man's arm,
Sure a fiend in that heart holds away;
Even the "tongue of flame" may not
move him—
He is sullenly turning away.

8

But why does he pause, bewildered,
And with heaving chest, as tho'
He tugged for life with the nightmare,
Or grappled with deadly foe? . . .
And why is he kneeling lowly,
Subdued, repentant, meek?
And why are the big tears rolling
Like rain, down his furrowed cheek?

* The battle-cry of the Bavarians to signal the hurling down of rocks and missiles on their invaders.

9
 Oh! sure 'tis some beauteous spirit
 Flown down from her native skies!—
That child of the sylph-like form
 And brilliantly-mournful eyes;
 Her look to the old man, imploring,
 It wrought like a holy spell,
 And, as from the limbs of Saint Peter,
 The chain from his spirit fall!

10
 Joy, joy for many a homestead,
 Where sorrow was wont to reign;
 And joy for the poor old country—
 The darkest—the *only* stain
 That sullied her fair escutcheon
 Will be cleansed for ever and aye
 By "The Pledge," which ten thousand
 bosoms
 Have registered here to-day.

J.

THE SECOND SIGHT OF GENIUS.

An article on this subject in a recent number of "THE CELT," has reminded one of our correspondents of another remarkable illustration, in the powerful verses written by Thomas Campbell on the failure of the Polish insurrection in 1830; perhaps Campbell, being a Scotchman, was more susceptible of this weird influence than other poets, but his Celtic blood was roused by the short-sighted meanness of England's policy, and hear this warning voice:—

THE POWER OF RUSSIA.

• • • • • ——"Poland's wrested brand
 Is now a weapon new to widen his command.

An awful width! Norwegian woods shall build
 His fleets; the Swede his vassal, and the Dane;
 The glebe of fifty kingdoms shall be tilled
 To feed his dazzling, desolating train,
 Camped, sumless, 'twixt the Black and Baltic main—
 Brute hosts, I own; but Sparta could not write,
 And Rome, half barbarous, bound Achaia's chain—
 So Russia's power, amid Slavonic night,
 Burns with a fire more dread than all your polished light.

But Russia's limbs (so blinded statesmen speak),
 Are crude, and too colossal to cohere—
 Oh! lamentable weakness—reckoning weak
 That stripling Titan, strengthening year by year!
 What implement lacks he for war's career
 That grows on earth, or in its woods and mines?
 Eighth sharer of the habitable sphere—
 Whom Persia bows to—China ill confines—
 And India's empire waits, when Albion's star declines."

A prophecy this, which our own eyes shall see fulfilled.

If our readers refer to the poem in question, they must be struck by the tone of indignant prevision which pervades it; though written to express sympathy for the fall of Poland in her unaided struggle, it is the future ruin of England, the remote but inevitable consequence, that excites the scornful grief of "the clear-eyed poet,"—Macaulay, by his name, (Мас Макалайс) is evidently a Celt also, and it does look like the work of Fate to see the spirit of the trampled race rise up unconsciously, almost involuntarily, to testify the coming doom of the oppressor.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

The verses by "Anr Oga" are not particularly suited to our pages, but we print them precisely for his own modest reason, because it is a step in the right direction to draw his illustration from a purely Irish source. The saint and the legend he mentions are both new to us; perhaps some of our archaeological friends can inform us further;—

["There is a tradition among the peasantry of Erris, Mayo, that St. Deribla, patron of a small abbey and a holy well in that district, made it his constant practice to go many leagues out to sea on the approach of a storm, for the charitable purpose of warning or guiding vessels, in danger of wreck, from the mountain waves and iron rocks of that wild western coast. On one of those voyages the incident occurred which is here alluded to."]

To C

1

A saint's frail bark—so runs the tale—
While sailing o'er the dreary sea,
Was taken in a furious gale,
'Gainst which he strove, long uselessly;
Then, strong in faith and trust prayed he
That, with the bark in which he sailed,
He might be saved from pending harm.
The word went forth—the rushing storm
Was hushed at once—and Faith prevailed.

2

My life might be that ocean dark,
As dark and drear it long has been;
My heart might sail that wand'ring bark,
And *thou* the saint who sailed therein;
Then came a storm with crashing din,
As though to wreck that bark at will;
But scarce was o'er the life-waves heard,
Breathed from thy lips, the trustful word,
"I love but thee," when all grew still.

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Country Orders for the ensuing Saturday's number must be in on the previous Wednesday with the Publisher.

The Celt.

"THE WISE MAN GATHERETH KNOWLEDGE, AND RULETH HIS OWN HOUSE."—*Old Celtic Proverb.*

No. 7, VOL. I.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1857. [ONE PENNY.

HOW THE WOMEN OF A COUNTRY MAY INFLUENCE ITS DESTINY.

THIRD ARTICLE.

In our Fourth Number, we had ventured some plain speech with the fashionable ladies of Ireland, who, we considered, ought to be nationalists. We did so, with a full sense of the deep respect which manhood owes to the sex; but with a deeper sense still of the imperative duty which manhood owes to the country of its birth and growth, and the true happiness of the race common to its soil. To-day, we address ourselves to a portion of the sex, it may be less fashionable or less wealthy than those we have already ventured to advise with, but not less important to or less esteemed by their countrymen, who, moving in their sphere, can understand and appreciate the sound common sense and true moral worth of the mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters, of the farmers of Ireland.

To them we devote this article. We know that twined into their affections, occupying the place in their regards next to the faith they worship in, stands their deep and warm attachment to this old Island of Saints. They know something of its history, they venerate its antiquities, and love the old folk lore gathered in at mother's knees, and which still lends a touching enchantment to the old ruins, the green lanes, the cromleacs and the raths, amongst which they have grown up and lived. Educated in convents their training has been Catholic, and the history of their country has not been a forbidden book. They know something of what the Irish people have endured, because they were Irish and were Catholic, and they love country and faith all the more fondly, because both have been persecuted, and both have suffered. They do read books belonging to Ireland, they do not read or know the foul fictions of Sue or Reynolds, and they are familiar with the tales of Banim and Griffin, the poems of Duffy and Davis. In fine, they are uncontaminated by the crimes and follies of our writers, and

they are true to Catholicity and Ireland. They will not refuse to aid, and they can largely aid, the work of national regeneration.

We appeal to them for that aid. They can assist us in a two-fold way, they can foster and encourage national tendencies, and national acquirements in their own circle; and next to the parochial clergy, they are all powerful in the means and the facilities of tearing out the weeds and sowing the good plants in the parochial national schools. Does any body start at the proposition? There need be no nervousness about it; in the hands of the ladies we address, lies the power to contend with the *unnational* School System in Ireland, and in despite of rule and law to the contrary, and in despite of commissioners and inspectors, to work these institutions after a fashion perfectly Catholic and perfectly Irish: "What," we hear somebody ask, "bring the ladies into collision with the school system." No! there is no collision necessary. The ladies will only have to systematise their work, to adopt and act upon a fixed plan, and the result will follow as sure as day comes after night. Wherever there is a school a single lady might achieve this good by a little trouble, but two ladies combining to do it, will effect it with ease.

There are examinations held in these schools from time to time, and at any time a single visitor may question the children. No national teacher will be so uncouth as to stop a lady's question, even a trained inspector would hesitate to be so rude! The lady is examining the class in geography. She passes from the geography of countries to the geography of counties. She keeps to Ireland, we will suppose she has asked the boundaries of Limerick county, its principal river, its principal town, what is that town remarkable in history for? The little trained urchin will glibly answer, "for making lace."—"Fie, you should know, my child, it is famous for its noble resistance to King William, and for a siege in which its glorious women came into the trenches, and standing beside their husbands and brothers, drove the English from its walls." A single question will be enough; the child, the class, the whole school, have at a moment discovered there are things to be learned that are not taught in these national schools. Then comes the next step; the lady lives in the locality, is known to all the children. Let her in the school or out of it offer a premium for the best answers in Irish history. The premium may be trivial, a toy, a book, anything will achieve the purpose. But there is no book to be had suited to this teaching—but there is; until a better one be got, "O'Neil Daunt's Catechism" will do, it will cost but a shilling; one or two copies will suffice a whole class. The wheel will be thus set in motion, once in motion there will be no stopping it, or the woman who puts her hand to it if she be in earnest. It will need a little energy, a little spirit to do this, but our countrywomen have enough of both, and if a stimulus be needed to urge them to redoubled exertion, it is to be found in the proud consciousness that they are resisting, and successfully resisting,

the Machiavelian laws which seek to destroy the attachment of the rising generation to their old faith and their native land by a steady and systematic discouragement of everything Catholic and everything Irish.

Music too—vocal music—is cultivated in these *unnational* schools. Here again female influence can be useful, and the lady who teaches a few of the children to warble some of our national music, some from the “Melodies” or from the “Spirit of the Nation,” will be sowing acorns that will one day grow into oaks. The spirit thus evoked, the flame thus lighted by women’s hands, cannot be quenched; England’s denationalizing cold water laws will fail to put it out, it will spread over the land, warming alike the hearts of scholars and teachers. A patriotic Swiss has said, “educate the children, for remember in a few short years they will be the men giving tone and spirit to the nation;” beautifully true, and may those in whose hands the power lies remember this, and so labour that the children of those *unnational* schools shall be educated as Catholics and Irishmen fit to make a nation. The thing can be done, it is feasible, practicable. The women of Ireland can do much to its attainment; there is but one class in the country who have a greater capability of aiding in its achievement. That class is constituted of the country’s best men, the young priesthood of Ireland.

Next to the ladies who belong to the land in Ireland, come the peasant girls who fill the side galleries of the rural chapels of our country, the girls whose fathers till a few acres, and who have learned to read a little. We have watched those girls in earlier days at many a wake, wedding, and merry making in the old land, at many a pattern and fair, before the famine and the plague, and that worse plague still, emigration, had thinned their circles and stolen away the brothers and the cousins. Honest and truthful, openhearted and generous, we have watched them in the dance as they jigged to the merry pipes, and took pride in tiring out the comely youth who were their partners. We knew then how the old native music filled their young hearts, and how they would have none of the tame Sassenach tunes, and how their eyes laughed to the boys who sung the old Irish songs, beating time to the music with honest palms on rough deal tables in tent or barn. We have watched them and studied their thoughts and wishes, even in the ballads they purchased in the streets at a halfpenny a piece, and it pleased us to feel their yearnings were Irish. We trust they still love the old national airs, and that the youth who grow up with their daughters are still taught to sing the old Irish impassioned songs of other days.

HISTORY IN IRELAND,
ILLUSTRATED FROM ANCIENT AND RARE BOOKS.
THE SEVENTH CHAPTER OF THE HIBERNIA DOMINICANA.
(Continued from No. 5, page 79.)

The notes are by De Burgo himself. A few supplementary observations, added by the translator, are enclosed in brackets, and signed [T].

Section 1. (*continued*)—And truly the pomp, pageantry and magnificence, displayed by the Earl on the occasion of his public entry into Rome, and during his embassy there, were such as to dazzle even the Romans themselves, and impress them with a lofty idea of the greatness of the king, his master. This statement I received, when at Rome, from many persons who had been themselves eye-witnesses of those transactions; and I find further confirmation of it in the following epigram copied from a folio volume printed at Rome (Anno 1687):—*

"This was the time when each balcony brightly shone forth in holiday array, decked with the charms of Roman womanhood, and eager to gaze on the triumphal procession of Earl Roger's entry.

Then it was that imperial Rome herself, with all her ancient glories reproduced and concentrated on the Flaminian way, admired his princely magnificence, and his chariots glittering with gold.

What (she exclaims,) had induced our Virgil to describe the Britons, renowned for strength, as isolated outcasts from the pale of civilization?

The Britons have incorporated themselves with the Roman Empire, and this sole and unique procession occupies our palatial domes.

At the bidding of Earl Roger, a single day has sufficed to display pageants as numerous as we beheld of old, in the long series of unnumbered years."

The Supreme Pontiff, on his part, accredited as Nuncio Apostolic to King James, the illustrious and most Reverend Don Ferdinand, Count d'Adda, a Milanese, and Archbishop of *Amasia*. He became a great favourite with the king on account of his singular virtues and other remarkable good qualities, and it was owing to this mutual amity that he was often well nigh being sacrificed to popular fury, when afterwards the king's affairs were ruined, and the king himself was forced to abdi-

* We believe that it will prove acceptable to all admirers and cultivators of modern Latin poetry, to re-produce this graceful epigram in the original,—and we are not without a hope that some of our poetical friends will, ere long, furnish an English metrical version to appear in a future number of the "CELT."

*Tempus erat, quo ROGERII visura Triumphum
Lucebat Latia culta Fenestra Nuru.
Tunc mirata Viri Pompam, Currusque nitentes
Auro Flaminia Roma videnda Via,
Ecquid, ait, toto divisos Orbe Britannos,
Viribus insignes, dixerat esse Maro?
Romano sese Imperio junxiere Britanni,
Et Pompa hæc nostras occupat una Domos.
Quæque olim innumeris Spectacula vidimus Annis,
Jussu ROGERII præbuit una Dies.*

cate and seek refuge in exile, as shall be related in a subsequent Section. This distinguished Ecclesiastic was elevated to the purple by Pope Alexander VIII in 1691, and he died at Rome eighteen years after. (Anno 1719.)

Section 2—The groans of our native Island, so long the victim of an inexorable tyranny, quickly reached the ears of James, a prince pre-eminently distinguished for his clemency. He at once perceived that the Irish Catholics were deprived of the benefit of all laws divine and human, that they were stripped of the ordinary privileges and immunities enjoyed by all other classes of his subjects, that they were heavily mulcted by penal enactments for their profession of the Catholic faith, and that they were contumeliously excluded from participating in the offices of the state, the administration of the laws, and the exercise of the legal profession. Accordingly, conceiving himself to be an agent specially appointed by Providence to remedy such monstrous injustice, he resolved to remodel the government of Ireland, and thereby preclude for ever the necessity of tears and supplications to the throne on the part of his Irish Catholic subjects. His first step was to remove from the helm of the state Henry Hyde, Earl of Clarendon; an Englishman and a Protestant, who had been appointed Viceroy of Ireland by his late Majesty, Charles II., and who subsequently, as the event proved, retaliated on King James with the foulest treason. He then committed the government of the kingdom to Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel, an Irishman and a Catholic, destined to be shortly invested with the higher dignity of Duke, a nobleman of consummate prudence and illustrious birth, who had through life rendered distinguished services to his creed, his king and native land, and who in foreign countries, especially in France, had acquired for himself the highest possible reputation for military courage.

His brother, Dr. Peter Talbot, had been a few years before Archbishop of Dublin—and having proved himself through life a zealous champion of religion, he sealed his faith with the glorious death of a martyr in the same hallowed cause.*

* About the same time (the reference is made to the judicial murder of the martyred Archbishop Oliver Plunket, anno. 1691)—the most illustrious Doctor Peter Talbot, brother to the Earl and Duke of Tyrconnel (shortly after Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, under James II.) was suddenly arrested by the Government, and though innocent of any charge on civil or political grounds, he was thrown into the common prison of *Newgate*. His real crime in the eyes of the State, was his uncompromising fidelity to his Divine Master, and his zeal in the cause of religion. Here he lay in this dungeon, appropriated to the vilest malefactors, in constant expectation of immediate execution, as he could hope nothing from the clemency of his heretical judges; at length, worn out with his anxieties, his miseries, and the abominable filth and squalor of his cell, he was seized with a mortal disease—and nearly destitute of all human consolation, he terminated his career as a champion of Christ, and so disappointed the studied, malignant, and multifarious cruelties of his enemies, by the glorious and enviable death of a martyr.

"*Quam securis non attulit, in satellitum crudeli custodiâ securus invenit.*"

(*Mortem, Scilicet.*)

As soon as Tyrconnel entered on the government of the kingdom, he at once penetrated into the perfidious machinations of the Puritans,* whose disaffection to the new government was on the point of exploding into open rebellion. With statesmanlike adroitness he causes the Protestants to be disarmed; places Catholic officers in all the garrisons and fortified places, with none but Catholic soldiers under them to maintain their defence; he appoints Catholic magistrates exclusively in all the cities, towns, and corporations, and throughout the kingdom at large; and by virtue of the royal decree, he commands that the public worship of the Catholic Church should be re-established in all its pristine dignity. We may well imagine with what exultation the hitherto down-trodden Catholics beheld these momentous changes. Their clergy no longer driven by violence from the haunts of men, to drag out a miserable and solitary existence in holes and caverns, or in the wild mountain fastnesses of the country, resumed at once their social status, and their distinctive professional costume, as became their order, whether secular, or regular. The Holy Sacrifice was no longer offered up in the forest recesses, or on the bleak hill-side; altars sprung up at once, erected by the piety of the faithful, and in every locality the sacred mysteries began to be celebrated with becoming decency, if not with all their former pomp and magnificence. To crown all, *Christ Church*, in Dublin, which is not only a Chapel-Royal, but also one of the two Cathedrals of that metropolis, after its long desecration in the hands of the heterodox, was restored to the original purposes and uses intended by its pious founders. Nor was it merely this cardinal act of Catholic worship that was openly celebrated with the fullest sanction of the civil power—the whole cycle of Catholic ceremonial was restored, and publicly performed to the great joy and edification of the faithful. The regular clergy likewise were no less zealous to labour in the cause of their respective orders; their primary efforts were directed to rebuild or restore their dilapidated monasteries—in many instances now reduced to shapeless and desolate ruins.

* In Ireland the term "*puritan*," is applied to *pure* and rigid Calvinists, as distinguished from *Churchmen* or Anglican Protestants.

Has any of our readers read "*Drunken Barnaby's*" picture of a Puritan?

"Veni Banbury—O profanum!
Ubi vidi Puritanum,
Felem facientem furem,
Quod Sabbato stravit murem."

FELIX MACDONNELL'S WELCOME TO GLENFLESK.

BY EGAN O'RAHILLY, A POET OF SLIEVE LOGHER IN KERRY, A.D. 1744.

Faílce i' d'atcáb o dhaoi'c'ib céad,
 Do blaí na reabac naé i'joll méinn;
 O aiteab Sazron i' teinne daon,
 So b'arur Fleirge na reanb-ban.
 Coiréad curanta c'iaib'ceac caon,
 Flaíe mar Orzan a m-beairna an dao'gail,
 Neairt tréan roib'ir rár-maíe réim,
 'S cú na b-fann-ban lan-laí!

Súil i' glaire na dhúct a'ir fear,
 Uir na curinne 'r fionn-dairi mór;
 I' clú da éine ran d'úmhau so deó
 An Phenice ar naé curanna:
 Laoé meir zneanta zlan díneac fiall,
 Do p'neim na Flearza i' do fíol na b-Fhianh,
 Céile zairge fear fionta n'air,
 Fionn znoide meic Domhail.

Uairal d'airib o n'í'c'ib é,
 Uan na reabac ó'n Jhre an laoc;
 I' buan-éap corraim do fíon so tréan;
 An n'í'z-fear a'zhar ceanna:
 An d'ao' tarumun d'éiz'ib caon
 Craob ba raithar o Léin Loch l'inn,
 Reileion d'airib d'fúil Eib'ir Fhionn
 Faílce Uí Cheallaí'z do'n planna.

TRANSLATION.

An hundred bards should raise the strain,
 To greet the war-hawk home again;
 From Saxon realms and battle-plain
 To fair Glenflesk in splendour:
 He fears his God and quells his foe,
 His deeds like Oscar's triumphs glow;
 His strength the strong ones well may know,
 Of wrong'd and weak defender.

Dew never sparkled like his eye,
 He's like an oak so broad and high;
 The clan exult now he is nigh,
 By river, loch and on hill:

Hail, warrior-prince of crag and plain !
 The reddest blood of Flesk's domain,
 Where mirth and valour wedded reign,
 Hail, brave Fineen Mac Donnell !

A royal line our chieftain boasts,
 His fathers led our mountain hosts ;
 His sword can keep his rightful coasts,
 None dare intrude I tell ye :
 Bards ! whom he ne'er refus'd a boon,
 Come all your loudest harps attune ;
 And give the child of Heber Fiune,
 The "welcome of O'Kelly !"

DRESS.

The desire to please is a natural ingredient in the happiness of life ; and is only reprehensible when it runs into extravagance. When a woman wears 15 yards of satin, when 12 would do as well, and look better, there is extravagance. When a man goes to perform coarse work, which every man ought to be able to turn his hand to, in an embroidered waistcoat, there is extravagance.

We should not like to see a slovenly disregard to dress in Ireland. But we should like to see an indication of good sense and a perception of appropriateness shown in both male and female attire. We should like to see this shown in every article of attire, from the top of the head to the sole of the foot. Longfellow's lines on character may be applied to dress, and have a meaning in that view too—

"In the elder days of art,
 Builders wrought with nicest care
 Each minute and unseen part,
 For the gods see everywhere.
 Let us do our work as well,
 Both the unseen and the seen,
 Make the house where gods may dwell
 Beautiful, entire, and clean."

Every mechanic in Ireland should be able to afford three suits of clothes, one to work in, one to rest in, and one to appear at social gatherings in. See how beautifully nature turns out the exterior of all her creatures, and how careful all healthy animals are to keep their coat of shell or fur beautiful and clean. We mourn as much at the folly of man, of woman, dressing badly and shabbily from want of inclination or means, as to see them dress extravagantly, inappropriately, and foolishly.

We may forgive a very young man for dressing badly ; but we cannot excuse a married man who allows an appearance of slovenliness and neglect to show itself upon his person.

In a business point of view it is as important for a shopkeeper to

dress well, decently, cleanly, appropriately, and comfortably, as it is that he should keep his shop-front well painted, clean, and attractive. He errs in the power of speculation if he allows any portion of his dress to grow threadbare, soiled or antiquated looking.

The French people make their shops reception rooms for their friends, and dress respectably, comfortably, and tastily to meet them there.

We cannot endure to see a labourer at work with the long tail of his coat dangling behind him, nor a shopkeeper with his threadbare Sunday coat inside his counter. We do not like to see a man walk into his parlour with his muddy boots. A man who can keep a parlour, can afford to keep shoes clean for the parlour. It is not want of means, but a deficient household training, which these things indicate.

On the other hand we cannot like to see men dressed tawdrily or extravagantly at any time or in any place—nor women either. We can see no artistic taste—nothing but sheer extravagance—in the great folds of flounces up to the waist: the fringe of lace around the hat—cutting the facile line abruptly—the folds of the silk gown extending half a table's length. This is fashions running riot. Extravagance void of taste or culture.

But by all means let each class of Irish society dress appropriately, comfortably, and tastefully, and let it not be thought "extravagant" to do so, but let us shun the fashions in dress which are really extravagant, inelegant, unartistic, and sometimes injurious to health. Women's bonnets hanging behind their ears, confining the draughts of air about the ears and to the pole of the head, the thin walking boots in damp weather, the boots or shoes too small for the play of the toes, crippling the walk. Modern science has banished the abomination of tight lacing; but let us shun others as much opposed to artistic grace which are now being introduced, while we encourage in the poor and the middle classes that self-respect which delights in comfortable, appropriate, and tasteful clothing, and is not contented to wear any thing thread-bare, soiled, or badly made. .

M. M.

KORNER.

From the Percy Anecdotes.

When Germany was struggling to emancipate herself from a foreign yoke, Theodore Korner, the young hero, whose energetic poems helped so powerfully to kindle a patriotic spirit among his countrymen, could no longer endure the indolent occupation of a poet. He left Vienna in March, 1813, and joined a distinguished free corps, in which he soon rose to rank and became the idol of his comrades. He courted danger and death with the cool devotion of heroism; and his poems perpetually breathe a quiet foreboding of his approaching fate. He was killed in

an engagement with the French at Rosenberg, in Mecklenburgh, on the 26th of August, 1813. On the morning of that day he wrote in his pocket-book, and read to a friend when the signal of attack was given, his exquisite dialogue with his sword, called "The Sword Song." The effect of Korner's spirit-stirring strains on the indignant and struggling Germans was electrical. They struck on the soul with all the power of the most inspiring martial music, and at this day they are universally loved and admired. They renew the recollections of glory, and penetrate the hearts of the Germans like the notes of the trumpet of victory, or the triumphant din of battle melting in the distance. This youthful hero fell at the age of twenty-two: one of his patriotic songs, entitled "Men and Dastards!" was commenced in a bivouac hut on the Sleekritz on the morning of an engagement. A single stanza will show what a glorious spirit it breathed.

"The land is roused, the storm breaks loose—
 What traitor hand now shrinks from its use?
 Shame on the pale faced wretch who cowers
 In chimney corners and damsels' bowers;
 Shame on thee, craven recreant sot!
 Our German maidens greet thee not;
 Our German carols joy thee not;
 Our German wine inspires thee not;
 On in the van;
 Man to man!
 Whoe'er a falchion's hilt can span!"

THE COMING MAN.

A great thought or principle is long preparing its own way before it is expressed by any one man, or in any one period. It exists energetically indeed, but undeveloped in the feelings of all, and deals partially and with details long before it reveals itself with such clearness as to bring along with it its necessary application to every circumstance of political life. For centuries and centuries such living and yet undefined principles may exist. When at length, a great and strong-minded man arises, imbued with the common feelings of his contemporaries, but bolder in expressing, and more comprehensive in conceiving them, he becomes the representative, and, as it were, symbol of the whole bent and calling of his time: nay more, by seeing farther into consequences and anticipating the progress of a thought, he becomes entitled to the mighty praise of "standing upon the forehead of the times to come." Such men are the beacons and landmarks of history.

(Written in 1836.)

Late John C. Kemble.

A STORY.—BY AN IRISH WIFE.

BRYAN.

My Bryan's voice with kind clear tone
Soothes ev'ry care the wretched own !
His hands a ready healing pour,
When cold and hunger bite the poor !

I love him ! though my uncle grey,
Did call him "Felon !" on that day,
And swear that "honour could not rest
Under the shadow of his breast !"

I dared the proof, and find his coat
Did never clasp a lying throat !
While warm the homespun frieze now
holds
My child and me within its folds.

My Bryan has a strong-built brow,
With loopholes that his soul shines thro',
And loving friends and kindred kind,
More dear than uncles to my mind !

I love him ! for his heart can win
The love of country, kith, and kin !
His "God speed" finds a kind reply
E'en from the heedless passers by.

I love those soft grey eyes that be,
So often brimmed with sympathy,

And well I love that forehead grand,
So honoured in its native land.

My Bryan brave has soft grey eyes,
Like the mild light of Irish skies,
And dark locks shade his comely face,
And flow with nature's richest grace.

My uncle me sent cross the seas,
Lest I should dare my Bryan please.
But sure that same could not destroy
The love I bore my Irish boy.

To weary travellers spent and sore,
He opens wide his cottage door,
And many an evening friends drop in
To talk and dance and sup and sing !

My lover has a soft grey eye,
Like the mild moon that floats on high,
A soft heart too with bold address,
And brave and downright truthfulness !

My Bryan brave has shoulders bold,
Cast out in nature's manly mould !
And hands a ready balm to pour,
When cold and hunger bite the poor.
M'CARTHY MORE.

HERE IS ANOTHER ANECDOTE OF JOHN BANIM.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CELT.

Gentlemen—The anecdotes of the late John Banim remind me of having heard him tell of his having seen the informer of '98, Thomas Reynolds, at Paris.

Banim discovered that Reynolds, having amassed a fortune by his treason and while postmaster of Lisbon, had come to Paris, and having changed his religion while there, was to be seen any sabbath frequenting a church in the neighbourhood. Reynolds, who took on great state and assumed the manners of an aristocrat, used to drive to prayers in an exceedingly showy carriage with four horses, liveried coachman and footmen, and silver mountings to his carriage and harness.

Banim went the following Sunday accompanied by some English and Irish friends, and contrived to be near the church gate as the equipage entered, and as it did, he cried out in a loud voice and in his usual impressive manner, "gentlemen, look at that beautiful carriage and horses ; I am an Irishman, they were bought with the blood of my

countrymen." The old man grew pale, the young ladies grew faint; Banim and his friends walked on. The following Sunday he was there again and repeated the same expression. The third Sunday the carriage did not come there, but he tracked it to another church, where he met it but once, and shortly after he understood they left Paris for the season, it is to be presumed not to return until they had learned that the impassioned Irishman had returned to his own country. Thus it is that some earnest and bold spirit ever rises up to rebuke scoundrelism.

Reynolds survived that period little more than five years—his remains were conveyed out of France but not to Ireland. They are interred at the village of Wetton in Yorkshire, in a vault there belonging to one of his sons.

HIBERNICUS.

DESCRIPTION OF IRELAND'S NATIONALITY.

BY A DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER.

"There are nations with retentive memories, whom the thought of independence does not abandon even in servitude, and who, resisting against habit, which is elsewhere so powerful, at the end of centuries still detest and abjure the condition which a superior power has imposed upon them. Such is the Irish nation. This nation, reduced by conquest to submit to the English government, has refused for six hundred years to consent and give its approbation to this government; it repulses it as in its first days; it protests against it as the former population of Ireland protested in the combats in which it was defeated; it does not consider its revolts as rebellions, but as just and legitimate war. It is in vain that English power has exhausted itself in efforts to overcome that memory, to cause forgetfulness of the conquest, and make them consider the results of armed invasion as the exercise of a legal authority; nothing has been able to destroy Irish obstinacy. Notwithstanding seductions, menaces, and tortures, fathers have bequeathed it to their sons. Ancient Ireland is still the only country which the true Irish acknowledge; on its account they have adhered to its religion and to its language; and in their insurrections they still invoke it by the name of Erin, the name by which their ancestors called it.

To maintain this series of manners and traditions against the efforts of the conquerors, the Irish made for themselves monuments which neither steel nor fire could destroy; they had recourse to the art of singing, in which they gloried in excelling, and which, in the times of independence, had been their pride and pleasure. The bards and minstrels became the keepers of the records of the nation.

Wandering from village to village, they carried to every hearth memories of ancient Ireland; they studied to render them agreeable to all tastes and all ages; they had warlike songs for the men, love ditties for the women, and marvellous tales for the children of the house. Every house preserved two harps always ready for travellers, and he who could best celebrate the liberties of former times, the glory of patriots, and the grandeur of their cause, was rewarded by a more lavish hospitality. The kings of England endeavoured more than once to strike a blow at Ireland in this last refuge of its regrets and hopes; the wandering poets were persecuted, banished, delivered up to tortures and death; but violence served only to irritate indomitable wills; the art of singing and of poetry had its martyrs like religion; and the remembrances, the destruction of which was desired, were increased by the feeling of how much they cost them to preserve.

The words of the national songs in which Ireland has described its long sufferings, have mostly perished; the music alone has been preserved. This music may serve as a commentary on the history of the country. It paints the recesses of the soul, as well as narratives paint actions; we find in it a great deal of languor and dejection, a profoundly felt, but vaguely expressed grief, like sorrow which becomes hushed when it is observed."

AUGUSTIN THIERRY.

MOORE'S IMITATION OF OSSIAN IN 1797.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CELT.

Gentlemen,

In your last number you have published Moore's impassioned letter to the students of Trinity College; I have taken the liberty of copying out of the *Press* newspaper for 1797, a piece of his which is mentioned in Russell's life of him, as having been published in the *Press*, and was his first contribution to that Journal. I do so because I think the publication of it will be agreeable to some of your readers, for whatever faults "Moore" may have had, he loved Ireland well in early life, and by the fire and boldness of his national poetry aroused the dying energies of an enslaved land, sowing seed that will grow and be reaped while ever Irish blood flows in Irish veins. TONE.

"EXTRACT FROM A POEM IN IMITATION OF OSSIAN."

"O! why, my soul rollest thou on a cloud? O! why am I driven from thy side, Elvira, and ye beams of love, to wander the night on the lonely heath? But why do I talk, is not Erin sad and can I rejoice? She waileth in her secret caves and can I enjoy repose? The

sons of her love are low, the mural hand of power is over them—and can my bed, though my love be there, afford me comfort? Yet not with their fathers do they lie—then indeed would I joy, for their souls would exult in the clouds, and their names with freedom be blessed; but hard is the fate of the low—no beams of the sun cheer their frames, but putrid damps consume; no eddying breezes lighten their souls, but depressing are the cries which surround, nor can those, yet like me unconfined to the gloom, boast of fortune, a choicer regard—for usurpers prevail and partial are thy courts, O! Erin; and corruption is the order of the day! That freedom, O brethren of woe, which once was yours, is driven from your isle, and now cheereth some nations abroad—but Britannia commands, and oppression is joined to your fate! Armies are bound to oppose your peace, and their ranks are filled from the land of strangers;—even your brethren of the soil are against you;—from your green hills are you driven, and your hamlets are strewn on the earth! Like the dun roe of the pale which the grey dog hath chased to the heath and desisteth, its accustomed haunts are afar and it wanders unguarded and alone, for those of its kind are afraid, as they think that the hunter is nigh and therefore approach not.

Thus wander my brethren, despoiled, whose cots are no longer their home, for the fires of the foe have devoured them and their ashes are given to the winds. Nor dare the beholder assist, the hand of the spoiler is also his fear, and at bay must the friendless be kept, though his heart-strings are sharing their woe; nor dare we unhappy complain or resist the decree, for the dungeon awaits, and the hulk of the tender appears; so bound are our tongues and our hands must desist from redress. Our voice is unheard in the state, and our groans pass our court in the winds, where the voice of the stranger is free, and oppression devolves from his voice, but thy voice, O Erin, is condemned in thy service, and slavery dwells with thy sons, unimpartial is the throne of my isle, smiles fall unequal around. Not so was the court of Fingal, not so were the halls of Selina, where counselled the chiefs of Innisfail. There sang sweet Ossian, sacred bard of Jura. Your sons, sister isle, were then happy free, for just was the soul of Fingal, and noble were the heroes of Morven. Noble also were our fathers; their fame, like that of yours, dwelt behind them, like beams of the morning sun, when it looks through surrounding clouds over Colin of the mountain summit; as these beams their name also is gone, and no more swelleth the soul to their praise from the song of the bards of heroes. But tyranny strides o'er our land, dreadful as the gloom on his brow, and the pangs of despair are beneath him as he treadeth the subjected sod. Yes, therefore, O Erin! thou art sad, and 'tis, therefore, thou wailst in thy sacred caves. 'Tis, therefore, I am driven from thy side, O Elvira of love, and 'tis therefore I wander through midnight snows and sigh out

my woes to the wind, Thy beams, O moon ! fall in vain on my frame, they illumine not the breast of the wretched. Thy blasts, O wind of the north, are futile to me, they disperse not the mist from my soul. Oh ! children of Erin, you are robbed of her light, why not arouse from your slumber of death. O why not assert her loved cause, and strike off her chains and your own, and hail her in freedom and peace. O that Ossian now flourished, and here he would tell us the deeds of our sires and swell up our souls to be brave, for his harp flowed torrents around, and excitement enforced as the stream, but silence now reigns over its wires—it met the fate of Jura.”

Press, October, 23, 1797.

THE EMBLEMS OF IRELAND.

1
“ Ah ! what are the emblems of Ireland ?
And what are the meanings they bear ?
My father, come reckon them over—
I, long have been anxious to hear.

2
You *shall* hear, my son, sit beside me,
Those emblems are glorious and grand,
Like the names of the angels, they mirror
The blessings of God to the land.

3
The Shamrock—the tri-leaved—the triune
Saint Patrick plucked up from the sod,
To show how the three divine persons,
Could be *One*—and one only God !

4
The Cross—with its carvings and gildings,
Mid the graves and the tombs of the dead,
On the highways, and mid the grey ruins,
With abbey and arch at their head—

The Cross tells of times when the pagan
Foretook his grim rites in the grove,
To worship the God of the Christians,
The Father of mercy and love—
When the oak, and the ash, and the thorn,
Stood over the mystic well,
Till the glorious and God-led apostle,
Sent the Cross, and the priest, and the bell,
Yet still came the neophyte Christian,
To the well, as a tryste and a shrine,
But the shadow embraced the bright water,

From this emblem, adored and divine—
Thus—*the Cross* is the Catholic emblem
Of Erin—the holy—and the blessed—
Give the harp to our green-mantled mother,
And put the pure Cross on her breast.

5
The Harp is mild melody’s monarch—
And hid in the heart of its strings,
Are spirits that soar up to heaven,
When minstrels unloosen their wings—
It emblems the songs of green Ireland—
The plaintive—the warlike—the free—
And its form is the grace of the Island,
As it rests in the midst of the sea.

6
And the *Round Towers* tell of past ages—
From the white-bearded druid and bard,
To the days, when the Dane, from the ocean,
Saw stalwart King Brian on guard.

7
That little hound—the *Wolf Dog* is emblem
Of fleetness and friendship and faith—
’Twas of Fin’s ancient breeding and rearing
And was staunch and was true to the death.

8
Well—those are the emblems of Ireland,
What nations have any so grand ?
Like the names of the angels—they mirror
The blessings of God to the land !—

CAROLAN.

NOTIONS ON ROYALTY.

BY HORACE WALPOLE.

The following remarkable passage occurs in a letter from the Lion of “ Strawberry Hill,” to the celebrated Mrs. Hannah More, and refers to some ill treatment bestowed by some royal personage upon a friend of Mrs. More’s.

The letter is dated September 22nd, 1788, and is to be found in the fifth volume, at page 593 of Lord Orford's works.

"And now that you have told me the behaviour of a certain great dame, I will confess to you that I have known it some months by accident—nay, and tried to repair it. I prevailed on Lady — who as readily undertook the commission, and told the Countess of her treatment of you—Alas! the answer was, 'It is too late, I have no money.' No; but she has, if she has a diamond left. I am indignant—yet, do you know, not at this duchess or that countess, but at the invention of ranks, and titles, and pre-eminence. I used to hate that king and t'other prince, but alas! on reflection, I find the censure ought to fall on human nature in general. They are made of the same stuff as we, and dare we say what we should be in their situation? Poor creatures; think how they are educated, or rather corrupted early—how flattered. To be educated properly, they should be led through hovels, and hospitals and prisons. Instead of being reprimanded (and perhaps immediately after sugar-plummed) for not learning their Latin or French grammar; they now and then should be kept fasting, and if they cut their finger should have no plaster until it festered. No part of a royal brat's memory, which is good enough, should be burthened but with the remembrance of human sufferings. In short, I fear our nature is so liable to be corrupted, and perverted by greatness, rank, power and wealth, that I am inclined to think virtue is the compensation to the poor for their want of riches—nay, I am disposed to believe that the first footpad or highwayman, had been a man of quality or r nce, who could not bear having wasted his fortune, and was too lazy to work, for a beggar born would think labour a more natural way of getting a livelihood than venturing his life."

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

This reply will suit more than one Correspondent. We cannot publish matter which has already appeared elsewhere.

Declined—A. D., C. M'K. Nationalist, Charlie. M.M. Rambles in Munster, Lines before Marriage, and the Emigrant's Farewell.

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The Celt.

"THE WISE MAN GATHERETH KNOWLEDGE, AND RULETH HIS OWN HOUSE."—*Old Celtic Proverb.*

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THE CELTIC RACE.

A notion has gone abroad that those tribes which are of Celtic origin—the posterity of the primitive inhabitants of western Europe—are hereditarily incapable of social improvement, and of accompanying their restless and enterprising neighbours, the Teutonic descendants of the hardy North, on the road to wealth. And there is, seemingly, some ground for this notion:—For example; the Scotch Highlander still clings to his native hills, and enjoys all their destitution as abidingly as did his ancestors, when they disputed the possession of the Grampians with the invincible legions of old Rome. And the yet more Celtic Irish are at this day as un-Saxonised, as when, 700 years ago, they first opposed their unarmed persons to the mail-clad front of Strongbow and his Normans.

But, before hastily adopting this prejudice, it is only fair to inquire how far it agrees with such accounts as may have been transmitted to us by the ancients, and with the knowledge gathered by modern observation of the character and habits of this strange people.

The well marked types or differences of nations with respect to physical conformation and mental endowments—and how the ocean islands, (often at an immense distance from each other, and from the continent,) first became peopled—have ever been a theme of such perplexity to the physiologist, that, in order to explain it satisfactorily, some have had recourse to the hypothesis of distinct and independent human origins, notwithstanding the testimony of Scripture. According to the Bible, the whole human race, with all its diversities, sprang from a single pair, whose descendants, it would appear, abode, long undispersed, in the regions adjoining Eden, which is thought to have been in the neighbourhood of mount Taurus, near the western shores of Asia: and there, while “the earth was yet of one tongue,”* God interrupted their presumptuous design, by confounding their language, “and from thence scattered them abroad upon the face of all countries.”† We

* Genesis, c. xi. 1.

† Ibid. 9.

also learn that "by the sons of Japheth were divided the islands of the Gentiles in their lands, every one according to his tongue."* With this brief allusion to the first peopling of Europe, Divine revelation is contented.

Then we look, in vain, into profane history, for definite information relative to the early condition of the Celtæ—unquestionably the first inhabitants of Europe. Herodotus, the oldest heathen historian whose works have come down to us, vaguely notices their geographical position; he lived about 500 years before Christ; and wrote as follows:—"The river Ister, rising at the city Pyrene, among the Celtæ, flows through the middle of Europe. The Celtæ are beyond the Pillars of Hercules (+); they border on the Cynesians, the remotest of all the nations who inhabit the West of Europe."† Here the name "Pyrene" evidently refers us to some place pertaining to the Pyrenean mountains; but since, its actual situation, as well as that of the Cynesians, are now unknown, this passage is of little value to us. Diodorus Siculus, who lived about 50 years before Christ, is a little more explicit on this subject: "those," says he, "who inhabit the interior beyond Massalia § and about the Alps, and on this side of the Pyrenean mountains, are called Celts. They are so notorious for their strength and prowess that they have been supposed to be those who in former times overran all Asia, and were then called Cimmerians. Anciently they were addicted to rapine, devastating other countries, and despising all other nations: They are the people who sacked Rome, and pillaged the temple of Delphi."|| And a little before; "their voice is loud and sonorous; in conversation they are sparing of their words, often speaking darkly and figuratively. They boast of themselves in exaggerated language; but of others they speak contemptuously: in expression they are threatening, overbearing and self-opinionated; in understanding they are acute, and quick in learning. They have poets, whom they call 'bards;' and who sing harmonious on harp-like instruments, the praises of some, and the ignominy of others. They have also philosophers and divines whom they call Sardonidæ, (or Druids,) and who are held in the highest veneration: these Druids predict future events by inspecting the entrails of victims—their predictions being received with awe and reverence by the whole people."¶ In this brief sketch is depicted the character of a people—violent and impetuous, and, at the same time intelligent, highly imaginative and exquisitely susceptible of spiritual or religious impressions. The character is then decidedly elevated, admirably fitted for good or ill; and, so far, so like all that

* Gen. x. 5. † Straits of Gibraltar. ‡ Lib. iv. c. 49. § Marseilles;

|| Lib. v. Edit. Stephani, anno. 1559, page 214.

¶ Ibid. page 213. Also at page 303—307 in Edit. Rhodmani; anno. 1604, which is far more readable than Stephanus's Edition.

has been since observed of Irish character, that one would think the historian had actually seen and was describing that very people. As he alludes to the capture of Rome, an event which happened long before his time; and which is attributed by Livy to the Gauls, it may be objected that he is not here speaking of the Celtæ; but Julius Cæsar, at once decides this, by telling us in the first chapter of his book, that "those who in their own language are called Celtæ, are by the Romans called Galli or Gauls." Also, the earliest Greek writers, called all Europe, to the west of Greece, "Celtic land;" later, this term was applied to Gallia or France; and later still, in Cæsar's time it was applied to only a part of that country, the remainder being possessed by the Belgæ and Aquitani, who were not Celtic. Hence it appears that, it was the Celtæ who, under their leader Brennus, (perhaps the Latin for Brennan,) gave the Romans the terrible defeat at the river Allia, and then pillaged Rome; and that they, (the Celts,) were far less extensively diffused through Europe, and much more restricted in the range of their abode in Cæsar's time than they were before it. As to the plundering of the temple at Delphi, the Celtæ were the very people most likely to perpetrate such an act; for, their religion or superstition being Druidical, they were no resisters of temples or idols; and therefore would not be, like others, deterred by conscientious fears, or dread of sacrilege, from the commission of the deed.

We thus see that the most ancient history we have describes the Celtæ as already settled in Europe; an event, therefore, which must have happened long before the time of history itself. In order to throw some light on the original relation of nations to each other, archæologists have recourse to the analogy of languages. Now, though the Greek, Latin, and Irish languages—which last is allowed to be the purest dialect of the Celtic extant, have, at first sight, little resemblance to each other, or to the Indian or Sanscrit; yet all these languages have been found, on close inspection, to carry the common impress of having sprung from a parent tongue; their variation from which, and from each other, being the work of ages.

Hence it may be inferred, that the Celtæ constituted the western wave, if I may so speak, of a migratory tide, which issuing, at an era anterior to all history, from the Caucasian regions—the cradle of mankind—penetrated to western Europe, where their posterity have ever since remained.

Having entered Europe, the Celtæ appear to have been slow in pushing forward, or in spreading themselves abroad; so that the Iberians arrived in Spain before them. "A part of the population of Spain," says Dr. Prichard, "when that country became known to the Romans, was of Celtic origin, and was doubtless descended from a Celtic people, who had, at an unknown era, passed the Pyrenees and

forced themselves in among the former inhabitants of the peninsula ;”* with whom intermingling, they took the name of Celtiberians. This is the people, no doubt, who, under the name of Milesians, colonised Ireland, as we learn from our native annals. The occupation of Spain by the Celtæ is confirmed by the druidical monuments found in that country, and by the remnants of the Celtic tongue, which is still used in Aragon and Navarré.

If the testimony of all ancient writers is to be credited, the Umbrians were the first or most ancient inhabitants of Italy.† And the learned Dr. Prichard, who studied this subject deeper than any one else did, says that, “some ancient writers have preserved a tradition that the Umbrians were a people of Celtic origin;”‡ and, after remarking that the Greek and Celtic languages are the basis of the ancient Italian; “this circumstance,” says he, “renders it probable that the barbaric population of Italy was Celtic.”§ It was this “barbaric population” which, after mingling with the Etrurians,|| routed the invincible Macedonian phalanx, pulled down the throne of Alexander, and, before the advent of Christ, became mistress of the known world. Let those who pretend to deny that the Celts *can* become a “great nation” (as they call it), reflect on this.

I have already said enough to prove that the French are a Celtic people. The ancient Gauls or Celts had an early intercourse with Marseilles, a flourishing city founded by the Greeks some centuries before Christ. Subsequently they had the advantage (?) of communication with their Roman conquerors, and thus they became civilized (?)

Britain, I believe, lays no claim to the possession of native annals; and, except the historic fact that the Carthaginians procured tin from thence, it is unnoticed in history till the time of Cæsar. He tells us that its eastern coast was occupied by the Belgæ from Gaul; while its interior was inhabited by an “indigenous” population. The latter, who were evidently the primæval inhabitants of the island, and of the Celtic stock—as is proved by the remains of druidical superstition still extant in England—appear to have been hemmed in by the encroachments of the Belgæ. In addition to these, some modern writers think they have reason for insisting that a Gothic colony, from Scythia or Scandinavia, had settled in the island prior to the Roman invasion. Whence has arisen this opinion—whether from a laudable zeal to derive the English from a people so celebrated as the Goths were for their obstinate and “progressive” propensities, or (as is alleged), from a resemblance in physical conformation, between the two nations, I cannot

* Inquiry into the Phis. Hist. of Man, vol. II. p. 90.

† Herod. lib. I. c. 94, Dion. Halicar. lib. I c. 19. Pliny, Hist. Nat. lib. III. c. 5, &c.

‡ Inquiry. &c., vol. II., page 60.

§ Ibid. page 65.

|| A people who were advanced in the arts, and by whom the Umbrians were civilized.

say; it is, nevertheless, a fact that, in the midst of all these, the old Celtic Britons and Caledonians, being unable to hold their ground, diminished rapidly; so that, in five centuries after the invasion of the island by Cæsar, the Caledonians were, at least in name, heard of no more; and, finally, when, in the beginning of the seventh century, Saxon domination was established in England; all that was Celtic in Britain had to seek refuge in the sterile and stony districts of Cornwall, or on the inhospitable highlands of Scotland and Wales.

Ireland has been inhabited from a very remote era, and her people are of Celtic origin. Its native annals; its language unquestionably the oldest in Europe; its numerous cromleacs, cairns, and other vestiges of that Celtic superstition—whose origin being long prior to the Polytheism of the Greeks is lost in the night of time; the names of its mountains, rivers, and lakes, which are significant only in the Celtic tongue; and the original character and habits of its people, and their old traditions attest it. But there are other evidences of its antiquity. It is well known that Ireland, after having been converted to Christianity, in the fifth century, was, for a long time, known to all Europe by the name of “*Insula Sanctorum*”—the “Island of Saints.” But it may not be so generally known that, ages before Christ, it was also called “*insula sacra*”—the “sacred isle.” Festus Avienus, a geographer of the fourth century, in a poem still extant, gives an account of Ireland, which, he says, he copied from records kept in a temple at Carthage. In this account Ireland is called “the sacred island inhabited by the Hiberni, and near the isle of the Albiones.” Allusion is also made to its bogs, and to the “currachs,” or boats, used by the natives. In the ancient metrical composition called “*Argonautics*,” written more than 500 years before the Christian era, Ireland, under its Celtic name “*Iernis*,” is mentioned. Ptolemy, the geographer, who wrote early in the second century, and is known to have acquired all his knowledge of the British isles from very ancient Tyrian sources; while he errs flagrantly in his description and delineation of Britain, is, with respect to Ireland, singularly accurate in these particulars; giving the different places thereof in their Celtic names. He speaks of the “Sacred promontory,” now “Carnsore point;” and of the “city Hybernis,” which he calls “noble.” Now, on account of the low state in which Ireland may be supposed to have been in at the time of Ptolemy, there could have been *then* no town there deserving from him [who was familiar with the grandeur of heathen architecture] the epithet “noble.” Here then is an additional proof that this geographer, instead of describing the *then* city Hybernis, is describing a by-gone state of things—when the Phœnicians (from whom, as I have said, he got his information), were abroad on the Mediterranean and beyond the Pillars. Strabo mentions the tradition of an island near Britain, where Ceres and Proserpine were worshipped in the same

manner as at Samothrace in the *Ægean* sea, Lastly, Tacitus, who wrote in the first century, asserts that "the coasts of Ireland were better known to merchants than were those of Britain."

(To be continued.)

AN EXILE'S DEATH.

Far, far, from his own land he has laid him down to die,
And not one friend is near him to hear his latest sigh,
Alone he must die on a strange and distant shore,
Except in spirit he will see his native land no more,
His own dear land, his heart's home, he may not see it more.

He was happy in his own land, happy as man may be,
With his cottage on the mountain side and his life so wild and free
When he whispered to his bright-eyed love on the summer evening still,
And the moon like a veiled angel, came stealing o'er the hill—
Startled them shedding her white light so sudden o'er the hill.

Happy, 'till the tyrant came and drove him from his home,
He must leave all that most he loves, to distant lands must roam,
His heart beat madly—"Hear me God, Oh hear me while I pray,
Let him feel all the bitterness that I have felt to-day,
Smite his false heart with sorrow, as thou smitest me to-day!"

Oh, weary were the years in that far off land !
Though the Stranger spoke him kindly, and lent a kindly hand,
Oh, weary were the days ! for his heart would wander still,
To that quiet summer evening on the old familiar hill,
When the angel moon poured suddenly her white light o'er the hill.

Now longed he for her gentle hands to soothe his aching head,
And for her calm bright eyes to light the dark way to the dead ;
But Oh ! to die uncared for, to hear no friendly tone,
'Tis hard the weary heart should give its last weak throb alone,
Among the careless strangers its last weak throb alone.

He rose, and turned his eyes—they were dim as dim could be—
Far, far off to the eastward, across the shining sea,
"Eirè ! Eirè ! my soul's darling, I can see you standing there,
With the golden setting sunlight, falling softly on your hair,
You're like a saint, my darling, with the sunshine on your hair !

"Oh ! well I see you, Eire, with your gentle eyes and grave,
You're looking West this moment as the sun dips in the wave,
You're looking West this moment over that grand golden sea,
And well I know your truthful heart is thinking now of me,
Your heart is on these shining waves to strive and come to me.

'But Eirè never never more will your hand be clasped in mine,
And never can I see again your soft eyes shine,
I'm done with this world, darling, I'm very near my rest,
And I only long to lay my head a moment on your breast,
I only long to lean my head and die upon your breast.

"To feel your arms around me, and your soft lips on my brow,
To see your beautiful bright eyes, is all I long for now,
And when your last kind word was said, your last fond blessing given,
The music of your voice would be my angel guide to heaven,
That sorrowful sweet melody we have no home but heaven."

He died that summer evening, from his own land far away,
Where many an exiled brother pines for his own to-day,
But his spirit crossed that shining sea to the old familiar hill,
And whispered to his love on that summer evening still,
Wild grew her eyes with sorrow on that summer evening still.

ROBERT EMERY.

SAXON AND CELTIC CRIMINALS.

About the year 1812, when the troops under Wellington turned their backs to Burgos Castle in Spain, and were fain to run from the Frenchman, as well as from the rains and frosts of an inimical season; with a bad grace, they crossed the freestone bridges of the Arlanzon, and scampered through the vega, (or suburbs), from the inhospitable walls of the indomitable fortress, and in their progress carried with them, amongst very many other incumbrances into Portugal, one prisoner. This man's name was Hardman, an Englishman, and a fellow of the worst of bad characters—the cause of his present durance was not only that he had deserted, but that he had served in the ranks of the enemy.

When the troops reached the place of destination, the prisoner was tried by court martial, but, sufficient evidence not having been attainable to convict him capitally, he was held in captivity for the present, awaiting the transpiration of subsequent events to determine his fate.

Some time before the occurrence of these events, an English dragoon, (whose name I have not been able to learn) was taken prisoner in one of the frequent skirmishes with the enemy, and, as it afterwards appeared, was consigned to a French prison. It was, therefore, to the utmost surprise and delight of his own troop, that, one fine morning, he walked into the English encampment. There was, to be sure, only about one-fourth of the original man left, but he was in such high spirits to have been able to make his escape from his harassing confinement, that he soon forgot all his woes and privations, and gave

a faithful recital of his various adventures, whilst amongst the French, to his admiring auditors.

Some of the men, one day, accidentally mentioned the holding of a court martial on Hardman; when a thought struck the dragoon that this fellow might be one whom he himself met in the ranks of the enemy; accordingly, he mentioned the matter to his superior officer, and from thence it reached Lord Wellington's ears, and forthwith the prisoner was produced for inspection. The dragoon was only permitted to see Hardman through the glass of an iron-barred window, but he instantly identified him—however, nothing more was permitted to be said or done, until another court martial was systematically convened; and then the two men openly confronted each other for the first time. Lord Wellington presided in person.

The dragoon was a tall, thin sallow looking man, with a face seamed with service, and a stature erect and soldierly, whilst the prisoner, Hardman, was a thickset infantry man, with one of those broad, blank, flat, soapy faces, expressionless as the large white barn-door owl's, distinctly marking the race "Saxon." Habit and not disrespect induced the dragoon to stand with folded arms, drooped head, and contracted and thoughtful brow, whilst the preliminary arrangements of papers, books, and positions of precedence, were being duly and orderly attended to. Then the President addressed the dragoon, ordering him to identify the prisoner, and to state what he knew of his actual service with the enemy. Then indeed an alteration, sudden and startling, came over the figure of the moody accuser. His folded arms dropped down rigidly by his side, and his fiercely clenched hands showed markedly that he had impatiently waited for the moment when his evidence would be received, an evidence, too, that would be ferociously condemnatory of the stolid looking culprit, who stood so recklessly before him.

"My Lord," he said, with bitter distinctness, and his sallow cheeks blazing up with the many burning memories that struggled within his swelling breast, "the man here before you, named James Hardman, of the 36th Regiment of Foot, I know well—I cannot be mistaken in his identity—I have bitter cause, too, to remember that I saw him serving in the ranks of the enemy—of the French Artillery—and if this honourable court will bear with me, I will briefly recount the particulars." The man paused—Lord Wellington merely said, "go on." The man proceeded.—"During the last skirmish before Burgos, my horse was shot under me, and I was instantly surrounded by a band of the enemy who hurried me instantly away to their quarters, and on foot, although I was dreadfully harassed after previous long fatigue—some slight wounds, and want of food for nearly two days. At last, and almost dead with exhaustion, I was thrust into a rude guard room, occupied by a strong French picket, and there, throwing myself upon

a heap of dry fire billets, which occupied a distant corner, I began to look about me at the sort of men from whom I had to expect a hope of some nutriment or refreshment before I should perish. One man particularly arrested my attention by the broad patois with which he spoke the French tongue, and the dogged way with which he received the brisk sallies of his comrades, as they twitted him on some petty misdemeanors. I caught this man's eye, at last, and silently and cautiously beckoned him to come near to me. After a short time, he shook off his companions, and approached where I was sitting.

'You are an Englishman?' I asked.

'I am' said he, 'what then?'

'Countryman,' I continued, placing my hand upon his arm, 'I am perishing with thirst and hunger—no bit or sup has passed my lips for now two long and weary days, and I am harassed and restlessly nervous through fair exhaustion and intense fatigue. I feared your comrades would plunder me, if they thought I had any cash, so I hid a dollar in my Jack-boot, will you take it, and go into the town for some wine and a loaf of bread.' To this, he readily assented, and taking the piece of money, went on his way. A new spirit awoke in my worn out frame, as I saw him depart on his mission of charity, and I anxiously prayed for his safe and speedy return.

"He did return, and very soon, too, and bringing the much coveted provisions along with him—and to add to my delight and satisfaction, his comrades had, one by one, left the guard-room, leaving nobody to interfere with us but the two sentries, who, however, were outside the rude hut, and were industriously and carelessly pacing up and down.

"Stiff with wounds, and hunger and fatigue, I was unable to rise from where I sat, but the man, this man—whom I could not possibly mistake for any other human being on earth, came within about a yard of where I lay, and drawing a camp stool, sat deliberately down before my famishing eyes, and when I stretched out my open hands to him almost weeping like a mere woman from the relaxing influences of horrid want, he laughed into my withered face, and holding the food before me, but beyond my reach, *devoured it himself—devoured it before my starting eyeballs, and drinking the wine to the very dregs, threw the black rinsing into my face.* I believe he then left me in my hideous misery—I know not—for I fainted away, and when I again awoke to consciousness, I found myself within the walls of a cold French prison.

"After suffering incredible hardships for a considerable time, I at last succeeded in effecting my escape, but the short hour I spent in the company of this man—Hardman—is the most grievous memory of all my sufferings."

As the dragoon thus concluded his singular evidence, Lord Wellington looked at the arraigned and convicted criminal, but the white owl's

face was still there as undisturbed and impenetrable, to any trace or even the remotest feeling, as that of the stolid bird's to which it is most appositely compared.

The man was then asked had he anything to say in his defence—his reply was dogged and insolent—"I have no defence," he said, "because I know there is no use in saying anything here—but I have a demand to make, which at least, must be acknowledged, and that is, that there are certain arrears of pay due to me—let me have them." As, therefore, there was no defence attempted, the usual form of consultation was gone through, and James Hardman was unanimously found guilty of desertion in time of war, and having served in the ranks of the enemy. He was accordingly sentenced to be shot upon the following morning.

(To be continued in our next).

HISTORY IN IRELAND ILLUSTRATED FROM SCARCE AND RARE BOOKS.

(Continued from No. 7, page 100.

Hibernia Dominicana, chap. VII.

SECTION. III.

The liberty of conscience thus spontaneously granted to the Catholics by King James, could not fail to offend the prejudices of the Protestants; but their hatred to his person was inflamed to the highest pitch, by the unexpected birth of a prince, and heir apparent to the throne; an event which took place in London, on the 20th June, 1688 (N.S.*). James had chosen for his second consort a princess of the house of Este, Maria Elenora Beatrix, daughter of Alphonso, Duke of Modena. Her rare and exemplary virtues amply justified his choice, and lent additional lustre to the splendour of his diadem. Their union had been blest with several children, none of whom, however, had survived the early stages of infancy. To all human appearance, therefore, the crown was destined to devolve on one of his two surviving daughters, by his first marriage with Anne Hyde, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon.† These princesses had been carefully educated in the tenets of

* The subject of the old and new style is ably handled by De Burgo in his annotation, but the subject is too important, and indeed, too abstract, to be disposed of in a brief note. We intend that it shall form the subject of a special paper or two, in the future issue of the "Celt."

† James, before his accession to the throne, and while he was yet merely Duke of York and Earl of Ulster, had eight children by his first wife, *Anne Hyde* (a Protestant) namely, four sons, *Charles*, *James*, a second *Charles*, and *Edgar*; and four daughters,

the Church of England, and had been espoused to two Protestant princes; the elder, Mary, to her cousin, William, Prince of Orange, and Stadtholder of Holland; the second, Anne, to George, Prince of Denmark. Everything seemed to portend the final and permanent triumph of the Protestant interest, and the consequent depression and ruin of the Catholic body, who were sure to be made the victims of renewed persecution. The pious and earnest supplications of the royal pair, however, had ascended to the throne of heaven, supported by the direct and all-powerful intercession of Our Blessed Lady of Loretto; and the fondest wish of their hearts was permitted to be re-

Mary, Anne, Henrietta, and Catherine. By his second wife, the Catholic Princess *d'Este*, he had (previous to 1688) one son, *Charles*, and three daughters, *Catherine-Laura*, *Isabella*, and *Charlotte-Maria*. As stated in the text, they all died young with the exception of Mary and Anne, the only surviving issue of the first marriage. Mary's marriage with William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, was solemnised in 1677. Anne, the second surviving daughter, was married to Prince George, the second son of Frederic III., King of Denmark. As the dearest interests of the Catholic religion were at stake, in the event of the failure of the male line of the Stuart dynasty—the most earnest and incessant supplications to heaven, to avert so dire a calamity, and to bless that royal house by the birth of a Prince, were offered up, not only by the Catholics of these three kingdoms, but by those of the different continental states, united with them in the 'household of faith.' Accordingly, pursuant to the commands of her Majesty, Queen *Maria Eleonora Beatris*, a statue of virgin gold was elaborately wrought at Rome, representing an angel bearing a heart of the same material, profusely studded with precious stones, and surmounted by a lamp, emitting flames, which were typical of the vows and prayers of the faithful. The angel, in a kneeling attitude, was supported upon a silver pedestal; and it was remarked at the time (as Dr. Porter informs us, see his work, p. 300) that with a very slight change, the inscription engraved on a similar votive offering, that had been made in time past, by one of the Queens of France, to our Blessed Lady of Loretto, no doubt on a similar occasion, would have been, in the present instance, most strikingly appropriate. After being subjected to the proposed modification, the distich would run thus:—

*O quæ Prole tuâ Mundum Regna beati,
Reginam Anglorum Prole beare velis.*

[O Queen of Heaven! thou who hast blest the world at large with thy Divine offspring, deign to bless the Queen of England with a Prince and heir.]

When visiting Loretto in 1742, I beheld this statue still preserved in the sacred treasury of the "Holy House." Its value is estimated at 70,000 Roman crowns, or about £14,000 sterling. It was conveyed to Loretto from Rome, by the most illustrious and most Reverend Doctor *James Emerix*, a native of Liège, Dean of the Sacred Roman *Rota*, and Doctor *Alexander Caprara*, a Bolognese, an Auditor of the same Court of the *Rota*. It was first placed upon the Altar of the Blessed Virgin—and immediately after a solemn *Mass de Beatâ Virgine* was chanted by the above named Dr. Emerix—in the presence of two Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church (who happened to be passing through Loretto at the time), and a countless multitude of people. The most clement Queen of Heaven and Mother of God at length received with favour the vows of her supplicants, for before the end of the ninth month from the date of the offering, on Trinity Sunday, the 10th June, O. S. (1688) out of the superabundant treasures of the divine favour, a Prince of Wales was born at London, to the unspeakable joy of all true Catholics, native or foreign. Subsequently, when in exile, the royal pair were blessed with a daughter, *Louisa Maria Theresa*, born 18th June, 1692. She had not completed her tenth year, when she died, 8th April, 1712—they had several other children likewise, but they all died in early infancy.

alised, by the birth of the young Prince of Wales, who was solemnly initiated by baptism in the mysteries of the Catholic faith, with all the pomp and magnificence befitting the occasion. The two hostile parties received the tidings with the most opposite feelings. The joy of the Catholics knew no bounds, for they looked upon the event as a special providence in their favour, to secure, however tardily, the ultimate triumph of their religion throughout the three kingdoms; whilst in the Protestant mind it was productive of the most gloomy forebodings, lest the young prince, being educated a Catholic and inheriting the sentiments of the king, his father, as well as his throne, should carry into full effect the avowed designs entertained by James, of subjecting these realms indissolubly and irrevocably to the obedience of Rome.

SECTION IV.

Maddened with rage, however, the Protestants of England seized on the incident of the Prince's birth as a colourable pretext to subvert the throne of their lawful sovereign and bestow it upon their idol, the Prince of Orange;* who, by a curious coincidence, was allied to King James by reason of the two-fold relation of nephew and son-in-law. They invited him over from Holland, and implored him to hasten to their aid in the coming struggle against James, who, they alleged, aimed at nothing less than the total ruin of the Protestant religion, and the subversion of the fundamental laws of the realm. This invitation proved so flattering to William's characteristic ambition, that he yielded an immediate assent, and having assembled the Dutch fleet, in the month of October, 1688, he made sail for the southern shores of England, where he landed at Torbay, in Devonshire, on the 5th November. His landing served as a signal to all the disaffected in England, and was immediately followed by a general rising against the authority of King James. William, the better to deceive the continental powers, had assumed at first the hypocritical tone of a mediator betwixt the King and his revolted subjects, protesting that nothing could be farther from his thoughts than to infringe in the minutest particular on that unhappy monarch's rights and prerogatives.

* *Orange* is an episcopal city of *Provence*, in *France*; its bishop is suffragan to the Archbishop of Arles; and it is situated within six leagues of *Avignon*, so famous for the residence of the popes for a period of 70 years, in the fourteenth century. It is the capital of a petty principality of the same name, which was subject to its own line of princes, from 1470 to 1536; when René, Count of *Nassau*, in Germany, obtained it in right of his mother, Claudia, only child of Philip de Châlon, the last Prince of Orange of the first line. It now (1762) belongs to his most Christian Majesty of France, having been taken by assault by the French, in 1660. The Princes of the house of *Nassau* maintained a merely nominal and conventional right to the title of 'Prince of Orange,' from that time until the year 1713, when they abandoned all claim to it—this being one of the stipulations of the treaty of Utrecht—a treaty concluded in a general European congress, and which, after most harassing and exhausting wars, once more restored peace to distracted Europe.

After a short delay, however, he thought proper to throw off the mask, and in his 'Declaration' issued from Sherborne, in the county of Dorset, on 28th November, 1688, he openly avows himself to be the uncompromising and irreconcilable foe of the Catholic religion, or as he contumeliously called it *Popery*, as he had through life ever proved himself to be the zealous, consistent, and energetic champion of the Protestant faith.

Secondly. He declares his intention of emancipating from the yoke of Popery, the three kingdoms of England, Ireland, and Scotland. Thirdly. He pledges himself to establish the Protestant religion through the instrumentality of a free and legitimate national Parliament. Fourthly. He proclaims the defection of the army from the cause of James, who by his adhesion to Popery had forfeited all claim to their allegiance. Fifthly. He declares that none shall be visited with capital punishment except the execrable apostates who have abjured Protestantism. Sixthly. He professes his anxiety to punish with extreme rigour such magistrates as had been remiss in enforcing the penal statutes enacted in former reigns against the Catholics. Every incident in his conduct, every sentiment he uttered, went to show that inextinguishable hatred of the Catholic religion was the master-passion of his being, and that its utter extirpation in these realms was the settled aim and object of his policy. The event proved the accuracy of these anticipations. Wherever he pursued his march through the English counties, the Catholic inhabitants of the district were instantly disarmed, and otherwise subjected to insult and ill-treatment to which the barbarism of Scythia could afford no parallel. When a deputation sent by King James waited on him, he returned a haughty answer to their remonstrances, saying, with characteristic arrogance, that it was his will and pleasure that the Catholics should be deprived not merely of their arms, but likewise of all their dignities, offices, and places of trust or emolument.

No pen could adequately describe the calamities and atrocities which the Catholics were compelled to endure at the hands of this heartless usurper and his numerous satellites. But it was not until he made his solemn entry into the metropolis that the anti-Catholic spirit of the times gave loose reins to its malignity. Then indeed the demons of the worst days of ancient paganism seemed as if permitted to revisit the earth, to revel and riot in the pollution and destruction of every temple, shrine, sanctuary, and altar, consecrated to the Catholic worship—in the desecration of every symbol associated with the Catholic faith. No Catholic was safe from personal violence, but the clergy were specially obnoxious to the fury of those godless ruffians; they were seized summarily, wherever they were recognised, they were kicked, cuffed, and bastinadoed without mercy, and then flung to rot in prisons and dungeons; whilst their goods and chattels became the undisputed spoil of the first band of miscreants that chose to seize them.

Such was the state of lawless and phrensied anarchy produced by William's invasion. Meanwhile King James had tried every effort to calm the public ferment, and restore tranquillity, but in vain; he offered to summon a new Parliament; he reminded his subjects of their fealty to their sovereign; he pointed out the imminent ruin that threatened the very existence of society itself, caused by the disorders of the revolutionists—he even promised them a general amnesty if they only returned to their allegiance—all to no purpose.

RELICS OF OLD READINGS AND GOSSIPINGS.

No. 1.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE PUPIL.

On a fite summer evening a professor and his pupil walked out into the fields together. There had been a little rain during the day, but the sweet showers had only acted as myriad messengers to summon forth all the most refreshing and exquisite odours of nature, the birds sang sweetly in their sequestered nooks, the swallows eddied and twittered in the high skies, the kine lowed by the hill side, and the milk maiden's melody stole softly upon the charmed air in simple strains and gentle grace-notes.

The farmer was abroad over-looking his abundant and promising treasury, and planning, poor man,—how much was to go to the landlord,—how much for his family's support,—how much for seed for the next year's setting,—and this ended his calculation, for very few indeed of his class in Ireland, reckon upon being able to lay up anything of an overplus for toil and labours, and the never ceasing anxiety attendant on the poor man's harvest, when the failure of any one crop is ruin.—Nothing—nothing—for toil, and sweat, and labour,—nothing but the mere accomplished tenacity of existence—God help the poor heart-worn Irish peasant, there is no being on the face of God's earth so patient under privation, as he—so suffering—so silent—so enduring—so light-hearted. He has faults enough of his own, to be sure, and so has he enough of pressing temptations, and penuries—enough of troubles and wants,—a plentiful lack of every worldly comfort, a swarm of task-masters, a paucity of comforters—scoffers in myriads look down upon him in his daily existence, but how few encourage and help him, how many despise and contemn him, and yet, after all this; how would the world wag, both in peace and war, in want or in plenty; but for the peasant's arm and the peasant's skill.

But we left the professor and his pupil walking the summer-shadowed fields in the evening, and indulging in many a lively discussion on a thousand desultory matters. Whilst thus chatting away the time; they

came to a large boundary ditch, inside which a miserable old man was cutting osiers; the ground where he worked was marshy, and so he left his old brogues on the other side, in the field, under a furze bush, and just at the spot where the professor and pupil came to a stand. "Look at the old chap's brogues," exclaimed the pupil; "let us hide them amongst the furze, and watch what a fright he will be in when he misses them." "He is old and grey," replied the professor, "and he seems very ragged and destitute; let us put a small piece of silver into one of his brogues, and watch what he'll do when he sees it so unexpectedly." To this amendment the pupil consented, but indeed with a very bad grace, for he thought his own plan the more enterprising, and one that promised, of a certainty, far more exciting entertainment. So the professor dropped in the bit of silver, and then, with his pupil, hid himself behind a tall clump of furze, awaiting the termination of the poor man's labour; nor had they to wait long, for he soon appeared upon the top of the ditch with a heavy load of osiers on his head, which he cast down into the field before him; he next proceeded, with a deep sigh of exhaustion, to seek for his brogues, and in lifting up one of them, perceived, in an instant, the shining piece of silver.

The professor and his pupil now looked on very curiously from their place of concealment, and they saw the old man take up the coin between his fingers, and look at it wonderingly; then he looked about him, on all sides, but seeing nobody, he looked up to heaven, and, whilst the big tears chased down his cheeks, he fell upon his knees and raised up his two joined hands to the skies, and he prayed aloud; and the listeners heard him, and never before heard they any prayer so warm, so earnest, so genuine, and so heart-touching. The professor looked at the pupil—the boy's face was as wet as that of the praying poor man.

"You can try *your* plan the next time," suggested the professor; "God forbid," was the tremulous reply.

CAROLAN.

GENTLE BRIDEEN.

(FROM THE IRISH OF O'CAROLAN.)

Air, "Loch Sheelin."

This little poem was composed by O'Carolan in honour of Bríghít, (pronounced Breeit,) O'Malley of Tir-erril. The air, also by that celebrated bard, is that to which DAVIS wrote his beautiful ballad, "The Flower of Finae."

I.

A Bhíuáitc níc Uí Mháile ir tu d'fág mo éiríde éiríde,
 Tá annaíuáda bair éne éairt laí mo éiríde!
 Táid na mílte fear a ngráib le na h-éadaí, éirí, nárreac,
 'S go d-tuá í bair breááááa aín eín Eirí ma' r éirí!

II.

Máidín éirí ceómar d'an éirígear ran b-fóámar
 Gíá carraíde aínra mób orim aób ríóir-geal mo éirí,
 'Nuáin éairic me aín a clóó-geal d'iompaó go fuar uairíre,
 Áic fuáin mé eín póá d'fóir aín mo fáóígeal.

III.

Njl read aji bje jr alye na zriah of cion zairobj,
 'S na nora breaza d'fara amac ar an z-craeib;
 Wari rub a bdear mo zrad-ra le deire jr le breaztacb,
 A cuil tuj na b-faiheada, b-fuil mo zneah oic le bjadaiu!

IV.

Buacail dear dz me, ca tuiall cum mo porca,
 Nj buah a b-fad beo me, muna b-faz me mo mian;
 A cuile! ar a roraac! faz reib azur bje nomam-ra,
 So deizeanac dia-bomhaiu aji bdeirib Rat-liam!

TRANSLATION.

I.

My drooping soul pines in a dark night of sorrow,
 Since love thro' my heart's core has sped his sharp arrow,
 For bright are the glances, and graceful the mien,
 And thousands the lovers of gentle Brideen!

II.

The mists of gray morning in autumn were fleeting,
 When met I the bright maiden, cold was her greeting;
 But her soft waist I clasp'd, and ere parting, I ween,
 Sweet kisses I stole from the lips of Brideen!

III.

Oh! fair is the sun in the blush of the morning,
 And beauteous the roses the green boughs adorning;
 Thy cheek is the red rose—thy brow the sun sheen,
 And clust'ring thy ringlets, my peerless Brideen!

IV.

My right hand has strength, and my bounding foot lightness;
 But if thou reject me, how clouded my brightness!
 Then down by Rath-liam, 'neath the branches of green,
 Come meet thy true-hearted, my darling Brideen!

ERIONNACH.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

"CHARLIE." Declined.

"ERINACH." We do not wish to publish translations from the Gaelic, without the original.

"ATHLONENSIS." Declined with thanks.

ERRATA.

The proof of Carolan's poem, "The Emblems of Ireland," in the Seventh Number, slipped back to the press uncorrected; we have, therefore, to notice the following errata, which may be amended by the pen.

In second stanza, for "name of the angels," read "names to the angels."

In fourth stanza, for "and the blessed," read "and blessed."

In the seventh stanza, for "little hound," read "like hound."

In eighth stanza, for "of the angels," read "to the angels"

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The Celt.

"THE WISE MAN GATHERETH KNOWLEDGE, AND RULETH HIS OWN HOUSE."—*Old Celtic Proverb.*

No. 9, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1857. [ONE PENNY.

THE CELTIC RACE.

(Continued from page 118).

Among the evidences of ancient Ireland's better fortune, I might here enumerate its Round Towers; but, since the "vexed question" of their antiquity has been, it is said, set at rest,* I will not attempt to disturb it, but advert to its other relics of unquestioned antiquity, which have been from time to time dug up in bog or field, some of them, such as those ornaments called "Torques," &c., being of the purest gold, and of such an exquisite device and workmanship, as could have been executed only by masters in the art; others of bronze, including sword-blades, spear-heads, and other instruments; the former exactly resembling those found on the plain of Cannæ, in Italy, evidently the relics of the memorable conflict, in which rising Rome was nearly being extinguished in her own blood. There is also preserved in the Dublin Museum an ancient Irish sceptre, of iron, elegant in its design, and elaborately inlaid with gold. Nor should I omit the number of ancient mine excavations visible in Ireland, particularly the old coal works, at Ballycastle, on the Antrim coast, the sides and pillars of which, being incrustated with spar—the work of ages—proves its antiquity.† There is a tradition in England that the stones forming the celebrated Druidical circle at Stonehenge were conveyed there from Ireland, and Giraldus Cambrensis tells us that there was a huge and similar monument on the plains of Kildare.

These relics point to a time when Ireland had attained, if not a high degree of civilization, in the modern sense of the words, at least one of barbaric grandeur; and, that this was at a very remote period, long before the Christian era, is made more than probable by the fact, that every later allusion to her, whether coming from native or foreign testimony, is suggestive of her ebbing fortunes. It may be asked how is her retrogradation to be accounted for? We have seen positive evidence that the Phœnicians were well acquainted with Ireland—her

* By Dr. Petrie.

† See Hamilton's *Letters on the Coast of Antrim*.

every jutting promontory and receding bay being familiar to them : but Tyre, as a maritime city, was in the zenith more than a thousand years before Christ. The ancient celebrity, then, of Ireland, was, most likely, owing to her connexion, either direct or through the medium of Spain, with the Tyrians ; and, accordingly, we find her obscurity to date from a period coinciding with that of the destruction of Tyre by Alexander of Macedon ; for, at least, after that period* we hear no more of her, from external sources, 'till after the lapse of many ages. Then it was that her intercourse with the emporium of civilization being arrested, she became a prey, we may imagine, to those agencies which in later times, we know too well, have led to the most baneful consequences.

By such considerations, and in no other way, can we account for the apparent anomaly in Ireland's history : they enable us to understand why her geography was better known to Eratosthenes and other ancient Tyrian authorities, from whom Ptolemy compiled, than to Strabo ; and why merchants were familiar with her coasts at a time when Tacitus and his Roman contemporaries knew nothing about them. In fact these merchants were only following the track marked out by the Tyrian navigators of old, who, ages before, used, unknown to all the world beside, to ply their busy trade between Ireland and Spain, in which later place they had established settlements or factories.

When I hinted above at certain agencies having contributed to the decay of Ireland, I meant chiefly her internal dissensions ; and that these were prevalent in ancient, as they have been known to be in modern times, may at least be supposed. Indeed the spirit of clanship, from which dissensions among the clans themselves is inseparable, seems to have been habitual with the Celts. Numerous instances are on record which will stand witnesses of the sad effects of this habit as long as history endures. In those ages before Christ a natural death was a thing so unusual for an Irish king that, in the space of 260 years, out of thirty-one kings who held the reins of government during that period, all but three fell in battle, or by a violent death. It was internal discord that caused Mandabratius, a British chief, to betray his country, by inviting Cæsar into Britain, which led to the Roman conquest of that island ; and about 130 years afterwards, we find one of those recreant Irish kings or chiefs already in the Roman camp, persuading Agricola to make a descent on Ireland, and assuring him that a single legion would suffice to make good his descent, a convincing evidence of the low state of Ireland in the first century. Lastly, it was not only internal divisions that made Ireland the prey of a handful of armed adventurers in the 12th century, but the same has enabled them to hold and rule it with a rod of iron.

* About 330 years before Christ.

An execrable law or custom, anciently prevalent in Ireland, contributed also not a little to her misery. On the death of the head of a sept, his successor divided arbitrarily the land among all the males, whereby the old possessors were turned out without any provision; hence the tenure of land was insecure, industry of no avail, and idleness fostered.

The incessant and successful piratical visitations and inroads of the Danes in the 9th century, while they tell for the weak and distracted state of Ireland during that time, also added to it. Such may have been the causes of Ireland's decline.

To the habits and qualities of the ancient Celts, particularly to their warlike prowess, the historian, as we have seen, gives the highest testimony. It may be further inferred that they were averse to change of place, and strongly wedded to old customs and usages. The first seems proved by the fact, that they are at this day found in the same districts, i.e., beyond the Pillars, where Herodotus more than 2,350 years ago described them as being settled; and by the well-known attachment of the Scotch Highlander, and Swiss peasant of the Celtic cantons, * to their native hills, and lastly, by that great obstacle to what is called "agrarian improvement," that is, by the obstinate tenacity with which the Irish cottier cleaves to the glebe of his forefathers. The latter is evinced by the difficulty experienced by St. Patrick in weaning the Irish in the 5th century from their old pagan habits: for, in order to succeed, he had to adopt a policy like unto that recommended by St. Gregory the Great to St. Augustin of England; that is, to make the outward forms and apparatus of Druidism subservient to Christian purposes: thus, the inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, was but a transfer of a rite connected from time immemorial with Sun-worship, to a holier end; and the Pagan fires kindled at the summer solstice were continued afterwards in honor of St. John's Eve. The Christian temple arose beside the round tower, † or in the sacred grove; and the sacred well became the baptismal font: St. Patrick erected a church on Magh-Sleacht, or the field of slaughter, in the Co. Leitrim, on the very spot where human sacrifices were erst offered to the golden-headed idol, Crom-Cruach. But the greatest difficulty the saint had to encounter was to induce the natives to use the Roman letters instead of their own Ogham alphabet.

Unlike other nations of old, the Celts left few extensive traces of advance in the arts, or in worldly greatness—such as the ruins of cities magnificent in decay: this arises, not from their want of skill, but

* "In Switzerland," says Dr. Prichard, "we find in the names of places, and in some words still used by the people, undoubted proofs of the former existence of the Celtic tongue."—(*Researches*, &c.)

† According to Dr. Petrie, the round towers are only coeval with the churches, i.e., since the 5th century.

from their peculiar superstition, which seems to have interdicted the use of regular temples and of hewn stones; for those relics of gold and of other metals, (above alluded to,) found in Ireland, and perhaps in other Celtic countries, but not elsewhere, are standing monuments of this people's ingenuity and skill. Those Celtæ, who, like the Umbrians, had an early and long-continued intercourse with a more civilized people, and adopted the polytheism of the latter, raised splendid temples and cities; or like the Celtæ of Spain, who, from the remotest ages had communication with the Tyrians, with the Rhodians, with the Carthaginians, and with the Romans. But this communication was, (as I have attempted to prove,) with respect to Ireland, but transitory; the Roman Eagle was never planted on her shores: and it is certain that, in the ravages of the Danes perished many a monument of her brighter days. The other vestiges of Celtic industry still remaining, are those rude Druidic structures, called Cromleacs, rocking stones, cairns, &c.; of which last the largest and most perfect specimen is the one at New-Grange in Louth. These are found widely through Europe, and even in Asia—wherever in short this people took up their abode; their Druids, we know, had unbounded controul over them, and no doubt, availed themselves of it, in order to turn the industry of a fervent people to their own ends: and hence the origin of those structures. Hence also it would seem that, while the industry of other nations is directed with the view of contributing to their own temporal comfort, that of the ancient Celts sprang in a great measure from spiritual influences.

If industry, patient toil, and privation of our appetites, lead to wealth, the Irish peasant, instead of being as he is, the poorest of his class under heaven, ought to be the wealthiest: the real cause of this anomaly, and the rapid improvement in the domestic circumstances of the Irish exile, when he effects his escape from the heartless rapacity of "the little tyrant * of his fields," to other lands, where he who sows is sure to reap—are now too well known to need from me any inquiry into their "why and wherefore."

All the modern Celts have, by their valour and corporeal strength, well sustained the ancient reputation of the race. Prince Eugene, the soul of chivalry, declared that "to know a man to be an Irishman was to know him to be brave." And he said true, for there is hardly a province in Europe that has not been the theatre of the military achievements of the Irish. Those who have observed the general ill luck of the Irish in battle on their own soil, have also forgotten to observe that, in nearly every battle between the Irish and English in Ireland, the former went into action only half armed. At the battle of the Boyne only half of King James's army had muskets. The Irish insurgents

* Gray's Elegy.

of 1798 had, at the beginning, not only no cannon, but often no fire-arms of any kind: yet, though only three or four counties were involved in the outbreak, it required 120,000 drilled troops and the loss of 50,000 of them to suppress it. At the battle of Benburb, anno. 1646, the Irish, near 6,000 strong, under O'Neill, *were* armed; and the British army, composed of Scotch and English, though near 7,000 strong, were completely defeated, leaving more than 3,000 men dead on the field, and their cannon and baggage in the hands of the victors.* Hence is manifest the wisdom of our rulers in disarming us.

Innumerable are the instances of Irish prowess on the red field, whether at home or abroad; but I shun the task of detailing them. For, except at the great battle of Clontarf,† where Celtic valour was, for the first time, fairly arrayed against Teutonic stubbornness, triumph ever comes barren and empty-handed to Ireland; her's may be the victory, but not the victor's crown; to herself her valour has been bootless and unavailing, while others reaped the reward. The deathless glory of Ireland, is in victories of another kind, of whose crown this world cannot bereave her: I allude to the fidelity with which she adhered to her religion, often in the midst of banishment, forfeiture, and death. It is also a fact, for which I pretend not to assign a cause, that those nations, which I have shewn to be Celtic, rejected the innovations of the Reformation in the 16th century, and held on to the old religion.

The Celts have then all the endowments fitting them for a truly great people. But if, for motives known to themselves, some should hold of less importance than others do, the exercise of those shifts by which people get rich—what then? Is the warning voice of Him who declared that “His kingdom is not of this world,” and that “You cannot serve God and Mammon,”‡ a warning to be busy about worldly things, or to strive to grow rich? If it be so: there are those who have grievously erred§ from its import. The state of Ireland after the 5th century was such that “*our* Times” would call it degraded, while Europe was calling it the “Island of Saints.”

W. G.

* Warner.

† Anno. 1016.

‡ St. Matt., vi., 24.

§ “You can tell the Catholic districts (of Switzerland) by merely looking round and observing the state of the peasantry, without asking a single question. The Catholics spend so very much time in praying, that they are dirty in their persons, and negligent altogether, and not at all industrious: whereas the Protestants are very clean—not spending so much time in Church exercise; and they are better off altogether.”—Dr. Elliotson's *Principles of Medicine*, page 647.

THE TRIAL.

(A '48 Scene.)

1
The court is full—they try a man
For treason 'gainst the Queen;
The judges press their crimson seats,
With high and haughty mien;
The culprit stands with folded arms,
And broad brow, calm and pale—
Armed with the love of God and man;
A warrior in mail!
A warrior without sword or shield—
A patriot without pride—
The serpent slaving for his life,
The shamrock by his side.

2
Already, in their hearts, they slay
His young life in its bloom;
The convict-ship is in the bay,
The presage of his doom!
And the gowned men in England's pay
Lay down the alien law—
You could not dream 'twas Irishmen
On Irish ground you saw!
One 'mongst the rest, with blacker breast,
Stood singly forth to say,
"My lords, the treason of this man
Is plain as the noon-day;
Here, in this paper, from his hand,
That treason is confessed,
Treason and war against the Queen;
Alas Jacta Est!
This is a call to arms, my lords!
To struggle and to strife!"—
"Hold!" cried a voice within the court,
"You mine a precious life!"
The gaze of counsel, judge, and crowd
Turned at the voice's sound;
The patriot, too, with flushing brow
And prideful smile, looked round,
And there, in the midst of bearded men,
A maiden-form stood high—
Truth shone upon her spirit-face,
And in her glowing eye—

"Not his, not his," she firmly said,
"The hand that wrote these words,
To summon forth, at a nation's need,
The sunburst and the sword,
'Twas this weak arm that did so much
For a crush'd country's love—
Sir lawyer, cast your paper by,
If nothing, new, can prove,
Or, let your English vaunted power
Fall on my yielding head.
In olden days, on woman's neck,
The broad bright axe grew red,
In the great land you serve for pay
Against your island home—
Come, call your guards! I wrote the words
What! do they fear to come?"

3
The gownsmen looked abashed at last,
And the people shouted loud,
And the bayonets of the soldier-ranks
Shook o'er the fearless crowd,
And the maiden, like the spirit pure
Of our dear motherland,
Looked down upon the craven few,
The heartless, wolfish band,
Whilst many cried, "God bless her heart,
And her white hand so fair,"
And the patriot's lips moved as he stood,
As if in silent prayer.

4
Now God confused those judges wise,
Those great men of a day,
And the patriot pale shook off his chains,
And the black ship sailed away,
And the poor old Country bides her time,
With her children by her side,
A chosen few, who with her grew,
And will, to death, abide.

CAROLAN.

SAXON AND CELTIC CRIMINALS.

(Concluded.)

This announcement had no other effect upon the hardened convict than to cause him to reiterate his demand for his arrears of pay, and which was instantly accorded to him; the court believing that he

intended the money as a legacy to his surviving relatives. It was, however, for a very different purpose indeed that this miserable man so pertinaciously insisted on the sum of money due to him, and it is only in common keeping with all the other acts of his criminal life that the use he made of it should turn out to be a fit and easily anticipated sequel to so long a career of reckless and exultant depravity.

The reader will not be much surprised, therefore, when we tell him that Hardman collected about him, on this his eventful eve of eternity, all his former, vilest, and wickedest associates, and that they all entered upon a boundless and maddening debauch, the convict being the most uproarious amongst them; and this piece of devilry went on until the golden placid beams of the blessed morning shone into the horrid cell, and even when the trumpet sounded, announcing that the hour of the wretch's execution had arrived, they were all still revelling away with all the recklessness of abandoned fiends. The appointed platoon grounded arms crashingly at the cell-door of the doomed bacchanalian, causing a pause even among that hell-bred crew, and at the sound Hardman seized a flask and emptying its contents at one huge gulp, brushed his hot hand over his burning face, walked doggedly out of the room, and strode into the midst of the soldiers in waiting.

His companions reeled after him and followed the military tramp of their comrades in arms to the verge of a Castania wood, a short distance from their quarters. And there in the glorious morning, and beneath the dense umbrageous shading of the ample and shining foliage, interspersed with bunches of greenish-yellow flowers gleaming from between the masses of the broad serrated leaves, and looking like clusters of paling stars in a deep night-mantled sky, the ground for the deed of blood was determined upon. "Be quick!" was the only word the half-drunken wretch impatiently muttered as they blindfolded his eyes and put him in his proper position. And they *were* quick, and every ball seemed to have told upon his fated body, and an eye-witness remarked that the cap and bandage moved up full off his head, swollen beyond its natural dimensions with the reckless potations of that last horrid night; and in this pitiable state, and from the soft earth upon which he knelt, into his gaping grave, tumbled the dead man, dishonoured, unconfined and unregretted.

Now let us paint a picture, or rather a faithful sketch of another true event, illustrative of a Celtic crime and a Celtic criminal. At the time of the dénouement of the Saxon's grime and its tragic termination, that is, about the year 1813, when the English arms got a temporary check from the victorious French; the — English infantry regiment was quartered in a small town in Portugal, and there was in its ranks a young Irish corporal whom we shall name O'Leary, a man of good moral conduct, generally respected, and a fair specimen withal

of everything that military commanders require of an average soldier: O'Leary, with that natural tendency so early developed in the sons of the Emerald Isle, fell in love with a pretty Portuguese damsel, to whom he paid the most assiduous court and whom he hoped soon to espouse and introduce to his native country, as an enviable exotic, that would forever distinguish him amongst the race of the O'Learys, as being the only one of them who possessed the transcendent fascinations to captivate a foreigner. But alas for the course of true love, the zest of which seems entirely to depend upon its very crookedness; the captain of O'Leary's company also took it into his heart to conceive an affection for the captivating young Portuguese. But whether this captain's love was love famous or love infamous I have not been able with strict certainty to ascertain, so let us charitably give him the benefit of the doubt.

On one eventful morning, after the love-sick corporal had been on duty all night, the captain met him returning into barracks, and immediately confronting him, accused him of unsoldierly appearance—of uncleanness, and slovenliness—and notwithstanding his apology of his late night-duty, and the heavy dews of the country, ordered him a fortnight's hard drill, and confinement to his quarters; O'Leary immediately set down this undue severity to the only one cause, which his conscious heart so secretly feared, namely, that he himself was thus put unceremoniously out of the way, that his unprincipled commander might prosecute his intentions, such as they were, towards the fond object of all his warmest affections.

The thought was intolerable—He went to the captain's apartment, and most submissively besought pardon, but was repulsed in the most peremptory manner. The devil-flame of jealousy now blazed up within the breast of the hapless poor Irishman, he abandoned himself first to despair, and next to revenge, too often, alas, the resources of the mere worldling—and rushing from the room of his high-born rival, in a paroxysm of jealous fury, he seized his musket, loaded it surely and rapidly, and returned to the captain's quarters—The object of his wrath had gone out—he was in the barrack square, conversing with some brother officers; thither, wild with contending emotions, the miserable O'Leary flew to seek him—and coming to within a few paces of where he stood, discharged the contents of his piece unerringly into his body. The murdered officer fell heavily backward, and died instantly. The murderer did not attempt to fly, but throwing away his firelock, folded his arms, and permitted himself to be conducted to the guard-house without the slightest opposition.

A court-martial, of course, immediately followed this bloody tragedy, to make it redder still; and the sentence passed upon the criminal was in full accordance with the ever-adopted principle of satiating justice with a gorge of retribution.

He was to be hanged in chains from the bough of a huge green pine which grew within a few paces of the barracks, and his body was to be nailed to the tree from which he had been strangled.

On the morning after this humane and edifying edict, O'Leary was led forth, dressed all in ghastly-looking white garments, and accompanied by a single clergyman. The preparations were short and decisive—the miserable culprit never once quailed—he was firm, but not bold he was evidently very penitent—and was strung up as savagely and mercilessly as the most fastidious execution-lover could reasonably desire—In the same way, too, and with equally admirable savagery, was his stark tepid body nailed triumphantly to the pine-tree, to the vivid satisfaction of all the said genus "execution-lover;" and on all hands, was it most frankly, and generously admitted, that Dame Justice had not only had the full amount of her bond, but a bountiful if not usurious interest thereupon, into the bargain.

The Portuguese, however, did not seem to regard the crime and the criminal in the same point of view as the friends of the deceased officer, for they took down the body of O'Leary in the night time, and buried it with all decent observances, in one of their own bowery little cemeteries. And, sooth to say, as is indeed very evident from the tone of our narrative, we, too, confess a degree of sympathy for our hapless countryman, on account of the exaggerated nature of the provocation to his crime; but God forbid that we should be understood to insinuate that any thing of any nature could justify the red crime of murder, or that the murderer should not meet the exact amount of punishment due to his guilt. No, no, we give the crime of the man, as a lesson to his superiors, whose moral training, we hope, is always above that of the rude and reckless soldier, and to whom they should ever be as encouragers, examples, and as guides. So we will now leave our readers to discuss the distinctive demerits, with all their broad differences, of the criminality and ultimate demeanour of the Saxon, Hardman, and his untimely fate; and of the Celt, O'Leary, and his ignominious death, with all the extenuating circumstances that charity or mercy may be able to plead, over their past memories and their silent graves.

CAROLAN.

THOUGHTS ON THE EARLY DEVELOPMENT OF SOCIETY.

In the treatment of history, properly so called, one may fairly enough maintain the advantages belonging to a simple narration of facts—wholly unembarrassed by any train of political reflections—and leaving the entire responsibility of making any such to the readers themselves. But when we have to deal with the history of a particular science, the

case is quite altered, and it becomes a writer's duty to trace the relation between the developments of that science, as cultivated by any given nation, and the progressive states of that nation's civilization. He is further bound to trace distinctly the origin, progress, and development of the science, whose philosophical history he aspires to write, not merely in a given nation singly, but throughout the entire family of such nations as are connected with the cultivation of his adopted science, and comprehended in the epoch of which he professes to treat. This exposition of his subject is not at all an accessory of his task; it constitutes the essential portion of the task itself.

Furthermore, we must bear in mind that though in a matter of pure moral science, viewed as such, we may be enabled to lay down, *a priori*, rules and principles based on the eternal and immutable essence of morality, and discoverable almost by intuitive perception; this mode of procedure is not at all applicable to the history of that science. In the case of philosophical history, to preserve its philosophical character, it is necessary that the study of facts should precede the discovery of rules; for here the rules are nothing more than inductions drawn from a multiplicity of general facts which seem to work out their own accomplishment in a regular, uniform, and invariable manner. Having made these preliminary observations, we now proceed to examine some of the relations of the *family* system, in the early ages, before the formation and establishment of those large societies, which subsequently coalesced into states and kingdoms. In these patriarchal times, individual families stood in a somewhat similar relation towards each other, to that in which we behold distinct nationalities at the present day. In the former, as there was no recognised authority to enforce social penalties, or distribute social rewards, it became a necessity that simple force should come into play, yet tempered and modified by counteracting notions of equity more or less distinct. To enlighten and vivify this innate principle of equity, inherent in the human breast, and to regulate its application; the families or tribes which composed the entire human race in its infancy, still retained the precious deposit of the primitive revelations made by God to man; some of them, the *unique* and chosen people, in a state of uncontaminated purity—others, who had fallen away from that favoured *union*—in a more or less deteriorated form. But among the European states of the present age the transcendently higher dispensation of Christianity serves as a torch to enlighten their paths, and a code whereon to model their "law of nations," and regulate their mutual intercourse, at once the common bond and mainspring of their progressive civilization.

Let it not be inferred from what we have said, that we, for one moment, admit the debasing theory, that at any time, even the most remote from civilization, man dwelt in the forests like a mere brute,

without the gift of speech, without a moral sense, without domestic affections, without any aptitude for social relations, or any yearning to realize and enjoy them. This degrading opinion is, happily, scouted by the intelligence of the nineteenth century, and has taken its true place and character, as one of the grossest of the exploded fallacies of the eighteenth. It is repugnant at once to Christian faith and common sense, to science and history, to the philosophical observation and analysis of the feelings of the human heart, and to all our religious traditions. However, in the infancy of society, when the population was naturally anything but numerous, the tendency to disperse over the face of the earth was speedily developed, and every single family, tribe, and clan, furnished its contingent.

(To be continued.)

A. D. B—S.

MY NATIVE LAND.

1

My Native Land!

What strange and solemn thoughts arise,
Thronging my soul as stars the skies,
Coming like mournful dreams to me,
From the far land of memory,
At those sweet words! hopes of my youth,
Learned from the burning lips of Truth,
Visions of glory, love and fame,
Start into life at thy dear name,
And pass before me solemn, calm and grand

My Native Land.

2

My Native Land!

Glory and fame and love are gone,
And only Hope still lingers on,
Clinging to thee in thy dark fate,
Pale captive mourning desolate,
With shackled hands and crownless brow,
Yet Oh! how beautiful art thou!

My queen, my life, my love, my bride,
Would God that I for thee had died
Slave as thou art, there's no crowned
queen so grand,

My Native Land!

3

My Native Land!

There's not vale or purple hill,
Or rolling stream, or tinkling rill,
Of thine but fills me with excess
Of love's most wild devotedness,
I love the simple flowers that spring,
From thy green sod, they seem to cling,
Like loving children closer still,
To thee in sorrow, shame and ill.
I love thee, Oh, my queen, my bride,
Would God that I for thee had died,
Slave as thou art, there's no crowned
queen so grand,

My Native Land!

ROBERT EMMET.

ERIN.

Far away from the nations, unhonoured, unknown,
All wounded and weak, thou art weeping alone;
What heart is so cold as to calmly pass by,
And leave thee thus lone in thy sorrow to die?

This heart is a desert where blooms but one love,
And that one the world's tyrant, old Time, cannot move;
In joy and in sorrow, in life and in death,
I will cling to thy love with the strong arms of faith.

And whenever the time come, whenever it be,
His life is the gift of thy lover to thee;
So the passionate wave on the breast of the rock
Leaps up, and expires with the joy of the shock.

ROBERT EMMET.

KNOWLEDGE AND VIRTUE.

The pleasure derivable from a steady pursuit of knowledge, can be comprehended only by those whose lives have been devoted to it. A greater pleasure still exists for the philanthropic scholar, who, with the hospitality of a truly generous nature, takes delight in pouring out his stores of learning before those who hunger and thirst after wisdom, and who, feastingly enjoy, it may be within an hour, the acquirements, he devoted a life to gather. These things should be well reflected over by the youth of the middle classes of society, for it is amongst them that knowledge is most largely acquired and preserved, and it is from amongst them that the great bulk of the great men of every nation arise. Let us analyse the great men who adorn any European country, and we will find that but few of them belong to the aristocracy. The great bulk consists of men, who, when they entered the competitive lists of life, were either in penury, strugglers with the world, or, if they had money, they were yet men descended from humble houses and of unnoticed pedigrees; but they were men devoted to the acquirement of knowledge in some shape or other, men resolved to mount the ladder upon whose lowest rungs they were just placing their hands. They were, too, mostly men despising the empty distinctions of a corrupt society. Men, such as could understand the force of Napoleon's reply to the Duke de Feltré, when that polished courtier shewed Napoleon a pedigree tracing his descent from the ancient Kings of Corsica. "Sir," said Napoleon, contemptuously handing him back his yards of parchment, "*I am the first of my family.*" Men with such sentiments are the creators of their own fortunes, they are originals, not copyists, and seldom have masters; if such men ambition they are sure to rise; if they do not ambition beyond competence and usefulness in their own sphere; then they live and die contented, beloved and honored, winning that proudest wreath, "a good and true citizen." How different their lives, their enjoyments and their ends, to those of the miserable men, who, devoid of knowledge and of all taste for it, live like animals and die like brutes, having known no higher enjoyment than sensual appetites suggested, and a selfish nature provided.

Man has two natures, an intellectual and an animal one. The old Latinist was right; one is indeed an emanation of the Deity, the other we hold in common with beasts. The youth of Ireland, who remember this, who feel it, and cultivate the spiritual man, will assuredly become the youth of a free country. The poet Rogers has gracefully described the middle-class man, his success and happiness as contrasted with those born to the easy possession of that for which he has to toil.

"All, wherever in the scale,
Have—be they high or low, or rich or poor,
Inherit they a sheep hook or a sceptre—

Much to be grateful for ; but most has he,
Born in that middle sphere, that temperate zone,
Where knowledge lights his lamp.

What men most covet, wealth, distinction, power,
Are baubles nothing worth, that only serve
To rouse us up, as children in the schools
Are roused up to exertion. The reward
Is in the race we run, not in the prize :
And they, the few that have it ere they earn it,
Having, by favor or inheritance
These dangerous gifts placed in their idle hands,
And all that should await on worth, well tried—
All in the glorious days of old reserved
For manhood most mature, or reverend age,
Know not, nor ever can, the generous pride
*That glows in him, who on himself relies,
Entering the lists of life.*"

The feelings of such a reliant man are indeed those of "generous pride;" an honest pride enigmatical to all except those who, so placed, have so felt it. Oh ! for teachers in Ireland to sow this devotion to knowledge, and the virtuous pride it begets, deep into the hearts of a youth, whose hearts are fitted for the growth of such valuable fruit.

(To be continued.)

LAMENT FOR OWEN ROE O'NEILL,

BY MAURICE O'MOAN.

I.

Պար շայծ, և Փիւ, որ Դաւթալ չաղ լիւրիւ, իր լիւրիւ !
Դիւլ աշխարհ Նեյլլ, Դիւլ Ելիւր լիւրիւ և Եւրիւ ;
Դիւլ Եւլ լիւրիւ, և իւր Ելիւր լիւրիւ և իւրիւ,
Չաղ լիւր, Չաղ լիւր, զ'իւր լիւր Եւրիւ լիւր !

II.

Ա Եւրիւ լիւր լիւր և Ելիւր լիւր Ելիւր լիւր լիւր,
զ և լիւր լիւր լիւր և Ելիւր, լիւր Եւրիւ ;
զ լիւր լիւր լիւր, զ'իւր Ելիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր,
Չաղ լիւր, Չաղ լիւր, զ'իւր լիւր Եւրիւ լիւր !

III.

Ան լիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր,
և լիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր ;
և լիւր լիւր լիւր, և լիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր,
և լիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր լիւր !

IV.

Níor fág an baofíre meab an órlaic buan,
 a z-chnáma ne céile, a faet 'ra feóil nár éruaill;
 an bairne a m-beul an euga 'n Fhóbla éuaig,
 'r zan baíl b'í eiríob ó'n euz r'n Eógaín Ruaib!

V.

Taib éirí Eiríonb, aoir énot ceoil zan ruan,
 ar zan la céille aig raor luic órca buan;
 zac rcaib-bean baot da éir, 'ra deor ne zruad,
 r nac b-fagad caomra ó'n euz r'n Eógaín Ruaib!

VI.

Buó rlan b'í Éine cairnéir' Bhneogaín uair,
 ir fuig zac Rex d'an zéill a v-Fhóbla uair;
 do blaé-fhoct gaobail na'n éneig a n-Eópra uair,
 zo d-cairic cearma an craeríic, Eógaín Ruaib!

VII.

Zac fapó a d'éiríob an Éiríon fódglar fuair,
 zac blaé, zac reub, zac cairic, zac zlor, zac buaib,
 ó'n la a deuz, fa cearma dóib, mo ruair!
 an rnaé éuaib cre le caem éneir Eógaín Ruaib!

VIII.

Mo míle leun! zur ceargab an cámla éruaib,
 éuirfead an zall i rzeib, 'ra faolcuir ranta a nzuair;
 a "m-beanna an baogaíl," zo rraonfad an zleo, zan buair,
 a'r é creac na nzaobal an éuz r'n Eógaín Ruaib!

IX.

Ní b-fuill fa leir do éneig a éóhla éruaib,
 d'far Mhíleirur méirgíl beóda a nzuair,
 'zur rzaé na nzaobal a nzeiríic an bócha, éuaig
 faol b'íon zo leir ó'n euz r'n Eógaín Ruaib!

X.

Ir laibín fepbeaf zaet zac la o éuaib,
 a'r d'far aín leir na zneine neoil zo ruad;
 ir aín do zéiw zac rreir le conérad éruaib,
 'r n'í lan an euz ó'n euz r'n Eógaín Ruaib!

XI.

An Ceangal.

Fuig élan a z-cre ca féile Fóbla uair,
 blaé na nzaobal, ir aigze óir an v-rleuig;
 lan na n-éuct, vac ar élaon an éóir aín luac,
 ir d'fag r'n Éine maol ó'n la do éuaib.

XII.

Յնարայծ Քե ընչ Պաօր շարի մօր Պարի Բաւծ,
 'ր աղ տ-Պրո ծօ Նաօլ ծա ճօրհրդած արի ծօճա բաւր;
 Բսծ բլան չաղ Բաօճալ շարիւր չաճ Եօր ծ'ա Ե-բաւր,
 Յօ Ե-բաճայծ աղ բէրմ բիւ, Երեւն դա Յ-Կօրհալոյն ճրաւծ.

The following stanza gives the date of his death (1649), but is left untranslated.

Տէ ճօծ Եօճ, Գաօլ Ե-Բիւճոն 'ր Եօճ,
 օ ճօճ իյի Քե ծօ բէրմ աղ տ-բօրհճ;
 Յօ Բար Այ Նեյլ աղ Երեւ-բօր Կալմա,
 Ե Ե-բալէյօր դա դօրմ Յօ մօ Դաօր աղ մօԿօրմ !

TRANSLATION BY J. C. MANGAN (*see note at p. 144.*)

I.

O God ! how piteous 'tis to see the Gael thus desolate,
 The prosperous race of Eber thus—the blood of Niall the Great ;
 The lofty race of Erémon, alas ! are now brought low,
 Their fame and sway have passed away since the death of Owen Rua !

II.

The noble tribes of Banba* sit in darkness and despair,
 From Boyne to Moy, from high Loch Lene to Bush and Dael and Nair,
 From Maigue to Erna's Leap,† and thence to Crough in green Mayo,
 Without a shield or spear to wield since the death of Owen Rua !

III.

The fold is laid in ruins and the flock flees in dismay,
 Beneath the scythe the flower has gone, down stricken to the clay,
 The portals of success have closed, the voice of man is woe,
 For sore defeat our chieftains meet since the death of Owen Rua !

IV.

In chains of iron Erin lies forsaken and forlorn,
 Her bones and sinews withered all, her aspect wan and worn ;
 Her life's career draws near a close, she waits the mortal blow,
 Such hopeless doom weighs down her soul since the death of Owen Rua !

V.

Her bardic bands and learned men go sleepless all the night,
 Their grief and wrath have all but quenched the spirit's glorious light ;
 And fast from ev'ry maiden's eyes the tears of anguish flow,
 They pine and sigh, they droop and die since the death of Owen Rua !

VI.

With proud success was Erin crown'd when Breogain ruled the land,
 And ever since, 'neath monarchs brave and chiefs of high command,
 The flower of an unvanquished race—their fame did EUROPE know,
 Till came the day when passed away our kingly Owen Rua !

VII.

Each poet bard whose song arose, through Erin's vales of green,
 Had guerdon rich and triumph high, renown and princely sheen,
 Till death swept o'er her bosom fair, so trampled by the foe,
 And lowly laid within her shade thy pale brow, Owen Rua !

* Banba, a name for Ireland.

† Cascade.

VIII.

My burning, bitter dolors that our hero young has died,
The Saxon hordes he shatter'd all, subdued their champions' pride—
In "barna bael"* did he e'er fail to lay the spoiler low?
Our country's doom, dear Erin's tomb, was the death of Owen Rua!

IX.

Where combats raged and dangers loomed in fiercest, dreadest might,
He ne'er forsook a warrior Gael, but press'd on to the fight;
The shield of beauteous Erin, he, where Uster's billows flow,
That seem to wail in every gale, since the death of Owen Rua!

X.

The darkling storm howls from the north, and rains an icy stream,
Vast swollen clouds with blackness pall the pale sun's lurid gleam;
The air of highest Heaven breathes cruel death below,
The moon o'er head is shrunken, red, since the death of Owen Rua!

THE BOND-VERSES.

The "Hospitality of Ern" lies beneath the mould,
The Flower of the Gaelic race, the generous, whose hand
Ne'er rose to smite the foe, for hire, when tide of battle rolled,
In woful desolation has he left his motherland.

May God, whose powerful will did rend Israel's galling chains,
Who led the arc the drear expanse of storm-tossed waters o'er,
Yet grant a glorious victory for every tear that rains,
And empire, might and LIBERTY to motherland restore.

* So pronounced; the proper orthography is "béarna baogail," (gap of danger) the g being aspirated.

Note.—As this lamented poet (J. C. Mangan) received but a mutilated version of the "Lament," the first, second, fourth and fifth stanzas only are of his composition; the remaining stanzas are versified by ERIONNACH.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

We cannot undertake to return manuscripts, or to reply to all our Correspondents, except thus—

"J. O." Received. "EAB." Declined; the antiquarian articles will be welcome.

"JOACHIN." Received.

Correspondents, whose letters have not been, as yet, laid before the Committee, must have patience.

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The Celt.

"THE WISE MAN GATHERETH KNOWLEDGE, AND RULETH HIS OWN HOUSE."—*Old Celtic Proverb.*

No. 10, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1857. [ONE PENNY.

IRELAND'S TEMPTATIONS, FAILINGS, AND VICES.

The failings of human nature characterise races and nations as they do individuals; and the crimes, which in the domestic circle are too often the result of parental neglect or mismanagement, are equally traceable in a people to the apathy or the downright criminality of their rulers. And if this state of things be observable, even in nations who are said to be self-governed—it is peculiarly and still more forcibly marked in those unfortunate countries whose destinies have placed them under foreign rule, and whose masters are aliens in blood and in religion.

Under such circumstances, the interest of the masters very often clashing with those of the enslaved, induces them to feel, and of course to act upon the feeling, that repression is necessary to prevent rivalry, and the lower and more degraded the condition of the would-be rival is made, in the same ratio the risk of all rivalry is removed. But from time to time, education, mental progress, the force of example in other nations, or those impulses towards advancement and liberty, which will grow even among slaves, indicate some movement of a progressive character—a movement which penal enactments or coercive measures do not provide against. To meet this state of things there exists in these countries a mass of government patronage and a systematic mode of exercising it, which has become a serious evil and a public curse.

This patronage, exercised by able diplomatists and flowing through innumerable channels, has become material whence the rulers of the country not merely paralyse all public spirit, but by a sort of Machiavelian ingenuity, the slaves themselves are taught, as it were, to forge their own chains, and the numbers of Irishmen who walk abroad in manacles of their own manufacture, are very considerable. And this is called patronage; its real name should be "bribery and corruption."

The nature of the system is very perceptible, and its results readable in the contrast so constantly evinced in the sentiments and conduct of the man who begs and gets. Before he became an aspirant for government patronage, he had public opinions of his own, and he gave

expression to them, but once he has dropped into his situation, he becomes silent, upon all public grievances he is dumb, and thenceforward he has no more opinion about public affairs, than if he were an automaton man manufactured by the hands of Milardi.

This evil, this lamentable temptation, does a twofold mischief ; it buys over many a public agitator, whose career, honestly begun, ends in this depravity ; while in another direction it impels schemers and scoundrels to brawl for a while about public rights and popular grievances, and to do so solely as a means to an end, merely to attract the attention of the authorities and to make themselves objects to be purchased.

In writing about Ireland's temptations, failings, and vices, we commence with this huge temptation of government patronage ; because it is the giant evil, the fiend in human shape, which seats itself in government offices ; reclines upon the judgment seat ; stalks through the Lords and through the Commons ; wears clerical and military attire ; riots in hundreds of legal and medical posts ; parades the army, the constabulary, the excise, the customs and the revenue, at home and abroad. It lives in the universities, and has vitality even in the national schools of the country. It meets the aristocrat in his lordly hall, and the peasant at his cabin door. It influences the farmer in his fields, and the shopman at his counter, and everywhere it teaches meanness and sycophancy, and degrades the man down from God's likeness in which he was created, to that of a crawling serpent, fit only to eat and drink and die, leaving to his children the heritage of his slimy shame.

(To be continued.)

THE WELL OF THE OMEN.

I.

At morn up Green Ard Patrick,* the Sunday bell rang clear,
And downward came the peasants, with looks of merry cheer,
With many a youth and maiden, by pathways green and fair,
To hear the Mass devoutly, and say the Sunday prayer ;
And the meadows shone around them, and the mountain larks were singing,
While the stream sung songs amid the flowers, and the Sunday bell was ringing.

II.

There is a well sunk deeply, by old Ard Patrick's wall,
Within it gaze the peasants, to see what may befall,
" Who see their shadows smiling, Oh ! joy their heart shall cheer,
Who see not there their shadows, shall die within the year !"
There stayed the youths and maidens, where the golden blooms were springing
While the stream sang songs amid the flowers, and the Sunday bell was ringing.

III.

Out spoke wild Richard Hanlon, " We'll see what may befall."—
'Twas to young Bride MacDonnell, the flower among them all,—

* Ard Patrick—the Height of St. Patrick—a round, green hill on the southern border of Limerick. On its summit are the remains of a great and ancient abbey, the ruin of a Round Tower, and a Blessed Well. The country-people ascribe many marvellous virtues to this well. The omen of the shadow is one.

"Come, see if ours be sorrow, or merry wedlock's band!"
Then took the smiling maiden, all by the lily hand,
And there they knelt together, their bright looks downward flinging,
While the stream sang songs amid the flowers, and the Sunday bell was ringing.

IV.

They looked into the water, no shadows shone below,
The dark, dark sign of evil! Ah! could it e'er be so?
Full lightly laughed young Richard, altho' his heart was chill,
And with young Bride MacDonnell, and all, went down the hill,
To hear the Mass devoutly, with the soft airs round them winging,
While the stream sang songs amid the flowers, and the Sunday bell was ringing.

V.

Sweet months, despite the Omen, in sunny bliss flew o'er,
And sometimes thinking on it, but made them love the more,
But when across Ard Patrick, they sought the lowland plain,
Into the Well's deep water they never looked again;
There never with the maidens, they sat fair garlands stringing,
While the stream sang songs amid the flowers, and the Sunday bell was ringing.

* * * * *

VI.

The storm and flood were over, they left us wild dismay
The ford's great rocks were loosened 'neath Easmor's torrent grey,
And clasped in death together—Oh, sad the tale to tell!
Were found young Bride and Richard, drowned by the Robber's ell
Oh! false and cruel water, so merry downward flinging,
How canst thou sing amid the flowers, while the Death bell loud is ringing?

VII.

From old Ard Patrick's ruins, loud sounds the piercing *caois*,
By the sad Well of the Omen, a deep, dark grave is seen,
There, side by side together, they've laid the early dead,
And the *cry* they've chanted o'er them, and the requiem prayer is said,
And woe in many a bosom, and burning grief is clinging,
While the stream sings songs amid the flowers, and the Death bell loud is ringing.

FEARDANA.

THE SONGS OF BERANGER.

For many years past an old man, in a threadbare coat, over whose collar his white locks flowed,—a quiet old man with cheek like a winter apple, "the side that's next the sun," and bright eyes surrounded by a hundred merry wrinkles, might be seen taking his noonday promenade along the elm-shadowed Boulevard of Passy—a hamlet some miles from the centre of gay Paris. A figure so quiet and unostentatious—indeed so shabby as far as his external garb was concerned—was little likely to attract the attention of any stranger. Satisfied with a glance anyone would have set him down as perhaps the village schoolmaster; or the proprietor of some *boutique* with no very flourishing business; or not unlikely as some old *independant* living on the interest of his property—say twenty-five pounds per annum, or so—such character being by no means uncommon outside the barriers of Paris, where hundreds so circumstanced reside. A certain person to whom we need not further allude, has sung of the joys of this sort of life, asserting—

C'est à l'ombre de l'indigence,
Que j'ai trouve la liberte.
'Tis in the shadow of poverty,
That I have discovered liberty.

Well, any foreign visitor, we say, taking a ramble through such a remote fastness of the great giddy metropolis, as Passy is, would, upon meeting this unpretending figure, have classified him under either of these heads. But a little observation would soon show him that the quiet old fellow with the gay side sparkle in his eye, was somebody after all. He would have seen the hats of the men raised to him, the graceful obeisances of the women bestowed upon him as he passed; while a few words of enquiry would have shown him that the object thus dismissed with indifference was one of admiration and reverence to all the villagers, to whom he was as well known as the *Cabaret* at the corner, with the flasks of red wine and preserved pears in the window—as the tree-shadowed walk where the lads and lasses danced and made love of an evening—as the guard-house where the young conscripts strutted, and the old soldiers of the empire, the grey *moustaches*, still lingered—nay, as the Vendome column, or Arc de Triomphe itself; and that he was regarded by feelings which were kindred to those, which each and all of these objects inspired. For, had not BERANGER sung of gaiety and wine, of wit and love, of war, triumph and disaster—passing the national history and national character through the burning alembic of his heart, while he reproduced their essence in songs which made the whole people kin, and rendered the minstrel a beloved magician, whose “gentle spiriting” awakened the national heart to patriotism and glory, to love, good fellowship, and laughter. Yes: quiet and unpretending in appearance, as the old man may have been, he was in reality one of the greatest powers in the wide region of fair France. A natural King whose mandate was obeyed by all; a chief under whose banner all could range as brothers—a force before whom monarchs trembled—a destroyer before whose stroke dynasties are annihilated. Curious at first sight that a mere song writer should have gained such a predominance; less extraordinary when we consider that his intellect was the greatest and most comprehensive of its kind; that he set the hearts of the people with its hopes, memories and joys to music—producing songs whose beat is like the march of an army—whose thoughts electrify the soul like the distant thunder of a battle field.

As to Beranger's life, its incidents were few in number—for he lived in his heart and his fancy. Such events as marked its course he has embodied here and there in songs, which are perhaps the most delightful among his various compositions. In Paris “full of gold and misery,” in the house of his grandfather, a poor tailor, he tells us he was born, in the year of Christ, 1780; and how the old fellow coming into the room where he lay in his cradle one day, saw him rocked by a fairy, whose gay *refrains* calmed his first sorrow. His early years were passed with an aunt at Peronne, in which town he was bound to a printer. Later in life he pursued the same avocation in Paris,

where he wrote his first song in his nineteenth year. When about twenty he obtained through Lucien Bonaparte a small post in the University which he held for twelve years. This was the happy period of his life, as he tells us, when he lived in his garret sustained through all sorts of privation by love, friendship, and poetry.

Making a mock of life and all its cares,
Rich in the glory of my rising sun,
Lightly I mounted up six pair of stairs
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

In the exquisite little poem called "My Vocation," he describes how in the love of song which God had given him he found a recompense for all his troubles.

"Cast 'mid the human din
Poor, ugly, full of sorrow
With scarce the means to win
Existence for the morrow ;
When rose my cry of woe
Through evening's sunset yellow,
The good God whispered low—
Sing, sing, poor little fellow.

Thus the love of poetry cheers him through the uncertainties of life, and even in its decline, when love had flown away.

"While fortune's fickle reign
Still kept my heart in dread,
I fought with the poor chain
In which I made my bread.
For liberty a glow
Keen want still watched my pillow—
The good God whispered low—
Sing, sing, poor little fellow."

In the last verse of this song he says :—

"To sing, or I am wrong
Is my vocation here ;
All those who love my song
Do they not hold me dear ?
When eyes around me glow,
When hearts with wine grow mellow,
The good God whispers low—
Sing, sing, poor little fellow !"

Many other of these little autobiographical songs and *nugæ canores* are especially delightful, from their simplicity and pathos as well as their wit and gaiety. He sings of the commonest things, but renders the merest trifles charming and immortal by the wonderful art in which they are embalmed. Of such songs we need only mention those called "Happiness" and "Fortune," which while they breathe a spirit of joyous *abandon*, in the highest degree exhilarating, are little miracles of construction. Such trifles please like the *bouquet* of wine, and can no more be criticized than vases of rosewater. Indeed it is only in such a language as the French, with its delicacy and finesse, that such things could be written. To trammel them with English is to destroy their charm. That entitled Fortune, represents the blind goddess herself coming to Beranger's door while he and his friends, who are gay as they are poor, are carousing up stairs.

Knock ! knock !—"Who's that, Lisette,
 Knock ! knock !—at the door below ?"
 Knock ! knock !—"Tis Fortune, pet,"
 Knock ! knock !—"Psha ! let her go !—
 While comrades round me bright and gay,
 Chink their cups in my garret tower,
 Far more we heed Lisette this hour,
 Than Fortune stumbling down our way."
 Knock ! knock ! &c.

His national and patriotic songs however, are of a far higher and nobler character. Among them we may mention *Le Cinq Mai*—The Old Flag, and The Old Corporal. In the first of those he represents an old soldier of the Empire returning from India to pass the remainder of his days in France. As the vessel approaches Saint Helena, a black flag waving over one of the batteries proclaims, that the great Napoleon has just died in his island exile ; and the soldier meditates over the life and genius of *le grand homme*. This song is remarkable for the fine touches of thought and sentiment with which it abounds. The passion for glory which led to Napoleon's ruin, is made the subject of several reflective verses. "Victory was fatigued in following him," he says ; "his cannon shattered twenty thrones ; but alas ! love of fame led him to ruin ; de tout laurier un poison est l'essence ! His glorious life," he continues, "is a vast bright pharos between a new world, and a world grown old." This song is indeed a mighty and mournful hymn, chanted over the tomb of the great warrior. "The Old Corporal," however, is said to be the most popular of all his songs, with the exception of the famous *Souvenirs du Peuple*, which we shall afterwards mention. The hero, an old soldier of the Empire, has been outraged by some young officer—he has struck him, been condemned to death ; and is depicted marching along smoking his pipe toward the place of execution.

Un morveux d'officier 'm outrage,
 Je lui feuds . . . Il vient d'en guerir
 On me condamne—c'est l'usage,
 Le vieux caporal doit mourir.

Although he had served bravely in twenty battles, he has to submit to insults and insolence—but no matter he says—*j'ai servi le grand homme*.

Couverts au pas,
 Ne pleurez pas,
 Ne pleurez pas,
 Marchez au pas,
 Au pas, au pas, au pas, au pas !

What courage and indifference to death shown here :—
 On me condamne—c'est l'usage.

These with a few others complete the list of his martial songs, or rather those written to be sung by the soldiery. The others range under the head of Descriptive and Lyrical, such as *Louis XI*, *The Carrier Pidgeon*—*The Shooting Stars*, &c., of Witty and Humorous, as the *Senator*, *my Grandam*, the *King of Yvetot*, a satire on *Kingship*, the *Court Dress*, and many more. Perhaps of all qualities of mind, wit

is that which he exhibits most, being a true Frenchman in this, as in all other respects. "Louis XI." is one of his most finished productions. He describes that treacherous and powerful monarch, riding into a hamlet of a spring evening when the villagers are dancing, surrounded by the shining swords of his guard; and in a series of verses exhibits the disquiet and apprehension of his mind, and his regret that the conditions of sovereign power have rendered him incapable of enjoying the pleasures of his poorest subjects. Each couplet of this song is followed by the refrain which the boys and girls sung while moving with the dance:—it runs in this wise,

 Youths and maidens, spirits of spring,
 Dancing round
 In the village ring,
 Joy's but a flower, and youth an hour,
 While we have pleasure, we smile at power,
 So merrily beat the moon-lit ground,
 And Sing!

Many of his satirical poems are levelled at the Bourbons, and the old *emigre noblesse* who quitting France during her period of disaster, returned after the Revolution to tyrannise over the people and swagger in their chateaux. The song called the Marquis of Carabas was written for the villagers of the provinces—

'Mid the roll of dusty drums,
 Lo! the old Marquis comes,
 Mounted on his scraggy horse;
 Treating us as slaves, of course.
 Wrapped in a haughty mood,
 This emblem of exhausted power,
 Shakes in passing to his mouldered towers,
 His sabre, innocent of blood:—
 Up with your caps, boys, up to the sky,
 And cheer for our old nobility!

(To be concluded in our next).

OLD SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

We see, with regret, the old manly sports and pastimes of the peasantry passing away, and what is more to be lamented, they do not give place to any more invigorating or more national—who that now witnesses the stupid game of quoits or the more prevailing one of cricket, and remembers the palmy days of the football and the hurling match, can for a moment compare the imported innovations with those indigenous to the country. Was it not a glorious sight to see, on a Sunday or a holiday in Autumn, when mass was over, and the Christian teachings in the chapel had terminated, the whole parish assembled on the green sod, when the hay had been ricked in the haggard, and the large broad freshcut field, one beautiful uninterrupted space spread out in tempting freshness and elasticity, for the rural rivalries? When young and old, matron and maiden, dressed in their best, and

brimful of anticipated enjoyment, came to the appointed trysting place; and the young men leaping the streams and ditches as they sprang along, and whirling their hurls in the air, showed off before their sweethearts, or laughed loudly and boisterously at each other's mishaps, as they tumbled about in their reckless joviality. Then young urchins got possession of the ball, and commenced a heterogeneous scrambling amongst themselves, whilst the momentous *match* was making, and the old men were arranging the several preliminaries necessary to the fair adjustment of the game. From fifteen to twenty were generally arrayed in antagonism on either side—and these were selected by two leaders, who decided the first call by casting a stone wet on one side into the air, and then crying *wet* or *dry*, as it fell. The winner then, of course, called to his side the best player in the field, a loud shout followed the selection, and the young peasant so named, stepped over to his leader, blushing with manly pride at the compliment to his acknowledged merit, and loosening his coat from his shoulders as he advanced. The rival leader next, called *his* man, and the same scene, and acclamation were enacted, whilst the young maidens indulged in joyous badinage with one another as their several admirers joined with either party. When this important business was settled, the old men repaired to a hill or ditch or some other elevated position, the matrons and maidens surrounded them—and when, after considerable trouble and delay, the ball was extricated from the clutches of the young urchins who had ran ever so far away with it—the sport began. The first leader, seizing the ball in his left hand, flung it lightly into the air, and then seizing his hurl in both hands, met it as it fell and sent it up out of sight into the blue firmament. Nearly a hundred dancing eyes watched its progress downwards—and ere it could touch the earth, away it was whirled some hundred yards in one direction, and as rapidly again, back over the ground it traversed.—One light lucky tip sent it spinning back again, and an agile light-limbed lad picked it away with him and tumbled it along the beautiful broad field before him, distancing all pursuit—then there was an uproarious shout from those sitting on the ditch, and some of the girls fell out with one another, but the victor's triumph was short-lived, for as his pace got slower, he was overtaken by a pursuer, and with a gentle tip on his heel sent sprawling upon the grass; then again was the ball run away with back upon its lost way, and bang it went, once more into the midst of the combatants. Then one huge fellow made a plunge for its possession, but was stopped by a squat little chap, who making a feint to strike his opponent a dreadful blow across the shins, stopped his hand suddenly and crooked the ball away—this fete caused a roar of merriment—and the disappointed man laughed loudest of all. Again, the bone of contention was driven a few yards over the heads of the players, when being watched by a bright-eyed lad outside the crush, he met it with a smashing blow that sent it hundreds of paces forward; this was the signal for another rush and scramble—and another shout

and exclamation of joy from the spectators. And during all this time the *dramatis persone* looked so very interesting and picturesque, it was a most gratifying scene to witness—the young men, stripped of their coats, and their snow-white Sunday linen gleaming in the sun, whilst their wet hair flowed about their faces, and was being constantly pushed away from their flushing brows, whilst party-coloured handkerchiefs girded their loins, and many of their hurleys were tastefully ornamented. Then the sage old men and women on the acclivity prognosticating the future fate of the belligerents, by their prowess on the field—and their pride out of their own offspring, and their generous encomiums on the sons of their neighbours. Then the girls dressed out in all their finery, with their simple bonnets smartly trimmed and ribboned, or their hair, free of all restraint, combed modestly behind their ears where it joined a cluster of back curls in an aggregate meeting of elegance, which to their light dresses and blushing cheeks gave a beauty and a picturesqueness quite captivating to behold.

We contend, this was a sight worth looking at, and one that argued a healthy moral condition of the peasant community.

Louis XVI. having heard of this glorious national game, expressed a great wish to witness it, and on application to the Irish college at Paris, the young Hibernians there located, were but too ready to gratify the desire of the royal monarch. Accordingly the ground was selected outside the barriers, and being enclosed with white ropes and pavilioned along the whole line, thither came the whole city of Paris, the king and his court, nobility, gentry, and artisans, all to see this specimen of the peasant games of Ireland. The young men of Leinster and Munster, were selected for the day's sport, the former dressed in green silk jackets, the latter in white, and so glorious and triumphant and exhilarating was the whole scene, from its commencement to its termination, that the king declared that he never before saw any athletic game of any people to equal the manly "hurling match" of our native island.

A scene at foot-ball was, in its way, equally captivating. Such an abandonment to uproarious fun, exercise, tumbling, scrambling, rolling, tripping, wrestling, and good humour, was rarely to be witnessed. These were sports to rouse the dormant spirits, to develop the whole muscular system, to gladden the heart, and to give an energy in face and mien to a people beginning to bend under continual restraint, trouble and oppression.

In '48 the government showed themselves most hostilely averse to the athletic exercises of the people, so much so, that they actually prohibited any such displays in the Phoenix Park in Dublin, where those sports had been very frequent.

The famine years, no doubt, did away with a great deal of the elasticity of character of the Irish peasant. Those trying years demoralized many; the poor-houses and the public works added to the mischief. The landlord class grasping at the tenant for his own dearer life, perpe-

tuated the poison, until Ireland was as low and as prostrate, and as helpless as her blackest enemies could possibly desire; but in the midst of all this tide of terrible calamity, is it not a miracle to thank God for, that whilst numbers of proscribed patriots traversed the open country with hundreds of pounds on their heads, no one poor Irish peasant ever dreamt of betraying them. The gold was before them, starvation was before them, they could not help the gallant fellows who stood up between them and famine, but they died sooner than betray them to the enemy.

This evidences, beyond all cavilling, the latent love of virtue and honour in the Irish peasant's heart, he brightens by attrition; the more trouble you are in the readier he is to help you, the more oppressed you are the more charity he has in his heart for you, and no matter how bitter his own sorrows or his own trials, he forgets them all in the cause of humanity. In those trying years we often ourselves saw the poor to be the best friends to the poor, and to share their mite with one another. No wonder for Charles Gavan Duffy to boast of his extraction from the peasant class of Ireland, when he heard his country taunted by some place-grubbing Whig; "I felt," said he, "my peasant blood boil in my veins!"

Then let us look from '48 back to '98, and mark what models of courage and devotion were the Irish female peasantry. Did our readers ever read of the heroic magnanimity of Robert Emmett's female servant, Anne Devlin? Few have not read the red page over and over again, but we will revive the old story as one instance out of myriads, of what the female peasantry of Ireland were ready and willing to suffer for their native land.

CAROLAN.

A PLAGUE-SPOT.

It is the fashion to assert that the people of Ireland are a contented as well as a happy people just now. The sufferings, and wrongs, and insults of centuries are forgotten. The two millions of our countrymen—one mouldering in pauper graves, the other million exiles in many lands—are forgotten. The brutal shout of triumph that hailed the announcement that "the Irish were gone, gone with a vengeance," is forgotten. Packed juries, perjured sheriffs, a partisan judge, all are forgotten. A season or two of prosperity has wiped out the old score with England! We wonder can any one be credulous enough to believe this? Do we forget that we are tenants at will yet? Can we shut our eyes to the fact, that low prices and deficient harvests would crowd another "surplus" into the poorhouse and the emigrant ship? In fact we happen to know where notices to quit are flying about, and rents are being raised to an unbearable amount at the present moment.

While the official returns show "that during the first four months of this year 6,386 persons more have left the country, than during the corresponding period of '55 and '56. And this is the very noon of our so-called prosperity. Facts like these ought to convince the veriest dunderhead that the people are not, and ought not to be contented. Thanks to a beneficent Providence there is a vast improvement in the circumstances of the country, but it does not follow that the people are blind to the nature of that improvement. They know they are still at the mercy of a selfish, coldblooded landocracy, and of a government that has ever treated them as "aliens in religion and blood"—spurning and crushing them in her hour of might, yielding some paltry instalment of justice in her hour of weakness.

No, no; the instinct which Providence, for his own inscrutable purposes, has planted in the heart of the Irish Celt, the instinct that forbids him to be the *contented* slave of a foreign master—is alive, unsubdued, immortal. Never were the people more ready or more fit to turn a good opportunity to good account than now. Old vices have disappeared, old virtues remain.

These were our reflections as we watched the people crowding towards the chapel of a rural parish, on one of those beautiful September Sabbath days. Yet, before the evening we saw a sight, or rather a succession of sights, which filled us with a vague fear of what we do believe would be the very worst calamity that could befall our country. We fervently pray that the fear may prove groundless. Nay, we have a strong faith that Heaven, in its mercy, will never again permit so black a curse to fall on Ireland. What we saw was this: "*Ten men in a state of beastly drunkenness, dragged, one by one, through the street by half-a-dozen policemen.*" Some of these men—not men then but brutes, devils—had blood upon their clothes and faces. They foamed at the mouth, and gnashed their teeth, and writhed in the clutch of the police, who pushed and dragged them through the dust. Oh shame! when they should be enjoying the "day of rest," rambling through the meadows with a book or pleasant companion; or with the merry crowd round the old piper and the "platform" at the cross-roads. And then on Monday morning, instead of being in the harvest field refreshed and cheerful, with the lark over their heads, to be marched, with the eyes of the public upon them, haggard and wretched looking, before a magistrate. The young man who would not feel this to be a disgrace, is worse than a savage. We believe that drunkenness will never again become a national vice in Ireland. We trust that the spirit of the good, great man, whose mortal part reposes by the Suir, will never look down upon the ruin of his glorious work. Yet the present is the crisis when such a calamity is most to be feared. And for these reasons:—

1st. The country is in a state of ephemeral prosperity. A well-grounded, lasting prosperity would have quite a different effect. The man who earns a pound one week in his life will run to the public house; the man who sees he can earn a pound every week, will set about making his own home comfortable.

2nd. There is an absence of political excitement, and here let us remark, that it was during their struggle for liberty that Irishmen rose superior to all debasing vices; the higher the hope, the fiercer the struggle, the more elevated has been the moral character of the people. An odd instance may be cited against this, but we contend that in the main it is true. It was in the dead calm of political prostration (a calm we have heard good men sigh for), that crime grew rank and the devil reaped a full harvest in Ireland. It was in a time like this that brothers raised their hand against brothers, and sprinkled the very altar with blood. A fact which it behoves all men who have the care of souls, to ponder well.

3rd. The race who have just entered upon the threshold of manhood do not remember the shame and misery of which whiskey was the fruitful source, while tradition has preserved amongst them whatever was manly and rollicking in the "good old times." If these young men do not revive the degrading system, it will never be revived. Now is the time to put it down. Let all good men discountenance the drunkard. Let there be no excuse, no indulgence for him. Let mothers and sisters think of the train of evils sure to follow in the footsteps of drunkenness, till the anguish of their hearts may be read in their looks, and the culprit may be won from destruction. And you, old man, if the devil should light up a wicked twinkle in your eye, and prompt you to ask, "where were ye drinking, boys? who struck ye, boys?" and to talk lightly of your "own drinking days;" go, fall upon your knees, and beg God's pardon for encouraging young men in a course which would bring ruin on their families and their country, and damn their own souls.

And now we must ask pardon of our young countrymen. The horrid scene above alluded to, filled us with a groundless dread. It has passed away. Young friends we have confidence in you. Yet, we would now ask, before bidding you good-bye for the present, Do you not love old Ireland? Do you not feel your hearts cling to her? Is she not your mother and your queen? And who knows—we do not want to excite false hopes—yet, who knows but it may be reserved for you to place the crown upon her brow. What a glorious destiny! To achieve what so many brave hearts have longed and broken for. Be worthy of that destiny. Every man of you is a soldier in the service of his country. Do not desert her. *The drunkard is a deserter.* Harken to a voice from the grave. It tells you—THOMAS DAVIS tells you that

——— "Freedom's ark
And service high and holy,
Would be profaned by feelings dark,
And passions vain or lowly;
For freedom comes from God's right hand,
And needs a godly train,
And righteous men must make our land—
A NATION once again."

J.

THE ABSENTEE.

1
 His rental is ten thousand pounds—
 His manor, high and grand—
 And lofty oaks adorn his grounds—
 And oxen stock his land—
 Yet, in that house, a stranger dwells,
 And badly cared, it seems :
 The noble trees fall in the dells,
 And choke the running streams.
 The kennel-walls have toppled o'er,
 The Belfry holds no bell—
 The windlass winds the rope, no more,
 Above the garden well. [these?
 "Whose home is this? whose lands are
 What means the wreck we see?
 Who owns that mansion 'mid the trees?"
 "Good sir—an Absentee!"

2
 "His lawyer-agent lives there, now,
 With heart as hard as stone—
 You'd see it written on his brow,
 In wrinkles and in bone—
 The tenants, too, are far and few,
 Some in the grave yard lie,
 And some who from their childhood grew
 Beneath this watching sky,
 Digging and delving life away,
 To keep their lord in state,
 Have, long ago, passed o'er the sea—
 I know not what their fate—
 And all these flocks and herds that roam,

And low along the mere,
 And look as if that stately dome
 Kept all their richness here—
 They are the neighbours' stock and stud,
 That graze upon the lea,
 He eats and drinks our sweat and blood,
 This heartless Absentee!"

3
 "'Tis one great tug of greed and gold,
 The whole long year all round :
 Thro' summer's heat, and winter's cold,
 They force the luckless ground
 To yield and yield, for evermore ;—
 The lord must have his own ;
 The agent, too, must swell his store,
 And whet his heart of stone ;
 Those roofless sheelings, yonder there—
 You guess the tale they tell ;
 Those cold black rafters in the air ;
 And shivered at the well,
 That old brown pitcher—oft I've seen
 That vessel come and go,
 On the fair head of the May-day queen,
 So gracefully and slow.
 But if the Indian wars go on—
 And God wills it to be—
 We'll have our own—and keep our own,
 From every Absentee !

CAROLAN.

KNOWLEDGE AND VIRTUE.

Continued from page 141.

One of the most elegant and impressive of the modern French historians, Augustin Thierry, having not only devoted his whole life to the acquirement of knowledge, but having prematurely damaged and broke down the feeble frame that encased his intellectual nature, blind, paralysed, helpless, but the bright spirit still inhabiting its damaged home, and looking brightly from out it, has written this remarkable passage :—

"If, as I delight in thinking, the interest of science is counted in the number of great national interests, I have given my country all that the soldier mutilated on the field of battle gives her. I would wish it to serve to combat the species of moral weakness which is the disease of our present generation ; to bring back into the straight road of life some of those enervated souls that complain of wanting faith, that know not what to do, and seek everywhere, without finding it, an object of worship and admiration. Why say, with so much bitterness, that in the world, constituted as it is, there is no air for all lungs, no employment for all minds? Is not calm and serious study there? And is not that a refuge, a hope, a field within the reach of all of us? With it, evil days are passed over without their weight being

felt; everyone can make his own destiny, every one employ his life nobly. This is what I have done, and would do again if I had to re-commence my career; I would choose that which has brought me where I am. Blind and suffering, without hope, and almost without intermission, I may give this testimony, which from me will not appear suspicious: there is something in the world better than sensual enjoyments, better than fortune, better than health itself: it is devotion to science."

This touching testimony in favour of a deep love for literature is exceedingly affecting; one can almost fancy he beholds the upturned sightless eyes which would have lightened with the enthusiasm of an intensely poetic nature, if the darkened spirit could have looked out of them. But exquisite as the sentiment is, it lacks, as too many foreign writers lack, that reference to high moral worth and religion, without which literature is nought, and with which literature becomes truly life's richest enjoyment. A great American statesman, Jefferson, has left us in one of his letters a far deeper insight into the true value of literary acquirements, and the necessity of acquiring with them a perfectly moral nature, regarding truth, honor and virtue as the true essentials for man's real happiness and greatness.

"When your mind shall be well improved with science, nothing will be necessary to place you in the highest points of view, but to pursue the interests of your country, the interests of your friends, and your own interests also, with the purest integrity, the most chaste honor. The defect of these virtues can never be made up by all the other acquirements of body and mind. Make these then your first object. Give up money, give up fame, give up science, give up the earth itself and all it contains, rather than do an immoral act; and never suppose, that in any possible situation, or under any circumstances, it is best for you to do a dishonourable thing, however slightly so it may appear to you. Whenever you are to do a thing, though it can never be known but to yourself, ask yourself how you would act were all the world looking at you, and act accordingly. Encourage all your virtuous dispositions, and exercise them whenever an opportunity arises; being assured that they will gain strength by exercise, as a limb of the body does, and that exercise will make them habitual. From the practice of the purest virtue, you may be assured you will derive the most sublime comforts in every moment of life, and in the moment of death. If ever you find yourself environed with difficulties and perplexing circumstances, out of which you are at a loss how to extricate yourself, do what is right and be assured that that will extricate you the best out of the worst situations. Though you cannot see when you take one step what will be the next, yet follow truth, justice, and plain dealing, and never fear their leading you out of the labyrinth in the easiest manner possible. The knot which you thought a Gordian one will untie itself before you. Nothing is so mistaken as the supposition that a person is to extricate himself from a difficulty by intrigue, by chicanery, by dissimulation, by trimming, by an untruth, by an injustice. This increases the difficulties tenfold; and those who pursue these methods get themselves so involved at length that they can turn no way but their infamy becomes more exposed. It is of great importance to set a resolution, not to be shaken, never to tell an untruth. There is no vice so mean, so pitiful, so contemptible, and he who permits himself to tell a lie once, finds it is

much easier to do it a second and a third time, till at length it becomes habitual; he tells lies without intending it, and truth without the world believing him. This falsehood of the tongue leads to that of the heart, and in time depraves all its good dispositions."—*Jefferson's Letter to Peter Curr, vide Memoirs and Letters, page 385, vol. 1.*

THE REPLY OF SHANE THE PROUD, PRINCE OF TIR-EOGHAIN.

I scorn your Lady's honours—I scorn her titles vain,
A Prince am I of high degree, and of a fair domain;
Peace have I never craved of *her*, but ever she from me;
I am a King in kingly right, and hold my kingdom free.
Heremon's blood is in my veins—I feel it swelling high,
And Eoghian's, of the iron arm, and of the flashing eye;
Their forms are melted into dust—their spirit is not gone,
I owe no fealty to your Queen, and I will yield her none,
She boasts her ancient Norman line, but tell me can she trace
A pedigree as long and proud as of my royal race?
And can she dream that I would stand among her modern peers,
Whose sires were princes in the land for twice a thousand years?
What, though indeed at last arose a traitor to his line,
(Alas the day!—that I should name the recreant sire of mine!)
My, trusty glaive has gained again the rights of Cinel-Eoghain,
And by its flash will I maintain my kingdom of Tir-Eoghain.
Go tell her, tho' MacCarty Mor has bent him like a churl,
And risen from beneath her hand, a belted English Earl;
That Shane, the Proud, is prouder far, and not for England's crown
Would he exchange the name 'O'Neill,' or lay its honors down.
Say that ye found him all prepared for peace, or for the fray,
Standing upon his native hill, as stern, as free as they;
And that, were all the rest her slaves, there would he stand alone,
Defying from their rocky crests, the foemen of Tyrone.

ETHNE.

"The Queen dispatched Knolls to Ireland to concert measures with the Deputy (Sir Henry Sidney) to reduce O'Neill, either by kindness or by force—She even offered him the titles of Earl of Tyrone and Baron of Dungannon—Shane received the proposal with a haughtiness, expressive of his contempt for English titles of honor, as compared with the name of O'Neill."

SECOND HAND SECOND SIGHT.

Many an indignant Great Britisher who has in imagination contemplated the possibility of the superstitious New Zealander's taking his stand on a broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's—must have execrated the spicy Essayist's fertile imagination for conceiving that time itself could treat the English Capitol so disrespectful as to lay it in the grave of extinct Empires.

The Briton's indignation, however, would be misdirected, and instead of being levelled at the newly ennobled head of Baron Macaulay, *known to fame* as Thomas Babington Macaulay, should be retrospectively hurled at the now vacant cranium of some poor Grubb-street bookseller's drudge of the last century, who probably from cultivating literature on exceedingly short commons, was therefore rendered all the more prevoyant.

Certain it is that an essay contained in the July number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1745, with the quaint title of "Hamorous thoughts on the removal of the seat of Empire and Commerce, with examples from many cities of antiquity," contains the following passage, which when the fine New Baron's New Zealander appears to the mind's-eye, makes one exclaim "stop thief," only reflection assures us it would be useless, as now for the first time, the noble pilferer can be tried by his "peers."

This is the passage—"I have in imagination seen the Britons" (The Baron causes the Briton to emigrate) "of some future century walking by the banks of the Thames, then overgrown with weeds, and rendered almost impassable with rubbish. The father points out to his son where stood St. Paul's, the Monument, the Bank, the Mansion House and other places of the first distinction: just as one traveller now shows another of his experience the venerable ruins of Pagan Rome." A very pretty piece of "annexation" indeed, and one which shows that the Celtic Macaulay has learned thoroughly the Saxon system of "appropriation." We wonder could his Lordship, who in literary matters is well known to be a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles from ballad, play and broadsheet, wherewith to embroider his imaginings—could he tell us who this nameless writer was, who in homelier language, gave utterance to one of the most brilliant ideas now attributed to Baron Macaulay.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

- "CELTIC CONCERT." Declined with thanks.
 "HIAWATHA."—Received.
 "J. M. S."—Suggestions gratefully acknowledged, many thanks for the "GLIMPSES" which shall be used.
 "MYSCIRIUS."—Received, and will appear.
 "NEALE CAILE."—declined with thanks.
 "THE AGES OF THE PATRIARCHS." not suited to the CELT.
 "EMIGRANT SHIP."—Declined.
 "MARY MAC MAHON."—Prose and poetry received.
 "TEIGE."—The paper on indirect taxation will be attended to.
 The Monthly Parts of the CELT, cannot be ready until the first Saturday of the ensuing Month.

ERRATA, (No. 9. pp. 143-4)

- Verse VII. last line, insert "was" between "shade" and "thy."
 — VIII. for "dolors," read "dolor's."
 — IX. for "shield" read "Shield."
 — XI. for "generous" read "Generous."
 XI. & XII. for "motherland" read "Motherland."
 — XII. for "arc" read "Ark."

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Country Orders for the ensuing Saturday's number must be on the previous Wednesday with the Publisher

The Celt.

"THE WISE MAN GATHERETH KNOWLEDGE, AND RULETH HIS OWN HOUSE."—*Old Celtic Proverb.*

No. 11, VOL. I.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1857. [ONE PENNY

THE IRISH NAMES WHICH OCCUR IN CÆSAR.

Die bei Caius Julius Cæsar, vorkommenden Keltischen namen in ihrer echtheit festgestellt, von Christian W Glück, 1857.

The object of this book is not so much to explain the Irish words which occur in Cæsar, as to determine their precise original forms. This is done by a scrupulous comparison of the various Manuscripts contained in the great libraries of Europe. The author's mode of proceeding was as follows:—Having first compared the best editions of Cæsar, such as Schneider's and Nipperdey's, he proceeded to set down what he discovered by this labor, as the truest *printed* forms of the Celtic names. Then he took the versions of those names which the best manuscripts in Europe supply. This is what Nipperdey had previously done. Nipperdey, like Glück, examined those MSS., which editors often neglect. Europe contains five good manuscripts of Cæsar. Of these the copy preserved at Paris, and named "the first Parisian," is perhaps the best. Generally speaking, this, presents the most approved version. Every really good Manuscript harmonizes with the "first Parisian." In what is regarded as the falsified class, the Irish names are often disfigured. In the course of his researches, he ascertained that Schneider and Nipperdey agree with the best manuscripts; but differ from each other in their choice of readings. This variance prompted Mr. Glück, to test the truth by some touchstone. With this design, he had recourse to various inscriptions and medals, as well as to Greek and Latin writers. The inscriptions proved his most useful auxiliary. Not only do the *inscriptions* contain many Celtic names, (such as Cæsar contains) but, what is better, the elementary particles of which the combination constitutes whole words. He found in this research, that a new critical mode of reading inscriptions, is or will be indispensably necessary ere long. As to coins, they are less trustworthy, and generally present corrupt forms of Celtic names. The Greek authors, Strabo and Ptolemy, and the Latin writers, Mela, Pliny, and Tacitus, are more serviceable. The older the writer, the more faithful; but the Greek stand far behind the Latin writers. The former deform and deface the Irish names in a more perplexing manner. It is the in-

scriptions which always set us right. Mr. Glück had recourse to all these means—namely, classical writers—numismatic specimens, and mural inscriptions.

When all these failed, the student had recourse to the language itself. Without a knowledge of the Celtic, it is impossible for an Editor, says Glück, to select the true reading. What is he to do, asks Mr. Glück, when the very best manuscripts differ from one another? He is to have recourse to the Celtic. The value of Irish for classical purposes cannot be exaggerated. It is obvious from Mr. Glück's work, that without this knowledge no man can henceforth pretend to classical erudition. This is what Mr. Glück proves; and as Irishmen, we should be grateful to the scholar, who has placed this fact in the very clearest light. If we are at all justified in maintaining Universities, which cultivate classical studies, then we are justified in enforcing a knowledge of that language which opens up the meaning of the classics, and without which no man can perfectly comprehend Caesar and Livy. This view, learned Germany has inculcated on reluctant Europe, nor on Europe alone; owing to the Germans the language of the Gaels, associated with the language of science, religion and Rome, (the Latin) must come in for a measure of attention everywhere. The more this subject is investigated and the more solid learning is diffused and honestly, conscientiously, scrupulously pursued—the more Irish antiquity will receive modern respect; the more the views of the English will be set aside. It will be found eventually that everything which constitutes European civilization—its elements have, like warriors in Cæsar, Celtic names. If anything distinguish the civilized from the savage man, it is the house—the savage lives in a tent or wigwam—the civilized man in a house. Now the Latin name for a house is Irish: *Ed*, a (shelter or protection) is the root of *ædes* a house. No man can thoroughly understand the etymological meaning of the word *ædes* without knowing the meaning of the Irish root from which it springs. This at least is the sentiment which prompts Jacob Grimm and his illustrious countrymen to cry out so earnestly for an Irish Lexicon. To supply this lexical want we poor Irishmen must put our hands in our half empty pockets; for our wretched government is too busy in diffusing political corruption, bribing its way by giving 30 pieces to the Iscariots of liberty, to do other than sneer at the literary exigencies of erudite Germany. But this *en passant*—to return—if there be anything after the house which distinguishes the civilized from the savage man it is the horse. Though nature has supplied him with varieties of that quadruped, the African negro it is alleged has never succeeded in taming the horse, while the Greeks are emphatically characterized by their great poet, as "tamers of the steed."

Now the Latin name for a horse is Irish; *eac*, a horse is the root of *equus*. The opinion of the learned editors of the Delphini classics is entitled to attention when they say, "*Gallorum philosophos etiam philosophis Græcis priores existimunt nonnulli Græci scriptores*," i.e.

some Greek writers regard the philosophers of Gaul as antecedent in point of date to those of Greece. *Ut Aristoteles apud Diog Laertium qui non a Græcis ad gallos philosophiam devenisse, sed a gallia ad Græcos prodisse scriptum reliquit.* (Note to Cæsar's com., Lib 6, p. 119;) that is, philosophy did not proceed from the Greeks to the Gauls, but on the contrary, from the Gauls to the Greeks. But if this opinion be false, if the Greeks got nothing from the Gauls, what is the reason that Greek letters bear Irish names? Can the Greeks tell the meaning of *Iota*? or *Beta*? or *Gamma*? The truth is, we Irish, through the medium of Druids, were the literary masters of ancient Europe, and our language enables us still to instruct them. One of the first words canvassed in this book is *Armoricæ*. Unanimity prevails in the manuscripts of *Cæsar*, as to the precise form of this word; the manuscripts and the printed editions make it *Armorica*, a word of four syllables, not *Aremorica* a word of five. Mr. Glück is convinced that Cæsar wrote five syllables, but his transcribers, (and we must not, says Mr. Glück, put their blunders on his head,) shortened the word and wrote *Armoricæ*, leaving out the second syllable. Mr. Glück crowds his page with a whole host of words to explain this word, but he does not, after all, succeed in giving a satisfactory explanation. In the topography of Ireland we find what this great linguist cannot furnish—an explanation of *Armoricæ*. There is a district in Ireland named *Crioch Fhear Morc*, the district of the mariners. This phrase is worth considering. The first word which occurs in this phrase extinguishes the *f*, which initials the second, leaving "*ar morc*" to meet the ear. This Irish word *morc* is the true root of the classical name *Armoricæ*. The word *morc*, however, is in its turn an abbreviation of *muireac*, an Irish word which signifies a mariner. Hence the fine line which occurs in Ausonius, Ep. g., 35. "*Sunt et Aremorici, qui laudent ostrea ponti,*" i.e., "the people of *Armorica* extol the harbours of the deep." On the page of Cæsar the word *civitates*, fills the place of the Irish noun *baile* or *crioch*. For this absent noun Cæsar substitutes the Latin equivalent, "*civitates*." He should have written *fhear*, or *bhfear*, but evidently he was not acquainted with that initial mutation, which is so characteristic of the Gaelic. He wrote from ear, and gives us as it were the tail of the word. From all this it seems obvious that Cæsar, contrary to Mr. Glück's opinion, wrote the four syllable word, not the five. But it must not be forgotten, that a native of Gaul, like Ausonius for instance, would be justified in writing *Aremorici*, because, knowing the language better than Cæsar, he would compound the word anew, and make it consist in the first part of "*aire*" watchers; he would term the inhabitants sea watchers. The preceding explanation accounts for the presence of the letter *c* in the last syllable of *Armoricæ*, which Mr. Glück fails altogether to account for. In almost every instance the difficulty in explaining and ascertaining the Irish words in Cæsar, consists in the absence of the governing noun. Unless we take the governing noun into consideration, an explanation is impossible. It would be erroneous

to suppose, that Cæsar's initial is the Irish initial; you will look in vain in the Irish dictionary for his initials. But even if it were, we still stand in need of the governing noun.

A striking instance of this is afforded by the word *Cingetorix*. The first syllable in *Cingetorix* is unintelligible without the governing noun. Why should it be *cinn*? Why should it not be *ceann*? Because, as in the former case, the governing noun is absent. To ascertain the meaning of this word *Cingetorix*, we must first discover its governing noun. The absent noun in this instance is *fear*. *Cinn* is the genitive of *ceann*, governed by *fear*, understood.

In the instance of *cinncait*, "the cat headed," the governing noun is *Carbry*, so in *Cingetorix*, the absent noun is *fear*. Now let us write it in its amplitude, *Fear cinn gach turais*, signifies literally, the man of the head of every expedition, or journey, or *raid*. This was the name which according to *Florus*, startled Rome with terror, not by its sound, but by its meaning. "His very name was terrible," says *Florus*.

A question is naturally suggested in this place, viz.: if the word *Cingetorix* have the meaning we have attached to it, what then is the meaning of *Orgetorix*? What does *his* title derive from? In answer to this question let us see what *Orgetorix* was. He was the moving and guiding spirit of a great military expedition, or *raid*, for which the warlike spirits of the Helvetian people (restrained within narrow boundaries) longed. His functions explain his appellation. He was the *urra gach turais* of his clan—literally, the promoter of every expedition—for *urra* signifies a chief, an agitator, one who urges something. The fine phrase of Cæsar shews us this: "*Ad eas res conficiendas Orgetorix deligitur*"—i. e. "for the management of this business *Orgetorix* was chosen." The clansmen elected an *urra gach turais* to guide, control, and hasten the expedition. This "*Urre gach turais*," prompted by the "fire-blood" of the Gael, was we all know *too* hasty. Having gone as ambassador to those redoubtable clansmen, the *Sequani*, he founded a conspiracy amongst them for which he subsequently lost his life. This conspiracy had for its object to dethrone the reigning sovereign and elevate in his place the son of *Catamantaloedis*. This was a perilous enterprise, and *Orgetorix* was subsequently burned alive for high treason against the *Sequanian* king. The title of *Orgetorix* was perfectly appropriate, for here we must observe, the Romans did not know these *Gaels* as men, but as functionaries, and we almost invariably find in Cæsar that the title supersedes and blots out the patronymic. The *Gaels* appeared in Gaul as soldiers. Now in war the function remains though the officer perishes. The captain is still the captain no matter what hand carries his sword. In Cæsar we have little else than titles; the man is lost in the officer, because war was raging in the country. Thus an ambassador is in Cæsar *andecumborius*, that is, *an te cum bothar*, the man for the road. This seems to be a fundamental principle from which the deviations, if any, are rare in Cæsar. The title *Induciomarus*, (that is, *an duithche maor*,) signifies

the district steward, and thus vergobret, (that is, "*fear go breith*," the man for judgment,) signifies the supreme magistrate among the *Ædvi*. This officer was, of course, perishable, but his function was permanent. A striking evidence is found in the fact that the *fear go breith*, under the title of *Verge*, continued to exist down to the first revolution of France, or the end of the last century. This officer has been compared to the mayors of our municipalities; but the lord mayor of modern times is only a pale shadow of the magnificent *vergobret* of the ancients, who, on days of ceremony, appeared mounted on a magnificent charger, powdered with gold dust. Meantime Nipperdey is perfectly right in saying that the *ver* in this title, as in all similar ones, is derived from the Irish word *fear*. Mr. Glück is perfectly wrong in opposing Nipperdey on this point; but this is not his only mistake. The word *Catamantalædis* has no connection, as he thinks, with the *cydfantarl* of the Welsh. It is derived from the "*amantas*" of the Irish, combined with *cath*, a battle. "*Amantas*" signifies "kingly privileges"—a most appropriate name, because *Catamantalædis* had been king, and certain privileges adhered to him, though deposed, in virtue of his anterior royalty. "*Catamantalædis*" is thus an official name. The errors in this book, and their name is legion, originate in the preposterous idea that Gaelic France was inhabited by a Welsh-speaking people. This is impossible. Mr. Glück has fallen into this mistake because he supposes all these Celtic names to be nominatives, and Welsh nominatives which he finds in the dictionary have a deceptive similarity to the oblique cases of Irish words which he will not find there. Thus *Divitiacus* is, in the Irish, an oblique case, and *an fear* is understood. Let me premise that, according to Cicero, *Divitiacus* was an augur. Cicero expressly mentions him, (*De divin. lib. i., cap. xli.,*) in these words, "*in Gallia, Druidæ sunt, e quibus ipse Divitiacum Aeduum cognovi, &c.,*" "in Gaul there are Druids of whom I have been acquainted with *Divitiacus*." Eumenius describes him as making a speech to the Senate, "*Princeps eduus,*" he says, "*Romam ad Senatum venit, Scuto innixus peroravit, &c.,*" "an Eduan prince came to Rome and harangued the Senate, leaning on his shield." It was owing to his devotion to pacific pursuits, to his abhorrence of war, and reluctance to enter into the schemes of *Orgetorix*, that the latter endeavoured to upturn his throne. He was a great diviner, "*quæ essent futuræ dicebat,*" says Cicero, "he foretold future events." In order to understand his title we must know this, because he merely bears a functional appellative. The raven in the pseudo science of augury held a foremost place. The root of this man's title is *Fitheac*, a raven, a word which Mr. Glück will find in O'Reilly's dictionary. It is highly probable that the shield on which *Divitiacus* leant in the presence of the Senate was blazoned with this bird. Be this as it may he was known as *an fear duibh fitheac* "the man of the black raven," but the governing noun in this, as in many other instances, is lost and forgotten, and "*Duibh fitheac*" alone retained. The Irish name *Dwyer* is, like this, in its first syllable an oblique case of *dubh*. The centre

of France was inhabited by an Irish speaking people, as is glaringly evident from the geographical nomenclature of the country. The word Sequana and the word Garonne equally prove this fact. The latter word signifies the rough river, the former signifies *amnis divisionis*, because, on the north side of it lay the Belgæ, and it separated these Firbolgs from the Gaels.

To the north of the Sequana lay the Connaught of Gaul. We might hope for the Kymric in that country, but it is impossible to expect it among a people who named their outside dress *Sagum*, or anything like *Sagum*. They must have spoken Irish as is obvious to every tyro in Gaelic. The word *Sagum* is equivalent in meaning to the *Surtout* of the French—the overall of the English, It was the garment “beyond” all the others; its root is *Seacha* which means past—as “*Seacha Sin*,” “past or beyond that.” Finding this word before them, the Romans treated it as a plural noun of the second declension and reduced it to *Sagum*. Who can doubt for a moment that the *Braccæ* which originated the epithet *Gallia Brachata*—or “plaided Gaul”—is identical with the *breacan* of the Irish? No one. In like manner the *Gallia Comata* was indebted for its name to the *Glíbb* or *Cuilin*, against which the Parliament of the Pale so often hurled its thunders. But talking of costume reminds us of the *Ædui*. The *Ædui* are indebted for their name to their defensive armour, and not, as Mr. Glück seems to think, to some ancestor named Aodh. Their name has no connexion whatever with Aodh—signifying fire, or signifying Hugh. The Gaels in general, as every one knows, were wont whether abroad or at home to strip to the work of war. An Irish Poet—translated with more than his great and usual ability by Dr. O'Donovan—says of his clansmen:—

“Unequal they engaged in battle,
Fine linen on the race of Conn,
And the foreigners in one mass of iron.”

It was from a proud contempt of death—according to the Romans—that they stripped for battle. Now the *Ædui* being allied to the Romans, “*fœderi antiquo*,” says Tacitus, adopted the use of defensive armour from those Italians. Their helmets were extravagantly lofty.

“*Heduos fratres cælo capita alta ferentes*,”

i. e., “The Eduan clansmen strike the clouds with helmets,” says Lucan. Hence they were named *Eidighthe* or *edee-e*, “clad in armour;” they occasionally wore the *caracalla*, that is (in Irish) *ceara calla*, a hood with square skirts, in which a Roman Emperor muffled his soldiers, and received in return a nickname from the military ruffians, by which he is still remembered. They were a dressy people.

The Celts have been often described by the enlightened journalists of London as unteachable savages, and the Irish in particular have been often twitted as irreclaimable Celts. It is curious to find in Mr. Glück's book, that in ancient Rome nearly all the literary men bore Irish or Celtic names. Cicero, is denounced in Juvenal as “allo-

brega," that is—a Gaul. Here are the words of Mr. Glück—speaking of *Catullus*—*Denselben namen trägt bekantlich der veronische dichter, so wie auch die berühmten oberitalischen namen, Vergilius, Lælius, Plinius sämtlich gallisch sind.** p. 47.

To conclude, we should, with great respect to Mr. Glück, suggest that the *literal* form, the discovery of which is the great object of his work, is less important than the meaning. We find in dealing with the Scotch Highlanders, that no matter how they mutilate a word by ignoring its true initials, &c., the meaning gives us the orthography. But it does not at all follow that the Roman orthography will give us the true Irish meaning. The meaning, however, if ascertained will give the orthography. *This* contains two things—the other contains but one. Again, in *Cæsar*, we have titles, not patronymics—the man is lost in the officer. Finally, the Celtic language cannot exist separately from the Celtic (that is, the Irish) orthography, because this orthography alone gives us the initial letter, without which we grope blindly through dictionaries and stumble from blunder to blunder, to flounder at last into an abyss of irretrievable mistake.

C. M. O'KEEFE.

BALLYNETTY.

1
 "I see them!" I cried out Sarsfield;
 "Two troops of Villiers' horse—
 I see their crescent helmet-tops
 Shine through the fern and gorse—
 And waggon after waggon,
 Strain up the broad green height—
 And half a score of ponderous guns,
 Loom up into the light.
 At the rock of Ballynetty,
 They halt and look around—
 They like the look of the castle-keep,
 And the velvet green-clad ground.
 And now they plant a sentinel—
 And another spurs amain,
 To the little ford of the golden bog†
 That ripples o'er the plain.
 The convoy, for the night, is Camped,
 Ay—for eternal night—
 My Lucan Horsemen, wait ye yet!
 We soon will test your might.

2
 "Tis time!—The moon will rise anon,
 Hush!—clank not spur or steel—

Lie close, thou gentle harvest moon,
 One hour—for Ireland's weal—
 Let some one seize the sentinel,
 That stands at the little ford—
 And get the *password*—If he strives:
 The dagger—or the sword!
 All right—he yields—push on—push on
 There's not a sound ahead—
 They sleep so near their Limerick Camp.
 They dream without a dread—
 Now, through the Cullen hamlet—on—
 Their picket nestles there—
 We must not fright the watching birds,
 We'll speak them smooth and fair—
 'The word?'—'the word is Sarsfield'!
 'All right;' staunch friends—'good
 night'—
 And the Lucan horsemen rode away,
 Beyond the watch-fire's light.—

3
 Neath the walls of Ballynetty,
 The camp fires pine full low—
 And around their guns and powder-vans,
 Sleeps sound the wearied foe—

* "Pliny, Livy, Virgil—the renowned writers of upper Italy—as well as the Veronian poet Catullus—all bear Celtic names."

† So called, from a golden crown being found there, and gorgets of gold—and some gold-handled swords, &c. &c.

They dream within the castle walls—
 They crouch on the soft sward—
 The steed beside his rider, grim,
 The slave beside his lord—
 The moon glides out to view them, now,
 And gilds their dew-damped mail—
 And glints and gleams on the helmeted troop
 That steals up from the vale—
 "Who's there?" cried out a sentinel;
 "The password? or you die!"
Then forth spurred Patrick Sarsfield,
Before the broad-mooned sky!

4

"*Sarsfield's the word! and Sarsfield's the*
man!" [swarm,
 Then, plunged on, that fierce iron
 Five hundred bright falchions shot out
 from their sheaths,
 The lightnings of wild battle-storm—
 Charge!—charge! Lucan horse—
 Charge!—charge! for the land!
 "For your king! for the glory of war!"
And Sarsfield rode first, with a red
flashing brand,
 Of leaders and warriors—the star!
 In their fierce onward course,
 Down, went man and horse! [the sky!
 Whilst their shouts rent the clouds of
 And, as down sunk each crest,
 With the steel at their breast,
 And the fierce challenge "yield ye or die!"
 How the helms rolled around,
 On the blurred grassy ground! [night—
 And the ringing shots flickered the
 And the wounded steeds fled, crushing
 living and dead, [flight,
 In the bounds of their wild headlong
 Charge! charge! horse and brand!
 Charge! charge! for the land!
 For your king! for the glory of war!
 'Twas a slaughter and rout,
 Before *Sarsfield's* fierce shout,
 Of leaders and warriors—the star!

5

Now, back to Ballynetty.
 The Irish troops returned;
 The dead were strewn about in heaps—
 The weak fires dimly burned—
 And they broached some casks of powder,
 And crammed the cannons home—
 Then crushed their iron mouths deep down,
 Into the yielding loam!—
 Then powder-casks and waggons,
 They heaped in close array—
 Until a goodly mound they raised,
 Upon the corse-strewn way—
 And heaped were chests of treasure,
 Of which none knew, or cared,
 For, all the Saxon chattels,
 One equal fortune shared!—

Whilst there, mid the black powder,
 The convoy-baggage stood,
 The gallant Sarsfield cried aloud,
 In glad exultant mood—
 "Farewell to the English cannon
 In haste to Limerick town!
 The strangled guns—they meant, so well,
 To rend our ramparts down!
 Men; set a train—and blow them up!
 We'll send them home again!
 Let William meet them in his way,
 From Ireland, on the main."

6

The train was laid—the conscious moon
 Flew from the watching sky,
 And hid behind the hill of Doon,
 In timid majesty:
 The castle's outline melted in
 The gathered gloom, 'the while—
 And the great heap beneath the walls—
 Like sacrificial pile—
 Seemed waiting but a Gheber's hand,
 And tingling silver bells,
 To show the God of light and fire,
 To all the silent dells—

7

The train was lit—a stream of fire,
 Hissed fiercely 'long the ground—
 Like a fiery serpent, hissed along.
 With undulating bound—
 Like an evil spirit, sped along,
 Winged for a home of flame—
 Until, into its destined haunt,
 Within the pile, it came—
 Then for an instant, all was still—
 Was still—and dark as death—
 And the living creatures—watchers, there,
 Held hard their burning breath:—
 Then—God!—the earth was one red blaze!
 The mountains, to their base,
 Trembled and shook, with horrid throes,
 And, from its rocky place,
 The great dark castle toppled o'er,
 And thro' the flame-lit sky,
 Just for an instant—huge dark things
 Plunged upwards, mountain-high!
 The '*Black Glen*' hid up in the hills,
 Where sun was never seen!
 Was, for the first time, lighted full
 Thro' gorge and deep ravine! [gold,
 The huge *Galteighs* seemed helmeted with
 Tho' piled so far away—
 And the red deer of *Aherlow*
 Sprung up as if 'twere day—
 The echoes thro' the *Keeper-Hills*,
 Boared wildly to the night—
 And wildly dashed the heather-birds
 Aloft, in scared affright!
 Then Sarsfield laughed aloud in scorn,
 And turning haughtily,

*"When Lanier halts here in the morn,
He has a sight to see ! !"*

* * * * *
8
Near the rock of Ballynetty,
And its reften crags and stones,

There's a little mound, they say, is formed
Of mouldering human bones :—
It stands, the lone memento
Of this episode of war—
And of *Sarsfield's* daring chivalry—
Of warriors—the star !

CAROLAN.

BERANGER.

"Le Peuple, c'est ma Muse," said Beranger—a sentence which, while it characterises his poetry, might be inscribed as his epitaph. What Shakspeare was to English life in the 16th century, and Scott to Scotland in the 19th, Beranger was to the life of revolutionary France. Indeed it would be impossible to find a better key to French nature generally, than his numerous songs, many of which might be cited as illustrating the generic principles which make the difference between the French and other people. But it is perhaps, as the poet of Napoleon that his fame will last longest. The songs he has written to glorify the great conqueror's career, are the finest efforts of his genius. It is sufficient to mention *The Old Flag—The Old Sergeant—The Fifth of May—to show the various methods adopted in treating this one pervading theme of his latter life ; but superior to the above, and indeed to any one of his songs, is that entitled Recollections of the People. An old grandame is represented telling the children collected round her of an evening, the different occasions on which she had seen the Great Man ; and it is notable, that in this, as well as in the many other songs which have Napoleon for a subject, the name of the national idol is never once mentioned, though he is described in touches which are photographic in their accuracy. "My children," she says, "through this town, a long time ago he passed with an escort of kings ; he had on the little hat, and the grey redingote ; he said to me, "good day my dear, good day my dear"—and the children repeat, "what ! he has spoken to you then, grandmother—He has spoken to you." She speaks of having seen him in Paris—at Notre Dame, in the grand days when all the people were happy. His smile, she says, was very sweet The children hanging on each other say, "What brave days for you, grandmother, what brave days for you." But, she continues—*

But when the poor old Motherland,
To strangers fell a prey—
Then, braving every danger,
He seemed her only stay.
And just as now, one evening,
I heard at my frail gate
A knock—Oh ! God ! 'twas he himself,
With scanty guard or state—
He sat down there and gently sighed,
"Oh ! quelle guerre ! guerre !"

"What ! did he sit near you, Granny ?
What ! Granny, in your chair ?"
I hunger, said he, and at once,
I served poor wine and bread—
He dried his clothes before the fire,
Then, sleeping, bent his head—
But waking up, he saw my tears—
"Good dame—Bonne esperance !
I go, in face of every fate,
To strike a blow for France."

He went—and on the glass he used,
Such value I have set—
I have it still; “You have it? Granny,
What! have it? Granny—yet?”

Behold it!—but this hero felt
Into the fated wile—
He whom a holy Pope had crowned,
Lies dead in a lone isle,

Longtime, and none believed it true—
But said, he will appear
Across the sea, and shew the foe,
His master is still here;—
But when our sad mistake we found,
My grief was hard to bear.
“Poor Granny—God will help your woe,
Will bless you, Granny dear.”

The Poet of the French nation had lived through all the great latter periods of their history of which they are so proud, in connection with which they have so many memories of glory and sorrow. As a child, he had heard the cry “Aux Armes!” and seen the furious revolutionists of Paris rushing to destroy the Bastille. His ear had thrilled with the wild anthem of the Marseillaise, sung alike by victor and victim, during the continuance of that Drama of Terror—that Tragedy of Kings and People. At first regarding the colossal despotism of the empire with the jealous eye of the Republican, he, like the rest of his countrymen, became at length so dazzled by its splendour, that he set himself apart to sing of its great events and its great man, in verses which will last as long as the memory of either. In 1814, he sung the people to battle; in 1815, he mourned over the defeat of Waterloo. Later still, he became the satirist of the Restoration and the Emigres, who in the words of Napoleon had learned nothing and forgot nothing. From the period Louis Philippe ascended the throne, he published little, but his latter days were spent in composing a number of Epic hymns on the great Imperial era of France. We can well believe the report respecting these labours of his vigorous age—that they are his masterpieces; for the theme which they are designed to glorify, had become his passion, and he brought the varied artistic experience of his life to his work.

His death and burial is too fresh in the public mind, to require any notice at our hands. He, who more than any of his contemporaries had lived an heroic literary life, ever calling for the rights of the people, while he sung of their joys, glories, and sorrows; a man who could neither be bought or terrified; who, while labouring for the nation's independence, had suffered all things to preserve his own, careless alike of the flatterers and bribes of government, sunk into his last sleep cheered and sustained by the Catholic faith, in which he was born. He was buried next the grave of his friend, the Tribune Manuel, in the Pere la Chaise; long may the European pilgrim cast his votive wreath upon that tomb, where the bay leaves of the citizen-crown mingle with Anacreontic roses and Imperial laurels.

FELLOW FEELING,

A fellow feeling makes us nondrous kind.

It is now some years since the march of some troops in India, composed of two companies of the 57th regiment, (now again in India,)

and a regiment of Sepoys, to aid the Zemindar placed in authority over one of the hill tribes, to exact the taxes levied so unscrupulously. On the march the Europeans suffered dreadfully from heat and thirst. The road was dotted with men, as if from the effect of a fusilade. At length on approaching a well, the sight of which might have been expected to restore order, the consequence was the very opposite. A scene of the most fearful strife and confusion arose, the strong trampled on the weak, weapons were drawn and wounds inflicted, so eager were the European soldiers to reach the water. No tie of discipline or martial fellowship was of avail in view of this terrible, *though unopposed march*, under an Indian sun, and the privations consequent on it.

The person who told me this circumstance, and who was a soldier of the 57th, was lying in the last stage of distress, and as he believed, dying. The present was fast fading from his sight, and his thoughts had flown back to the scenes of his youth; and to his fast failing consciousness, the ripple of his native Suir played in his ear. Home-thoughts crowded on him, he recollected the rural chapel, and his former friends, and the good priest; and as the vision passed, for the first time, for years, nearly since the village boy in his rude chivalry became a soldier, did he mark the blessed symbol of salvation upon his forehead and upon his heart. Scarce was the sacred sign made, when a Sepoy sprang forward, and raising his head from the earth rested it on his bosom. "Here, Sahib, drink," exclaimed the Sepoy, giving him his canteen, which contained an abundant supply of the coveted element, and he did not desist from his charitable labours, till my informant was able to take his place again in the ranks.

This conduct, so different from what might have been expected from a Hindoo, whose prejudices would have prevented him permitting one not of his caste to drink from his canteen, induced the grateful European to make some inquiries as to why his conduct had been so different from that of his fellow Sepoys, who had stood by looking on quite coolly at the horrible scene at the well. The result of his enquiries was, that he found that the Indian Samaritan was a Christian of St. Thomas, who were a thriving and increasing community previous to the English occupation of India, and that seeing an English soldier making that sign, at once called up all the better feelings of his nature, as it likewise did of him who made it, for, from that day no barrack room sneer could prevent him doing so.

THE INFIDEL FREDERICK THE GREAT REBUKED BY A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Of the various rebuffs experienced by Frederick, the severest was that administered to him by General Ziethen, one of his bravest and most devoted officers who was so great a favorite that when the king, in his latter years, came only occasionally to Berlin, his old companion

in arms had the honour of a personal visit at his house in the Koch Strasse. Having been invited to the king's table on Good Friday, the old general excused himself, as he was in the habit of taking the sacrament on that day, and passing the remainder of it in religious meditation. When Ziethen next dined at the royal table at Sans Souci, the king said, "well, how did the sacrament on Good Friday agree with you? Have you," &c. &c.?^{*} This question was followed by the hilarity of the company, but Ziethen shook his hoary head, and rising, addressed the king as follows:—"Your majesty knows that in war I have never feared any danger, and that wherever it was required, I have resolutely risked my life for you and for the country; this feeling still animates me: and if it is of any use, and you command it, I will obediently lay my head at your feet, but there is One above us who is more than you or I, more than all men—the Saviour and Redeemer of the world, who has dearly purchased salvation for us with His blood. That holy Saviour I cannot allow to be ridiculed, for in Him rests my faith, my trust and my hope in life and death. In the strength of this faith your brave army has courageously fought and conquered; if your majesty undermines it, you undermine at the same time the welfare of the State. This is a true saying indeed. May it please your majesty to excuse my freedom." A death-like silence prevailed; the king with evident emotion, offered the general his right hand, and said, "happy Ziethen, I wish I could believe like you; hold fast to your faith, it shall be done no more."

Edinburgh Review, No. 212.

O'MORE'S LAMENT.

"Whilst James Fitzmaurice was seeking aid abroad against Queen Elizabeth of England, Roderick O'More and O'Connor Faly were striving against the tyranny of her ministers at home. Roderick, whose territory of Leix had been confiscated in Mary's reign, recovered it by his bravery, and held it till his death. Once, having taken refuge in a wood with his wife and a few followers, his retreat was betrayed to the enemy, who beset the refugees to the number of 200. Roderick escaped, but his wife and an aged relative were stabbed by the English."

My Maureen oge!—and can it be
They wreaked their fierce revenge on thee?
Sure demons from the depths below
Had spared so fair, so sweet a foe.
Oh, who could see the tears bedew
Those supplicating eyes of blue,
Could hear thy gentle prayer for ruth
Yet slay thee in thy lovely youth?

They tell me that thy heart is cold
That throbbed so, when we parted then,
And that these arms may never fold
My darling in their clasp again.

They say beneath the forest shade
Thy pale and bleeding form is laid,
Where moaning winds alone may knell
The dirge of her I loved so well.

^{*} The sentence is too blasphemous to print.

Oh! would thy death had been my own
That should have stayed to guard my
love,
The cowards found the eagle flown,
And so they slew the trembling dove.

Alas, alas! how earnestly
I struggled with thy pray'r to fly,
Until, when burning words had failed,
Those tears I could not bear, prevailed.

She said, "I know thy valiant race,
I know that thou would'st stand at bay,
And never, never, ask for grace,
Although thy life blood ebb'd away.
Vain, vain it were for thee and thine
Such fierce unequal strife to dare—
Oh fly for Eire's sake and mine!
My soul shall follow thee in prayer.
They will not harm thy lonely wife,
For warriors have the hearts of men,
And soon in hope, and health, and life,
Believe me, we shall meet again."

'Twas thus the tearful pleader won,
I did what I had never done,
And like a coward fled away,
As willing to escape the fray.

Yet do I swear, (and those that know
O'More, will own he never fears,)

I longed to give them blow for blow,
Aye, tho' I fell beneath their spears!

And if I left at last thy side,
'Twas for thy sake, my murdered bride!
I deemed thee safe within thy glen:
Have warriors not the hearts of men?

I knew that whatsoe'er my wrath,
What e'er my hate of *him* might be,
If foeman's bride had crossed my path,
She were a sacred charge to me;
But he who shall again rely
Upon the Saxon's manly pride,
Deserves to see his chosen die,
Transfixed with spears, as Maureen died.

The past is changeless, grief shall wring
Drops from this mourning heart no more
Henceforth, when memory shall bring
To me the form thy spirit bore,
'Twill nerve my soul and nerve my arms
Against these robbers from the sea;
They had no pity for thy charms,
None shall they have from mine or me.
No, by the faith of an O'More,
Before my righteous strife shall cease,
I'll drive them from our island shore,
Or they shall find their graves in Leix.
ET HNC.

SHELLEY IN IRELAND.

Shelley betook himself to Cork, and after visiting the Lakes of Killybegs, where he was enchanted with the arbutus-covered islands that stud them—lakes, he used to say, more beautiful than those of Switzerland or Italy—came to Dublin. Ireland was then, as ever, in a disturbed condition, and with an enthusiasm for liberty, and sympathy for the sufferings of that misgoverned people, whose wretched cabins and miserable fare, . . . he had beheld with pity, . . . it was natural that he should take a lively interest in bettering their condition. He attended some public meetings where he displayed that eloquence for which he was remarkable. . . . Nor did he confine himself to speeches. In a letter dated from No. 17 Grafton street, of the date of the 10th March, 1812, he says, "I am now engaged with a literary friend in the publication of a voluminous history of Ireland, of which 250 pages are already printed, and for the completion of which I wish to raise £250; I could obtain undeniable security for its payment at the expiration of 18 months. Can you tell me how I ought to proceed?" . . . The History of Ireland was abandoned for a pamphlet on the state of the country, which he sent me. It was rather a book than a pamphlet . . . abound-

ing in splendid passages. . . . In a letter he says, "the great thing to do is to hold the balance between popular impatience, and tyrannical obstinacy, and inculcate with fervour, both the right of resistance, and the duty of forbearance."—*Medwin's Life of Shelley*.

THE PEASANTRY.

Many a bitter word has been spoken of Ireland by friend and foe. But a more stinging taunt we do not remember (considering the man and the occasion) than that uttered by WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN, in replying to an address of welcome, presented to him on his return to his home. "I left Ireland," said Mr. O'BRIEN, "convinced of her right to self-government. The vast majority of my countrymen appeared to share in that conviction. But now, the people seem satisfied with their present rulers. It is my duty to submit to what appears to be the general sentiment; but my own opinions remain unaltered." This dignified rebuke, so characteristic of the man—spoken more in sorrow than in anger—made a deep impression on us. We take the first opportunity that has been afforded us of offering a word of comment upon it; particularly, as the liberal Press took no notice of it at the time. Those words of the indomitable patriot ought to have shot a pang to the heart of a country. So far as the respectable classes, and certain noisy agitators were concerned, they were deserved. But is it true, that, during the absence of their leaders, the *People* did indeed bow down before the golden calf? We believe it is not true; of our limited district, at all events, we can speak with authority; and we see no reason why the rest of Ireland should differ from this particular locality. We have lived amongst the peasantry, joined in their sports, sate by their fireside, listened to song, and story, proverb and prophecy,—till every pulse of their hearts has been familiar to us; and we do state deliberately—and would willingly stake our life, on the truth of the assertion—that the Irish peasant's hatred of the "*Sasannach*" is as hot at this hour, as it has been at any time, since the first Norman planted his iron heel upon our soil. We could mention facts that would place this beyond cavil, but which, for the present, we think it more prudent to withhold.

Our advance upon "the Right Road," during some years back, has been but slow; yet we have advanced. One thing, at least, we are sure of—we have not retrograded.

J.

A NATION'S TEAR AND PRAYER.

Suggested by the writer having seen a person kneeling before the tomb of O'Connell.

1
There knelt before O'Connell's tomb,
A sad and lovely maid
A tear rolled hotly down her cheek,
And earnestly she prayed.
For, fondly, to that honoured tomb,
To her so sadly dear,
A sacred tribute she had brought :
The tribute of a tear.

2
But not alone a heart-drawn tear
Did Erin bring her there
Oh no! she brought what's holier still,
The tribute of a prayer.
3
O'er many, do the great on earth,
Gilt marble trophies rear ;
But few are those who win the meed
Of a nation's tear and prayer.

GERALD.

GOVERNMENT AND TAXES.

Every citizen should understand the workings of the government under which he lives, and which rules his destinies, and the destinies of his country. He ought to comprehend how that government is maintained, and should know as thoroughly as he would know the accounts of a large joint stock company, in which he may happen to be a shareholder, the income, and the expenditure of that income, and the whole workings of the system which involves, to the deepest extent, the comforts and prosperity of himself and his family.

Taking this view of the subject, we mean, from to time, to glean for our countrymen, out of "blue books" and political manuals, the information necessary for our purpose, and to place it, in the simplest and least complicated manner possible, before our Irish readers.

To-day we print a few extracts of a general character, and which will make a foundation for future work. In these extracts we will confine ourselves to a single enumeration of England's income and expenditure for the year ending the 31st of March, 1856.

Within that year England's income was seventy millions, five hundred and fifty-two thousand, one hundred and forty-five pounds sterling.

Her expenditure for the same period was ninety-four millions, two hundred and twenty-four thousand and forty-one pounds sterling, leaving a difference and a deficiency of some twenty-three millions of pounds.

The particulars of the taxes, and of the expenditure, with suitable remarks, shall constitute matter for our next number.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

"INDICATOR's" letter has been received. Several other correspondents have written to the same effect, complaining that the "Celt" is not to be had at the Railway stations. The fault is not ours; an Englishman rents the right of having his book stalls exclusively at each terminus, and he, with what we must conclude to be a thorough Saxon hatred of everything Irish, peremptorily refuses to *permit* the Celt to be sold in the Irish railway stalls! Thus it is that things have arrived at such a pass in Ireland, that *this man* will dictate to Irish travellers what they will read, and that they shall not have an option of their own or a power of selection beyond the wretched English novelettes and Saxon and anti-Irish and anti-Catholic scribblings which abound for the hurried traveller, who finding no better must read according to this Caterer's high sense and appreciation of the limits necessary to control an Irishman's intellect. We mean upon a future occasion, when we shall have learned something more of this *little great man*, to return to the subject and to him, and we promise him he shall remember the Celt, and his conduct towards a large portion of its readers, who are railway travellers.

The Memoirs of the Irish Celebrities are in preparation.

The Tales are before the Committee.

The earlier numbers of the CELT, and the first Monthly Part, are out of print.

"OLLAM."—Declined. "O'LEARY's" hint will be turned to account.

"OSSIAN."—Under consideration.

"CLONMEL."—Agents must be punctual in settling their Monthly Accounts, as the Celt will not be sent to those who get into arrears.

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Country Orders for each ensuing Saturday's number must be on the previous Wednesday with the Publisher.

The Celt.

"THE WISE MAN GATHERETH KNOWLEDGE, AND RULETH HIS OWN HOUSE."—*Old Celtic Proverb.*

No. 12, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1857. [ONE PENNY.

IRELAND'S TEMPTATIONS AND VICES.

(Continued from page 146.)

Of two criminals, the tempter and the tempted, we have always considered the villain who buys, as far worse than the debased wretch whose necessities, it may be, made him a thing on sale. The one has become debased from all manhood and principle for the gratification of grovelling appetites; the other, the buyer, the briber is rather elevated above the mass, an elevation like that of Satan, great for evil purposes, powerful in the direction of pulling down, influential as an ally recruiting for the ranks of shame and perdition! Alas! during a public career of some twenty years, how often have we witnessed the results which flow from the corrupting exercise of public patronage in Ireland. How many a young man full of promise—noble virtues just opening—talents and genius, that like a woman's beauty to a seducer, were but incentives for the briber to try his power, we have seen enter public life, the object of all eyes, the hope of honest hearts, and then the seducer came, and the youth of promise fell back out of the public gaze, like a dishonoured woman to rot in obscurity.

If there be, in the management of the government we live under, one curse deeper than another, it is the amount of patronage, in other words the immense power of bribery which is vested in the executive. The minister and his satellites walk out into a sort of public market and have money to buy, sweet-meats to exchange, smiles to beguile, promises for all men, food for all appetites. It is hard to escape them, the meshes of their nets entangle the feet and blind the eyes of the unwary, while ready baits are floating in the public waters, for all who hunger after pottage and food, and long for the false tinsels of life.

The first class in Ireland, her aristocracy, her titled heads, her landed owners, are the class which the minister buys at the smallest cost. They sell themselves for the merest baubles, the little empty honours of society, such as the levee, the royal smile, an occasional card to an English prince or duke's table. The mere society of their English superiors is all-sufficient to corrupt them and to wean them

away from the country of their birth. They live away out of Ireland, never see it unless at gale and rent seasons, and then see it in the presence of agents and rent warners, whose reports and returns constitute their whole knowledge of the people. They then return to England's capital, to there do the work of the minister, spending their income in the modern Babylon; and if Ireland be ever mentioned in their presence they grow lachrymose, and mourn, with a mock-virtuous indignation, over *her* crimes, *her* follies, and *her* superstitions. Their drawing-room tables are covered with books and pamphlets, detailing the *rapid* progress of Ireland's *new reformation*. They read everything which rebukes and defames the old land they regret to belong to. They talk of themselves always as "*English*," and never unnecessarily refer to Ireland. And in return for the smiles and society they win by this meanness, they exercise a little indirect patronage for nephews and cousins, and for loyal followers who canvass it through the agent and the patron of the Irish estate.

We know there are some exceptions, but we deplore to know that those exceptions are so few, as like all other exceptions, but to prove the rule, "That Ireland's Aristocracy are Anti-Irish in their hearts, and sell the best interests of their country for the smiles of England's court, and a small slice of indirect patronage."

The second class in Ireland, that of her representatives, are peculiarly in the way of these temptations, and fill the minister's net in shoals. They are indeed "his creeping things." The number of honest men amongst them are nearly as few as those in the class of the aristocracy. The great bulk are working for personal interests and walk upon the necks of their constituencies and of the people, up to power and wealth, with as little concern as a highwayman has for the feelings, opinions, or advantages of his victims upon the high road.

London society, the table of the minister, or even of a small Lord of the Treasury—is sufficient to corrupt some and to win them into ready tools for the worst purposes of power. Some of them are absolutely intoxicated by a bow from a member of the upper house, and an occasional card to a British aristocrat's table undoes the virtue of many a weak man, who drops quietly to fawn for his term at the feet of the enslavers of his country.

But all are not so won, some need place and get it, some love hard cash and it comes at the bidding, while some, high-minded men, in their own estimation, will not take place or money, but become the channel of patronage for distant relatives, nephews, and wives' brothers and dear friends, and patronage is poured in by the minister to follow through this foul M.P. sewer extending corruption into an outer and larger circle, still, who in their turn wear the British collar round their necks, emblematic of the British gold in their pockets, and are sold to England.—lost to Ireland.

To be continued.

RELICS OF OLD READINGS AND GOSSIPINGS.

No. 2.

VENGEANCE AND GRACE.—

(TWO SCENES IN '98).

We do not look back to '98, through any morbid love of depicting bloodshed or carnage, but because the themes heading this paper may be best elucidated by the traditional events which that year has left deeply imprinted upon the memories of our people—and because the circumstances connected with our first theme, are at this moment, nightly discussed and commented upon by the cheery fireside of many a southern peasant,

We have noted in another place, before now, that the spirit of disaffection, so very rife all over the island in '98, had spread widely into the ranks of the yeomanry, many of whom were sworn United Irishmen. And it is well known that several acts of merciless treachery and cold-blooded murder were happily prevented by their seasonable intervention.

Amongst those in the south of Ireland who thus enlisted under the double banner, were two yeomen named Mansergh and Uniacke—these men took the oath of fidelity—made themselves very officious—were never absent from any of the secret meetings of the society—and were, on all hands, looked upon to be faithful and useful members, both as agents and councillors—and yet, a short time had only transpired when it was discovered that they were nothing better than hired spies, and that whilst they sat at the board of their confiding friends and associates, they were deliberately taking a list of their names and places of abode, to deliver them up without mercy or remorse into the hands of the unsparing enemy.

This terrible discovery took the council of United Irishmen by surprise—but nevertheless the question of the guilt or innocence of the accused was calmly and closely investigated in their absence, until such proofs were produced as rendered all doubts upon the subject of their infamous intentions as patent as the noon-day. This done—a quick and decisive judgment rapidly followed, and the two detected traitors and informers were unanimously condemned to death. It was next decided by lot, who were to be the executioners of the sentence, and the lot fell upon two brothers named Hynes—who, forthwith, were dispatched upon their errand of blood.

Mansergh and Uniacke were drinking at a public house late one evening upon the day of their destined fate, and just when they were about to leave and return home, the two Hynes rushed in and seizing them, half mauling as they were, accused them of their guilt and perfidy to the society to which they had so solemnly sworn faith and fraternity—and receiving no denial, flung them violently upon the floor, and whilst one brother held the candle, the other deliberately

shot the two unfortunate traitors to death. Leaving their victims weltering in their blood, the two Hynes speedily made their escape and took to the open country; but the alarm of the double murder spread like wildfire, and the fugitives were almost instantly pursued; the chase was fast and furious, and the mounted yeomen very soon gained ground upon them; one brother lagged a little behind, and him they first overtook, and one furious sabre-blow chopped off his left arm, but the man was not conquered so easily; he betook himself to an open field, where lay a huge heap of unbroken stones, and there stood gallantly at bay, and whilst his severed stump bled thickly and profusely, he flung the heavy missiles with his remaining hand, so truly and so fiercely that he speedily unhorsed five of his antagonists; but all his bravery was of no avail, he was, at last, effectually surrounded, and nearly hacked to death.

The yeomen then spurred on in pursuit of the other brother, who, in the meantime, had made considerable way in advance, and after long and hard riding, he was, in turn, surrounded and captured. The prisoners were at once conducted to Clonmel and safely lodged in the prison of that town. As a matter of course, the trial of the two brothers followed almost immediately their capture, and as a matter of equally usual occurrence, their condemnation was the immediate result.

They were condemned to be hanged and quartered. The wounded man was all but dead when he reached the gallows-tree, but his brother addressed the people, before the hangman performed his horrid office.

"I did the murder—countrymen"—he said aloud;—"I am guilty of the death of Mansergh and Uniacke—but they intended to take *fifty* lives away—my brother and I now willingly give our lives to save them."

Subsequent events, however, plainly shewed that the sacrifice so readily made by those two men, would not have saved the fifty victims so coldly devoted to certain destruction, were it not that a member of the Yeomanry Corps, and one, too, of an opposite religious creed, who examined the bodies of Mansergh and Uniacke on the night of their murder, found the list of the fifty proscribed men, and silently and most humanely committed it to the flames. But to return to the execution—when the law had done its worst, and the two unfortunate brothers were hanged until they were dead—their bodies were taken down—and then commenced the savage and brutal act of *QUARTERING* them.—

Their poor old mother was in the crowd—she had witnessed their execution—an hundred sympathising voices lauded their heroic devotion into her ears—"the brave boys who saved fifty fathers to their families."—"The blessings and the prayers of the whole country were with them and for them," "their names were bright; they died without a mark or a brand;" "they were stags and informers who fell beneath their hands."

Such commendations and assurances staid up the poor old creature, whilst her unfortunate children were being ruthlessly strangled before her eyes—but when the infamous minister of the law commenced to cut up their fair white bodies with his bloody knife—the mother's mind gave way—her poor old glaring incredulous eyes, which for a moment, were fixed upon the horrid scene before her, by a hideous fascination—kept looking on—kept looking on—but the blood rushed back to her heart—and with a face as white as death, and a burning brain bewildered and astray, she burst out into a long, low, and piteous *Caoine*, which was heard painfully and plain from one end of the vast concourse of people to the other—for a deathlike stillness pervaded the whole mass—as the querulous and plaintive notes of the mourner, now high in fearful anguish—now low in intense despair, struck terror into their responsive bosoms. The wretched old Mother's long, lean and withered arms were stretched forth their full length towards the objects of her soul's passion, whilst she uttered her harrowing lament :

“*A fíir ud a nian na féola,
Cairt cúgamra rpóla,
’So z-cuirfead an mo cōrma,
’S ’so nētíob mo do cúin,
De’n laoc ud do cōiḡear.*”*

Sometime after these sanguinary events, one of the Yeomen who was engaged in the capture of the Brothers Hynes, was boasting of his exploit before a number of men on the fair day, when a huge stalworth individual of the respectable farming class, stepped up, and fiercely confronting the swaggerer, exclaimed, “that matter is not to be boasted of—neighbour—nor is the memory of the poor Hyneses to be scoffed at by a scoundrel like you—do you mind.”—

“Ha! O’Mahony! is it you? why, if report be true, you yourself are as big a rebel as your dead friends—if we could only catch you in the fact”—

O’Mahony sprang towards the speaker—and struck him a downward blow with the back of his clenched fist on the mouth, which disfigured the man for life.—

It may be wondered at why a loyal man, like the wounded Yeoman, put up with this merciless castigation without any attempt at reprisals, as he really did; but the reason was simply as follows:—

The O’Mahonys were one of the most powerful clans in the country, and this fact, coupled with the gigantic proportions of the father and sons, and their well-known daring and intrepidity, rendered it a matter of very serious risk to meddle with them at all, unless there was a positive certainty of being able to exterminate them root and branch.

There is a story still extant about the elder O’Mahony and the Earl

* This is but a single stanza of the wild *Caoine* still well known to many of the old people in Tipperary.

of Kingston, the grandfather of the present earl, which will just serve as a slight specimen of the undaunted chivalry and adventurous spirit of this brave Irish sept. It appears that the old earl, besides being a grim and revengeful knight, was a man of dissolute habits, and loose and libidinous character.

On one occasion he brought a favorite courtesan to reside upon his estate, and fearing lest his lady-wife might discover the propinquity of her new rival, he built a pretty cottage for her sojourn, which could be only approached by a narrow bridge; now it so happened that when this bridge was just finished, O'Mahony was passing that way, and asked the workmen by whose order they dared to erect such an edifice, and plant one half of it upon his land. "The Earl of Kingston," replied the men boldly; O'Mahony seized a crowbar from one of them, and in a trice levelled the whole structure to the earth. "Now," said he, turning to the alarmed labourers, "go tell the wolf of the Galtees that he shall not build upon O'Mahony's land without first asking his permission." The exasperated earl vowed revenge for this piece of hostile daring, and the keen watchfulness of his staunch yeomanry soon gave him an opportunity of carrying out his threats to his rival's discomfiture.

It happened in this way:—O'Mahony's son was long suspected to be an active emissary of the United Irishmen. It was currently reported that he rode frequently night and day to transmit dispatches and directions for them to different parts of the country, and that he was the great and principal depository of all their plans and secrets. Acting upon these hints, the young O'Mahony was well and sedulously looked after, and on one eventful night was so slyly dogged and swiftly followed, that he had barely time to stable his horse and glide into his father's house when the enemy was at his heels. The fugitive took a glance at them from one of the front windows, they had unlatched the stable-door, which he had not had time to lock, and brought out his jaded horse into the yard; the animal of course bore all the appearance of long and recent travel, and this alone was considered as sufficient grounds to warrant the strong body of armed men now assembled to arrest their victim. O'Mahony's father, as well as many of his men were away from home at a fair, so that all chance of resistance was out of the question, particularly as the yeomen threatened to fire the whole premises if their victim did not forthwith surrender.

He was taken into custody accordingly, and marched instantly for greater security to Cork City. In the meantime the elder O'Mahony returned, but only in time to find that the Galtee wolf had made good his threat, and that his brave son was fully in the hands and at the mercy of the enemy.

The trial of young O'Mahony was, of course, a mere matter of form, for before his committal he was for a long time more than suspected of treasonable designs against his majesty the king; he was, therefore, put at the bar—arraigned and found guilty. A day for his execution

was named, it was a very early one, and the vindictive earl had interest enough to have Mitchelstown, the prisoner's birthplace, appointed to be the theatre of the sad ordeal. And not even satisfied with this cruel aggravation, he proceeded on the day previous to that appointed for the bloody scene, to taunt the disconsolate father with the horrid bereavement he was about to undergo. Yes: attended by a strong body of yeomanry, he called at O'Mahony's house, and told him to procure forthwith another name in his lease instead of that of his doomed boy, whose life ended it. "If you do not," sneered this lover of vengeance, "you will not be only sonless but landless."

"Go away!" retorted O'Mahony, gloomily, "my son is not dead yet. Go away—or it may be worse for you." "The name!—O'Mahony," laughed the earl scornfully; "the name! or you will be beggar and rebel in another day." "My son is not dead yet, wolf, and if he does die, I'll pull your skin over your ears, before I follow him." But this threat only served to make the so-called wolf howl the louder, as he turned away, and commanded his armed yeomanry to follow him.

Two events occurred that night—events of great import:—*The Earl of Kingston was summoned suddenly before the throne of his Maker! and Cork jail was broken open and young O'Mahony hurried off to France.*

This concludes our gossiping on the theme of VENGEANCE—we will now turn to the much more congenial one of GRACE.

ԵՕՏԻԱՆ Օ'ԿՈՆՆԱՅԻԼԻԹԵ, (ԱՊՐԻ ԶԻ.Յ.Յ.), ԸԸԴ.

Ար ԵՕՏԻԱ (․1. Election) Փօմոնալլ Այ Կոննալլ յա Ինքն Քէյր (․1. Parliament) րա յ-Ելիզաբ 1828, ա ինքն Ե-Տյոմսոն, և Յ-Կոնտէ րքէյր-Յլան ա Շլայր.

I.

Ա լիցր Ըյն-Ըօն, րա ինքն յա ինքն Եյն,
 Պար մեյն ին յա րքոլտ-րա Ե'փօյն յին Յօ Եօնաճ;
 Յլէարայ Յն յ-Փն-Երսլի Եօն, Եյն Եօնաճ,
 'Տ մէար-րքնէաճ յա յօլտ Յօ րօյն-Յլի, րին-Եօնա—
 Տրէնաճ Յն Եարն ա յար Ե յ-Պար,
 Ան Են-րօ յա Յարճ յա Յարն ա Շլայր,
 Պ'քայ Յեր Զար Յարն Եօն Եարն Եյն յար յար,
 'Տ Փոմոնալլ Օ'Կոննալլ Եօն Եարն և Ե-րքնիլոճ,
 'Տ րօրտ յա Եարն ա Յ Տլի յի Յարն!

II.

Եր Եարն յար Ե'փօլ յարն և Ե'փօյն Եյն յա Յ-Են Յ-Են,
 Նա Յ Եարն Են, Եարն Են յի յա Յլի;
 Ա յ-Եարն յա յօն, յա և յօն Եարն Են,
 Ա յ-Եարն յա յօն-Յն, յա Յ րօրտ յա Յլի.
 Ա յօն Եարն Են Եարն Եարն յա Ե-Ելի,
 Նօ Յ յարն յա յ-Եարն յա Են յարն,
 Ան Ե-Եարն յար Փոմոնալլ և յ-Են յարն րա յ-Ելի,
 Ա Եարն և Եարն յա Տլի յի Յարն!

III.

Jr eifeactac, eolac, cair, treonac, caom, treiteac,
 Jr reim, rultmar, rōgmui, bleact, beoda, binn, beapac
 Zan leana, zan leona, zan rñol, zan teimjol beime,
 Zan cleit-clir, zan cñó-lit, zan cló-cñioñ, zan claoncur,
 An Beit mliir, maireamui, banamui, blaie
 Fuair caommar ir canbar flaia cñit Faíl!
 Ta 'n-zeibionn le realad az Gallaiñ faoi éair.
 'S nar ceapad le mōn-cñuit na z-comactaiñ aon deaz-geir.
 Com caiteñomac rñōz leat-ra, a Sile nī Shadna!

IV.

Cā fada treit Bōzair fa bñōn a z-cñioē Fheiblim,
 Zan fearañ, zan fōira, zan rōz, zan ruim fēada,
 Fa éaricuirne air fēōcan zan zleo, zan zñioñ-laocuir
 A n-zlairaib az cōbaiz car, dñeoitce, buide, an bēaplad
 Zan clēine, zan cealla, zan fearañ, zan fāl,
 Zan Fēinne, zan fearca, zan cabair, zan cair.
 Zan feile, zan fneardal, zan caraiñ, zan cair,
 'S zac murraime tuata dñ cñuirne cñi-ferdmñ
 A n-ionad a nūacair az Sile nī Shadna!

V.

A raon-clanna cñōda, dñ cñir cñor ir cñimñ
 Na h-Elionn! zan cñōnuiñ car mōn-cñiñ da n-ēilionn,
 Teairnaiñ zo flōgmair a z-clōd-caom le cñile,
 Ir maobaiz zac fōn-bliñ dñ bñeōdaiz Zaoibñ le treimñe!
 Eibim rñb na fcaadaiz, 'r na caraiñ zo bñac,
 Zo laize rñb fcalañ na n-Gallaiñ air lan!
 Bñoc eibñic na nearmuile az fearaōoin Faíl!
 'S ar zairñd da mñcñiñ zñ b'aoibñ an naðapc lññ
 An airñoc a raoinñe az Sile nī Shadna!!

TRANSLATION.

Address to the Irish, after O'Connell's election for Clare of the clear sky, 1828. Ireland is impersonified under the name of Sile ni Gadhra, which, if we are to write gibberish, to enable some of our readers to pronounce, we must do so thus, "*Sheela nee Guira*." Really it is time for the inhabitants of Ireland to learn Irish.

I.

Ye bards of Kincora! brave children of Eibir!
 If sweet be these tidings, hence famous for ever,
 O! grasp your tall harps, the soft-ringing, the golden,
 And waking the measures of poet-bards olden,
 The gladness and hopes of green Erin declare!
 Give praise to the dauntless up-rising of Clare,
 For Vesey Fitzgerald contumely must bear;
 While crown'd are O'Connell's high worth and desire, a
 Member he weds with bright Sile ni Gadhra!

* Pronounced "Eivir"—this name is mostly written Heber, by Anglo-Irish historians.

II.

No chief of the hosts of brave Cairbrè the royal,
 Of Con na ccéud cath, § who his foes did destroy all,
 Of Crimson-branch heroes, of princely Emanians,
 In Tara of great deeds—in ranks of the Fenians—
 Could equal O'Connell in pleading the right !
 Ne'er came of the warriors of Cashel a knight,
 Of those, who at Achruim,* grew red in the fight,
 Than ~~he~~ more undaunted 'mid torrents of ire, a
 Beseeching the favours of Sile ni Gadhra.

III.

O ! joyous and generous, gentle, and cheering,
 O ! mildest and meekest, yet loreful, endearing,
 That faultless, that free-hearted, frank-minded Maiden,
 With stain, sore of sorrow, or scathe never laden,
 The blooming, the beauteous delight of us all,
 The loved of the chieftains of fair Innisfáil !
 Tho' pining awhile in the fetters of Gall, †
 Ne'er form'd the Almighty on lowland or higher, a
 A fairer than thou art, my Sile ni Gadhra !

IV.

'Neath sorrow in Feilim's lapd, Eogan's ‡ descendants,
 Have long lacked their rights and their warlike attendants,
 Have droop'd in contempt, without great deeds or battle,
 Enthral'd by the vile, musty clown-herds of cattle.
 Without churches or clergy, wood-land, or fold,
 Without Fenians, or freedom, succour, or gold,
 All homeless, all hopeless—their friends in the mould ;
 While slavish plebeians and vassals on hire, a
 Betrothal might claim from our Sile ni Gadhra !

V.

But now ye FREE-HEARTED ! renown'd for your bravery,
 Await not from foreign aid, freedom from slavery ;
 But marshall your masses, and crushing feuds under,
 The foul laws that chain'd you, rend, rend them asunder !
 O ! lose not an hour, in repose or complaint,
 Till bursting the Sacanach's wrongful restraint,
 Ye clear from our mother-land's fame the vile taint—
 Then, O ! what a joy ! what a sight to admire, a
 Returning of FREEDOM to Sile ni Gadhra ! !

ERIONNACH.

To the Editor of the Celt.

SIR—If the following paper (which has been in print for more than 150 years) should be thought worthy of being re-produced in the "Celt," as illustrating a portion of the famous *seventh* Chapter of the *Hibernia Dominicana*, it is quite at your service. I do not think it is generally known in Ireland that the first wife of James II., Anne Hyde, daughter of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, died a Catholic.

I remain, &c. K. O.

* Vulgè Anghrim. † Gall, strangers, Englishmen. ‡ pronounced Owan, the chief referred to, is Eogan Mór, or Owan the Great. § Con, of the hundred battles.

THE CONVERSION AND DEATH OF ANNE HYDE, DUCHESS OF YORK.

The year (1671) * begins in mourning for the death of Anne, Duchess of York, the eldest daughter of Edward, Earl of Clarendon, late Lord Chancellor of England. After a growing corpulency that cast her into a long indisposition of health, she died in the 34th year of her age at the Palace of St. James, on Friday, March 31, between two and three in the afternoon; and on Wednesday, April 5, was interred in a large vault on the south side of King Henry VII's Chapel; her body being accompanied from the painted chamber in the palace at Westminster, (whither it was privately brought from St. James's) by his Highness Prince Rupert, who appeared as chief mourner, and by most of the nobility, who followed in order; their Majesties' and Royal Highnesses' servants, and several gentlemen and persons of quality preceding the corpse to the place of interment, with the solemnities usually practised on the like occasions.

The following very remarkable paper was written by her some few months before her death—it is quite conclusive as to her religious sentiments on the approach of that awful change.

It is reasonable to expect, that a person always bred up in the Church of England, and as well instructed in the doctrine of it, as the best divines and her capacity could make her, should be liable to many censures for leaving that, and making herself a member of the Roman Catholic Church, to which, I confess, I was one of the greatest enemies it ever had, that I rather chose to satisfy my friends by their reading this paper, than to have the trouble to answer all the questions that may be daily asked me. And first, I do protest, in the presence of Almighty God, that no person, man or woman, directly or indirectly, ever said any thing to me since I came into England, or used the least endeavour to make me change my religion—it is a blessing I wholly owe to Almighty God, and I hope the hearing of a prayer I daily made him ever since I was in France and Flanders; where, seeing the devotion of the Catholics, (though I had very little myself), I made it my continual request to Almighty God, that if I were not, I might before I died, be in the true religion. I did not in the least doubt but that I was so, and never had any scruple till November last (1669), when, reading a book called *The History of the Reformation*, by Doctor Heylin, which I had heard very much commended, and have been told, if ever I had any doubt of my religion, that would settle me, instead of which I found in it the description of the most horrid sacrileges in the world, and could find no reason why we left the Church, but for three the most abominable ones that were ever heard of among Christians. First, Henry VIII. renounces the Pope's authority, because he would not

* At this time and for many years after, the English commenced the civil year on the Feast of the Annunciation, (25th of March).

give him leave to part with his wife, and marry another in her lifetime. Secondly, Edward VI. was a child and governed by his uncle, who made his estate out of Church-lands. And then, Queen Elizabeth, being no lawful heiress to the crown, could have no way to keep it but by renouncing a Church that could never suffer so unlawful a thing to be done by one of her children. I confess, I cannot think the Holy Ghost could ever be in such councils; and it is very strange, that if the Bishops had no design, but (as they say) the restoring us to the doctrine of the primitive Church, they could never think upon it till Henry VIII. made the breach upon so unlawful a pretence. These scruples being raised, I began to consider of the differences between the Catholics and us, and examined them as well as I could by Holy Scripture, which, though I do not pretend to be able to understand, yet there are some things I found so easy, that I cannot but wonder I had been so long without finding them out—as, the *Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament*; the *Infallibility of the Church*; *Confession*, and *Praying for the Dead*. After this I spoke severally to two of the Bishops we have in England, who both told me there were many things in the Roman Catholic Church, which it were very much to be wished we had kept, as Confession, which was no doubt commanded by God—that praying for the dead was one of the ancient things in Christianity—that for their parts, they did it daily, though they would not own it. And afterwards, pressing one of them very much upon the other points, he told me—that if he had been bred a Catholic he would not change his religion; but that being of another Church (wherein he was sure there were all things necessary to salvation) he thought it very ill to give that scandal, as to leave the Church wherein he received his baptism. All these discourses did but add more to the desire I had to be a Catholic, and gave me the most terrible agonies in the world within myself. For all this, fearing to be rash in a matter of such weight, I did all I could to satisfy myself, made it my daily prayer to God to settle me in the right, and so went on Christmas Day to receive in the King's Chapel. After which, I was more troubled than ever, and could never be at quiet, till I had told my design to a Catholic, who brought a Priest to me, and that was the first I ever did converse with upon my word. The more I spoke to him, the more I was confirmed in my design; and, as it is impossible for me to doubt the words of our Blessed Saviour, who says, *The Holy Sacrament is his Body and Blood*, so I cannot believe that He who is the author of all Truth, and has promised to be with his Church to the end of the world, would permit them to give that Holy Mystery to the laity but in one kind, if it were not lawful so to do.

I am not able, nor if I were, would I enter into any disputes with anybody. I only in short, say this for the changing of my religion,

† These Prelates were Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Blandford, Bishop of Worcester.

which I take God to witness I would never have done, if I had thought it possible to save my soul otherwise. I think I need not say it is my interest in this world leads me to it. It will be plain enough to everybody that I must lose all the friends and credit I have here by it—I have very well weighed which I could best part with, my share in this world or the next. I thank God I found no difficulty in the choice.

My only prayer is, *That the poor Catholics of this nation may not suffer for my being of their religion—that God will but give me patience to bear them, and then send me any afflictions in this world, so I may enjoy a blessed eternity hereafter.*

St. James's, August 20, 1670.

MACHINE POETRY MANUFACTURED BY STEAM.

SPECIMEN No.

"But I digress and let my tale grow cold,
Which must not be pathetically told."

BYRON.

You've never seen a "Night Asylum,"
At least I guess so, dearest reader;
Therefore I purpose to describe one,
Not for my own amusement, surely,
But for your special information,
As also to induce reflection
On the condition of this kingdom,
And on the "ways and means" to right it.

Conceive—perhaps you've often seen one
In this fine town—a street in ruin,
Half fill'd with muck and stagnant water,
The houses all dilapidated,
Nor occupied, except by paupers;
While from the broken windows hanging
The wretches' rags in rows a-drying,
And dangling in the murky vapour
Like ghosts of extirpated rebels!
Or vet'ran armies' standards waving,
When proudly they are home returning,
Victorious, after long campaigning;
Or shiver'd sails on yardarms flapping
When the typhoon has rent the rigging;
Or sailors' shirts on shrouds and halliards,
Slops being issued by the purser,
For the last time a hornpipe dancing;
Or cotton targets when they're "riddled"
On Southsea-Common, or the Curragh,
After the spring and autumn practice;
Or paper kites when schools are scaling;
Or like a squad of ragged scarecrows
'Mong "tater"-ridges, masquerading,
And scaring schoolgirls in the gloaming;
Or "raw recruits" in "marching order"
To join their regimental depot!

Here in this street—'tis yclept "Bow
street,"
And not a stone-throw off from Smith-
field—

You may behold a "Night Asylum:"
A bleak old house of large dimensions,
With aspect sombre, lonely, sinister,
Yet still of better days indicative,
Retir'd a little from the side-path,
And guarded by an iron railing,
With granite steps up to the entrance.
O'er which is seen a painted sign-board:
There,—that is call'd a "Night Asylum,"
"Asylum for the—poor and houseless"!
By heavens! it makes one's blood run chilly
To contemplate the awful import
Of this extraordinary legend—
"Asylum for the poor and houseless"!
Oh, heavens, and what a place of refuge,
Even for the destitute and houseless!

It is a raw, cold winter evening,
Between the hours of 5 and 7—
These are the hours, mind, for admission—
The distant lamps make dense the dark-
ness,
Those lamps so "few and far between" too,
Like swords of military doctors,
Seem more for ornament than service,
And all around looks gloomy, dismal;
The ruin'd street is quite deserted,
Except by these poor houseless wretches
Now shivering on the steps of granite,
Before the door of the "Asylum,"
And begging to be soon admitted!
And what a life, think you, must theirs be
Who wander *here* and find a *respite*
From all the woes 'gainst which they
struggle?
They're now upon the steps of granite,—
The widow and her helpless children,
Two at her feet, one on her bosom—
That haggard bosom fraught with sorrow,

And shivering in their wretched covering,—

A few old tatters, tacked together,
And with the rain quite saturated,
Throughout the night their only bed-clothes—

Those winter nights so cold and dreary !

And what a scene is the interior :

A large, (c)old room, ill-ventilated,
Fill'd with the foulest atmosphere,
At the lower end a filthy privy :
This, you must know, is the "Asylum" !
This "room" is occupied by creatures
That scarcely can be termed human,
So low, degraded their condition.
Sad, sad effect of sadder causes,
Of foreign rule, our own disunion ;
Yea, foreign sway and native baseness
Have left these people as we find them,
Naked, houseless friendless, destitute,
Huddled in the "Night Asylum,"
Beneath the very brute degraded.
Thieves, burglars, pickpockets and felons ;
Ruin'd tradesmen, once in opulence,
Now begging for their daily pittance ;
Soldiers who served in the Crimea,
Discharg'd in rags call'd "regimentals,"
Though shirtless, friendless, *not dis-*
hearten'd !

Police—dismiss'd for being sickly ;
Detectives lurking to detect some
Poor petty prig, or noted burglar,
And charge him with the latest larceny

Committed by the said detective !

Others barefooted in old "tunics"—

"Coatees," you know, are now term'd
"tunics,"

Wrapsascal would be more appropriate—
Vagrants dismiss'd from the Militia,
But still in hopes they'll get the "bounty,"
Get it they will, of course they'll get it,—
When "Captain John" *repeals the Union* !
Far, far away, in Phoenixland,
West of the capital of Lilliput,
When "Bears and Bulls" mock war were
waging,

And, saw while there, a—what ? a *phanix*
As large as life—a real phoenix,
Perch'd on a pillar, and "begirt by fire" !
Oh ! sight most worthy *such* campaigning !
Perch'd on a bench a saintly souper
In shabby black, the "chocker" dubious,
His accent racy of the province
Of Ulster, or, it may be, Scotland,
Now bawling like an auctioneer—
An auctioneer straight from Connecticut—
A demi-semi Deacon Boltoff^e

Vending quack drugs and wooden nut-
megs,

Expounds the "Scripter" with a ven-
geance,

Blaspheming with a "parson-power,"

Th' inscription on his broad phylactery,

"*Bob shave the Queen—NO CASH RE-*
TURNED !"

HIAWATHA.

Dublin, 3rd October, 1857.

* *vide* Cooper's beautiful story of "Wing-and-Wing."

AN EXILE'S LAST GLIMPSE OF HOME.

Crofton Croker, in his *Researches in the South of Ireland*, tells us :

"Instances have occurred where the lineal descendants of the most distinguished houses, have laboured from day to day for precarious support on the lands over which their ancestors exercised unlimited sovereignty. A pathetic incident connected with the Mac Cartys has such claims on the feelings that I will not conclude this narrative of their fortunes without the mention of it. A considerable part of the forfeited estates of that family, in the county Cork, was held by Mr. S——, about the middle of the last century. Walking one evening in his demesne, he observed a figure, apparently asleep, at the foot of an aged tree, and, upon approaching the spot, found an old man extended on the ground, whose audible sobs proclaimed the severest affliction. Mr. S—— inquired the cause, and was answered.—"Forgive me, sir ; my grief is idle, but to mourn is a relief to the desolate heart, and humbled spirit. I am a Mac Carthy, once the possessor of that castle now in ruins, and of this ground ;—this tree was planted by my own

hands, and I have returned to water its roots with my tears. Tomorrow I sail for Spain, where I have long been an exile, and an outlaw since the Revolution. I am an old man, and to-night, probably for the last time, bid farewell to the place of my birth, and the home of my forefathers."

BIRTHDAY LESSONS.

To a Friend.

I.

The dewy Spring is gone with all its flowers,
And fervid Summer's fiercely glowing sun,
O'er nature's weary breast, the tranquil hours,
Fall soft as sleep that steals on labour done,
Toil's yearly conquest, o'er the earth is won;
And richly gleam his trophy piles of gold,
What noble truths doth God to us unfold,
Would we but look!—Our springtime too, is gone,
Our summer glow, and winter cometh cold,
While round us radiant Autumn waneth ere,
But blue our skies and pure, serenely clear.
Life's tree bears fruit, and deep in sorrow's mould,
Experience sows ripe seed in hopeful cheer
With flowers and verdure fair, to bless a brighter year.

II.

Sunbright and calm, shines out this glorious day,
A golden letter to begin the page,
Just turned in Time's great book, whereon we may
Write a fair chapter, full of meanings sage
Where youth's bright hopes wreath round the lore of age,
Like antique scroll, illumed with borders gay,
Shall we not each some lofty theme essay,
Till our life-stories—fitly climaxed, end?
Mine I have planned, choose also thine, my Friend,
And as we strive apart, amidst the fray,
With earnest heart, and strong unswerving hand,
God and our Angel Patron let us pray;
For aid to crush the Tempter's evil band,
And crown the record page with the words of triumph grand!

CELTICA.

Feast of St. Michael, the Archangel.

The following was published in 1811 in London, in an Irish Nationalist Periodical "The Harp"—conducted by Irishmen devoted to Ireland.

A FRAGMENT.

"Sad is the sleep of Erin, and her dreams are troubled and gloomy. Her enemy came in the hour of her slumber, and his hand stole the

emerald from her brow : but Erin did not awake ; no, she still sleeps ! Bloody is the field where she lies, and her garments are weeping in blood ; for the wounds of her sons are streaming around her. The ghosts of her heroes moan through the winds : yet Erin has not awakened—Erin still sleeps ! A sigh comes on the night-breeze.—'Tis the spirit of Edward that complains. Edward was Erin's lover ; for her, Edward died. Pensive he leans from his cloud, and weeps over her slumbers. He touches the lyre of song—the heavenly harp of union ;—the visions of Freedom tremble o'er the chords : 'twas a strain he loved : for he sung it in death, and in death remembers it. Does Erin listen to the voice of her hero?—No ; Erin still sleeps !"

IN MEMORIAM

Sister of clay—
Earth owns me no more—
God, love, life infinity !
I go to adore. I. T. C.

1
Father ! here at twilight hour—
Bending o'er these ashes lowly,
Shrouded 'neath yon mystic tower,
That dials human sorrows slowly—
As the golden sun descends—
Grouping visions, that come o'er me—
Of the lost ones—parent—friends,
Standing tearful—mute before me,
Solemn as life's parting glow—
Hear me, Father !—hear my prayer
Reet their happy shades below—
Shield their martyr spirits there !

2
Father ! thro' yon diamond spray—
Bursting on Night's ebon shore !—
Thro' yon sapphire-tinted way—
Shall I see those loved one's more ?
Oh ! Virgin Mother !—open wide
Thy seraph wings, now sailing high—
Yon pilgrim troop, upon the tide—
Float to thy bosom joyously—
Their banner brave, swings there above,
All tempest-tossed, in proud array—
Oh ! Star of Ocean !—Queen of Love—
Disperse my soul to brighter day !—

MYOBORGUS.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

"OH! ERIN MY COUNTRY"—Thankfully declined.

"A STUDENT"—Persevere; but you are not yet up to our mark.

"RAHANUR"—Not Irish enough for "The Celt."

The following translation of a Latin epigram, published in "The Celt," is sufficiently close to the original to entitle it to insertion.

A metrical version of the Latin Epigram on Earl Palmer's entry into Rome, as Ambassador Extraordinary to the Holy See, from James II. of England. The epigram appeared in the Seventh Number of "The Celt," on the 12th September, 1837.

It was the time when beaming eyes,
From balconies of Rome,
With all the charms of womanhood,
And virtue's purest bloom,
Had gazed with rapt'rous ecstasy,
Bewildered at the sight,
That filled the Eternal city,
With a pageantry so bright.

It was Earl Palmer's entry,
And his chariots flamed with gold,
Through the concentrated splendour
Of Flaminian way of old
That thronged imperial palaces
With beauteous woman's smiles,
To bless this Celtic cavalcade,
Just come from British isles.

"What made," cried Rome, "our Maro
(By thoughtless visions hurld), [state,
That these brave Celts, renowned for
Were outcasts from the world; [strength
Those Britons hold in unison
With Italia's sons to-day,
The proudest domes palatial,
Our seven-crowned hills display.

In ages long, processions grand
And triumphs filled each street,
And prostrate kings did homage,
'Neath Senatorial feet.
But now the mighty progress
Of noble Roger's away,
Performs as many pageants,
In his one gorgeous day."

MICHAEL O'BOYLE.

We assure "IRISHMAN" we directed the Publisher to send copies of the first part of "The Celt" to the several newspapers in Ireland, England, and Scotland—excepting only two Irish papers, who, before the first part had been published, gave a hostile critique, copied from a northern paper, and one of them had the coolness to head it "Audi alteram partem." But that print, avowedly neutral, is virtually a government production. Papers that could act so ungenerously and so shabbily were undeserving of a copy.

* * Agents having copies of Nos. I. and II. of "The Celt" on hands, will receive full price for them from the Publisher.

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The Celt.

"THE WISE MAN GATHERETH KNOWLEDGE, AND RULETH HIS OWN HOUSE."—*Old Celtic Proverb.*

No. 13, VOL. I.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1857. [ONE PENNY

TEMPTATIONS AND VICES IN IRELAND.

The system of corruption by means of patronage in Ireland, is a maze in which the paths are so run together and so numerous, and so dexterously arranged, that he who once enters is lost.

Thus, with reference to members of Parliament, they are peculiarly beset with difficulties. We do not here allude to the political profligates who enter the house resolved upon selling themselves, but to those who go in with honest intentions, yet stray into the avenues of the maze, and never return to the old path again. These men are forced into evil by a twofold power, first :—the seductive power in front says, "come on." The individual so invited may hesitate, but there is a power behind which pushes him forward ; a power constituted of his friends, relations and constituents. They all want *something*. One seeks a situation, one the remission of an excise fine, one the reduction of a customs' penalty. The unfortunate member is expected to be all-powerful with the very minister he has been sent into parliament to oppose, and if he fails in effecting what is required, he loses friends, and so far stands a damaged man in reference to some future election ; to avoid this evil, in but too many cases the member makes a sort of compromise ; he cannot have favours from the minister without some favours to bestow in return ; he has not yet learned to sell Ireland, but he sells his own honour and his own honest conviction, and votes with the minister upon some occasion where Africa, or China, or India are to be oppressed or plundered, and this is his first downward step, and he has done this, perhaps, to get some wealthy brewer or distiller, who happens to be an influential elector, saved from a penalty or fine for a breach of the excise laws. The corruption path is indeed a "*facilis descensus averni*," step after step the member slips into the meshes of the minister, until a large and tempting offer upon some great emergency finishes his career, and he retires into a comfortable office to console himself with the reflection, that he is just as pure as the mendicant constituents who were eternally boring him to beg for them. No doubt there is criminality upon both sides, but what right have constituents to believe that he will

not ultimately exercise for his own personal benefit the very practices they so often besought him to use for theirs. This is a great evil, and all the more lamentable because it springs directly from the people themselves, and its effects are often exercised upon a section of representatives who had previously resisted the advances of the minister and the importunities of near relatives.

This evil is productive of one still greater; the fact that members who make themselves useful to a minister can use him in return, not only to procure situations for the sons and nephews of influential electors, and can also use a similar power to reduce or remove some excise fine marked in hundreds against some wealthy tobacconist or distiller or brewer who has over-stepped the law,—makes a class of electors, especially of towns in Ireland, very anxious to have the representation of *their* town on good terms with the minister. Indeed such men are but too often desirous to have *their* town represented by some government hack, because if he be such his services will be the more assuredly of real value under such difficulties, difficulties to them of far more consequence, than the difficulties or wants of the country. This is no over-drawn picture, "*haud ignota loquor*." In our own day—within our own sphere of action such incidents have come openly under our eyes.

Other evils spring out of these: the members of Parliament who have felt this improper interference, not unfrequently use back upon electors, corruption allied to that, for which begging constituents so often seek, and so silence all honest and open expression of opinion in reference to their acts of negligence or of commission against the country. Thus a new channel, for corruption to flow in, is made. Vice reacts on vice, and the moral evil spreads until the whole social frame becomes one mass of rottenness, palpable only in its foulness, vital but in the myriads of creeping things who crowd about upon the carcase of defunct virtue. Many causes aid in pulling down a once honest constituency to this stage of corruption. We will try and trace some of them, and hold up for the abhorrence of all honest men the system which threatens to reduce every town in Ireland to a state of serfdom debasing to the locality, mischievous to the country, ruinous to the cause of honor and liberty, and but of value to the men who would batten upon such crimes, and to the rulers who find it easiest to rule as slaves, men morally degraded from all the virtues of freemen.

PAST MEMORIES.

The mission of the CELT, is partly to stir up memories of the past, a work truly noble, and well worthy of a national periodical. Many are the memories connected with our own dear land; memories

of happy times, that shed their lustre through the long vista of centuries, when Ireland was "great, glorious, and free,"—memories of wrong and oppression, perpetrated when it was "treason to love her, and death to defend,"—memories of places immortalized by Irish valour, or sanctified by Irish piety. Could we but add one incentive, to stir up these, we should esteem ourselves as having performed much. Who is there with a spark of national feeling, glowing within his breast, that can read the history of our country, without rejoicing in its prosperity, without sorrowing in unison with its adversity, without exulting in its glorious deeds?

We look back to the days when Christianity had fully dawned upon Ireland, when she was truly the "insula Sanctorum"—when the fame of her valour, learning, and piety, "like a sea of glory, spread from pole to pole"—when happy and prosperous her people lived under the sway of native sovereignty—when the minstrel's harp was tuned to freedom's note, and the warrior's sword was ready for freedom's cause. Then was Ireland free—free as the winds that sweep our native hills—free as the waves that thunder round our native shore.

But lo! the scene is changed. Heaven's light becomes obscure, the invader has appeared; like birds of prey, his armed bands throng in upon the coasts. On the green hills of Erin, the "Sunburst" is unfurled—the chieftains rally round—but in an evil hour—may it be blotted from the book of time—the Saxon banner waved triumphant. Sad are the memories connected with those days of plunder and rapine, of outrage and oppression, perpetrated by the daring robbers—a torrent of devastation, had poured in and with no more devastating influence, had the Barbarian Goth swept, from his mountain fastnesses, upon Imperial Rome, than did the ruthless Saxon overrun the fair plains of Ireland. Years rolled by; the deed called Reformation has been effected in England. Oh! source of double woe to poor Erin; the voice of mourning and lamentation is heard throughout her plains—her sorrowing wail for her valiant defenders murdered, her pious and religious sons butchered. What memories now arise. Talk of Indian cruelties—have they not their equal here? The death-groans of defenceless men—the cries of murdered children—the shrieks of mothers insulted, then foully massacred; are wafted to us from India's plain. But look to the Saxon's work in Ireland—look to his bloody efforts to root out her national feeling—the pearl of her faith—and to brutalize her people. Far be it from us to extenuate the atrocities of the Sepoy ruffians, however cruelly provoked they may have been, but we cannot forget the story of our own wrongs; and with this before us, may we not say, that the measure of iniquity has been filled up, and that retaliation comes in all its dread reality. Not less from Ireland than from Hindoostan, not less from the torn and mangled bosoms of her dead, her outraged, and oppressed, arises the cry to Heaven for vengeance on the Saxon. But, though dire the deeds committed, and terrible the persecution suffered by our forefathers, in those dismal

days, glorious memories are connected with them of sterling patriotism, manly endurance, and above all, attachment to the dear old faith, firm and strong through clouds and storm, through rack and sword, through knife and halter. Such were the times of our fathers; they died, leaving to us a noble legacy of loyalty to our country, and fidelity to our faith.

Come now to our fine old ruins—splendid relics, and memorials of the past—the round towers—the old monasteries and churches—the grim castles. Come in the silent evening, cross the green mound; approach the old ruin of lordly pride; how venerable and majestic it looks, notwithstanding the efforts of time and decay; its lofty battlements, its stern keep, its massive walls, still remain firm and unbroken. Enter through the yawning portal, and stand within the castle hall, whose canopy is now the firmament above. Where is its lord? Where its retainers? Where the gallant knights and ladies fair, that once crowded within its walls? No more is heard the sentry's challenge or the warder's note; passed away are the sounds of revalry, that once roused joyous echoes—and the clang of arms and busy preparations for the tourney, or for war, no longer fall upon the ear. Nothing now is heard, save the whirring of the bat, or the night-bird's scream. But here, alone, dwell on visions of the past.

Or come to the old ruins in the valley; they are sacred memorials of the days of Faith. There, beside the placid lake embosomed amid the hills, stands the old monastery in its ivy garb. It is calm night, the ripple of the waters of the lake is scarcely heard—a silence deep and still reigns all around, and the full moon's rays lend their charms to the scene. How grand and beautiful looks the old pile, reflected from the waters, and bathed in silver light; there is nothing here stern or forbidding; come near, but tread lightly on the little mounds, for the dead lie underneath, and holy is the ground you walk on. Enter. By the moon's pale light, flowing in through the Gothic windows, walk slowly along, no foot-steps, but the echo of your own are heard. Those, who once in holy prayer, or silent meditation paced along these mouldering cloisters, now sleep beneath your feet. Tenantless are now the cells, wherein they lived, dying to this world. Pass on into the Church. Where is now the altar? where is the sacred emblem? where the ornaments of God's house?—roofless and decayed it stands. The material temple has fallen beneath the spoiler's hand, but the Faith that reared its walls—that peopled it with holy men—that raised within its precincts the matin song, the vesper hymn, and midnight chaunt—now no longer heard—that Faith lives on. Remain yet a while—the moon still sheds her mystic light—dwell on visions of the past.

PHILO-CELT.

RELICS OF OLD READINGS AND GOSSIPINGS.

(Continued.)

(AN ACT OF GRACE IN '98.

Naturalists tell us that a stain upon the snowy fur of the ermine will cause the animal to perish. So it was with the ermine of justice in '98—it became stained with blood—it languished—and was no more. An anecdote is told of Judge Toler, that, presiding on the bench at that time, whilst a man was on his trial for some serious offence—he fell fast asleep whilst the case proceeded—nor did his slumbers break until one of the counsel put his hand upon his Lordship's shoulder, and whispered into his ear, "My Lord—My Lord—the case of Meadow"—"mowit," snorted the judge;—"But," persisted the lawyer—"Meadow is the man's name, my Lord"—"well—hang him," yawned out the now awakened dispenser of justice—"hang him—hang him—!"

It was exactly upon this principle that the English laws were dispensed in Ireland in the year we write about. The government ukase was "to kill":—so, the knotty points of the law were never sought to be unravelled or unloosed, but like gordian knots, were simply cut in twain, and there was an end to them.

Judge and judgment received the beck from the executive—and, accordingly, both went the same road, pointed out by the red finger-post at head quarters. Suspicion was arrest, trial was death. The great Moloch beyond the seas, unlike the Indian Brahmin—loved blood—and was worshipped by the shedding of it. But we will not stay to apostrophise those horrid days—that tyrannical epoch—whose memories still live in every hamlet—by every stream and river—by every mountain and morass—in every town and city—and wherever the innocent blood of an oppressed people was shed, whose only crime, was a struggle against the enslaver of their creed and their liberty.

Well—it was in those days—indeed it was in the close of those days when the sword began to weary the hand of the slayer, and petty tyranny in Ireland began to stink in the nostrils of the great officials of the day—that a sort of truce was called, or rather a partial prohibition to reckless and indiscriminate murder. Courts of justice, too, began again to put on some form and face, and councils for the defence of prisoners to be listened to, without absolute scorn or insolence. Merciful men, too, —one or two perhaps—slid in now and then, unchallenged, into the jury-boxes—and occasionally, and to the amazement of the beholders, a criminal was sometimes seen to march from the dock into the free air, instead of instantly to the triangle or the gallows—this latter eyent was by no means frequent—but that it happened at all was the matter of wonder. In fact England was tired murdering the Irish people.

At this crisis of affairs—a singular trial occupied the criminal court in a provincial town—its singularity, however, did not consist in the crime of the delinquents, but in the sequel of the adjudication. A father and two sons were arraigned for treason—Kyran Purcell and his boys.

William and Stephen ; they belonged to the most respectable of the farming class—and as they stood in the dock, were well and neatly dressed, and of a bearing and appearance perfectly firm and nerved. The father might have seen some fifty summers—he was a stout tall handsome man, wearing the usual knee-breeches of the day and the long top-boots which so well became a portly figure ; the elder son William had just arrived at manhood—he had rather a dark complexion and large lustrous black eyes which gave him a most interesting and animated appearance, as he stood steadily confronting his judge and his accusers. The younger boy, Stephen, was a mere stripling ; he might be fifteen years of age—with innocent blue eyes and ruddy cheeks—yet, tall for his time, and with a jaunty air of independence in his demeanor, as if he were proud to be in a companionship of danger, when danger arrived, with those who were dearest to him in the world. Leaning on the dock, and whispering now and then to some one of the three prisoners, was a fine tall middle-aged handsome woman—elegantly and gracefully attired—the pelisse of dark cloth worn at that time, set off her commanding figure to great advantage, and a beaver hat and feathers gave her all the appearance of a heroine of romance. She was stepmother to the two boys—but mother they ever called her, for she was tenderly attached to them, and loved them to the end with a surpassing love, as the sequel will show. Her beautiful face looked death-hued and white as she spoke a few words occasionally with her husband—there was intense tenderness and bitter care too, in her fond gaze—but when either of the boys addressed her, tears stole down her cheeks, and she turned away to recover resolution.

The whole group looked like persons who had been long anticipating the present result, and were now determined to go through the horrid ordeal with quiet decent sorrow and firm resignation. The trial went on—the King's Counsel plainly demonstrated the guilt of the three doomed ones—indeed the principal evidence against them was a quantity of manuscript books and documents, which contained over and over again their several names and manual signatures. These, too, were found in their possession, and in one of the secret haunts where arms and ammunition were likewise discovered in great abundance. Witnesses were called on both sides—Counsel's addresses and appeals followed in their wake—the day was consumed—and evening came on. The Judge summed up—the Jury was charged and retired—the whole usual routine had been formally gone through, and it only needed the verdict of *guilty* to finish the farce. The Jury again appeared—the little family looked towards them quietly, but without a hope—they knew their fate—the verdict was THAT TWO OF THE THREE SHOULD DIE!!

The judge remonstrated against the inconsistency of such a finding, but the foreman and his fellows were obdurate—they would give no other verdict—two victims, they said, were sufficient to satisfy justice—they were sick of excess of bloodshed and were determined to hold fast to their decision.

The prisoners were withdrawn—and the Judge, struck with the singularity of the whole affair, wrote an official despatch concerning it to the Lord Lieutenant. His Excellency, quite tickled at the notion of an incipient dawning of common mercy in the hearts of an Irish Orange Jury, *favoured the joke*, and commanded that the stepmother should choose the single prisoner who was to be exempt from death. The children heard the decision, and bounding into each others arms, ardently thanked the Lord God that gave them the power to save the life of their father.—The father gnashed his teeth to think that he could not die for both his children, but that one should be immolated with him—but which one?—ah! which one? The stepmother cried aloud in bitter agony of soul, cried aloud to the God of mercy, wisdom and justice, to direct her what to do—she got one day to consider her decision. That evening she was permitted to have an interview with her husband and alone—the meeting lasted for a full hour—and as she left the cell—the heartless turnkeys chuckled aloud—“It is all up with the boys,—they’ll get step-mother’s mercy and no mistake”!—

She next proceeded to the dungeon where her two loved boys were immured—they sprang to her embrace, and with united voice asked eagerly—“mother—mother—sure you will not hesitate to save our father—we have made up our minds to die”—! “Children,” said the woman, sternly—(suppressing her deep agony) “I have just now left your brave father—he is resolved to die!—” (a wild yell of anguish followed the declaration) the poor mother gulped down a barely suppressed cry—but again resumed—“your father dared not in his heart’s feeling, think of letting his children suffer for him—boys—your father could not even *appear* to be a coward!”

“Then,” said William—the elder son—“mother, it is my duty to die with my father.”

“Mother”—exclaimed the young Stephen throwing his arms around her neck—“I will die with father—I and I alone, or if you release me—I will perish in the Nore—I will not live after father and brother William—their blood would be on my head.”

The wretched step-mother could stand the scene no longer, she loosened the boy’s arms from her neck—and fled shrieking from the prison.

The whole night she spent on her knees on the cold ground wearying God with prayer to direct her what to say and do in the fearful emergency.

The next day the court assembled in due form to decide the case of the Purcells.

The prisoners again stood silently in the dock, and the stillness was so intense, that, in common parlance, a pin might have been heard falling upon the ground.

In tones as cold as ice, yet not without a tinge of idle curiosity, the judge ordered the crier to call upon the woman Purcell to come forward and make known her decision with regard to the prisoners at the bar.

With an intrepid air, and unfaltering step, like one to whom the Almighty had given the grace of abiding by His holy will, and of acting upon it—the mother advanced and spoke distinctly.

"My husband will die as becomes a man and a Christian. Of my two dear—dear children—one must live:—well, in the name of the Great God let it be the one whose young days have not yet blossomed, who has scarcely yet witnessed the beauty of God's creation, and whose untimely martyrdom might be the overflowing of your own cup. Let Stephen Purcell live!"

The poor child tottered in the dock as he endeavoured with outstretched arms to appeal to the judge against this decision in his favour, but his voice failed him, his eyes closed tremblingly, and he fell senseless and heavy to the earth. The trial was over.

It was the wish of the Lord Lieutenant that he should be duly apprised of the result of the trial to which he had so much contributed to add ZEST and NOVELTY. Accordingly, the report was forthwith forwarded to him, with all the circumstances connected with its very extraordinary termination. He was charmed with its romance, proud of his own participation in it, and finally, had a drawing-room-exhibition in the castle, at which he recounted his curious little tattle of Irish agony to an admiring audience. There was one lady at this grand fete, who, although an aristocrat, and laden with diamonds and precious stones, had some how or another, a mother's heart within her bosom. "I will tell your Excellency," said she, "how you may finish your pretty rebel romance with point and eclat." "Pray your ladyship tell us," replied the gratified potentate.

"Send all the prisoners a free pardon, and it will be the crowning of the story, it will be a dignified ACT OF GRACE."

The viceregal mummer most graciously assented:—or rather—God willed the three Purcells to live.

CAROLAN.

The Children of Sigir.

The following historical poem, paraphrased from the Irish, relates to the battle of Moyléana, which occurred in the commencement of the third century. Eógan Mór (the Great), or as he is sometimes called, Eógan the Brilliant, returns from Spain, where he has been an exile during nine years, and is accompanied by 2,000 foreign warriors; he compels Conn of the Hundred Fights to restore his usurped territory. This Conn does, *in bad faith*, for he feels confident that the foreigners will long to return to their Fatherland, when he expects to reconquer Eógan's Kingdom. This is perceived by Eógan, and fifteen years after his return to Eire, his foreign troops longing for home, he seizes the occasion of his borders being pillaged, as a cause to march into Conn's country, and to fortify himself in Moyléana.—(See *Cath Muighe Léana*, Celtic Society, 1855).

I.

Uprose the bright Sun on the haze-rim of Ocean,
 And the snowy-plumed waves eastward bow'd in devotion :
 In the glories of morning the dew-drops were gems
 That crown'd the green boughs with their bright diadems,
 And gleam'd on the flow'rets and purple grape-cluster,
 'Till the fair land of Spain seem'd a Heaven of Lustre.
 The Azure was cloudless, the mirroring Sea
 In its beautiful gorgeousness dazzling to see,
 While gloriously swelling a-near and a-far, all
 Melodious outrang the bright-plumaged birds' carol !

II.

But lo ! into light from the Castanas' sombre
 Forth emerges a host, and their shields without number,
 In the crimson of morn, are resplendent with gold ;
 The loud trompa sounds, and the flags are unroll'd ;
 They wind to the beach where the fretted sea surges—
 On the swift barcs they bound and each north his course urges.
 " With blessings, O Sun ! strew the path o'er the main
 Of Eógan† the Brilliant," prays the Monarch of Spain.
 " His heart thro' long years, in joy-time or dreary—
 Has yearned for this morn of return to green EIRE."

III.

They leave the broad harbours, the glist'ning prow cleaving
 Like a falchion the show'r-crested billows upheaving,
 The brown oars rise and fall as the wings of the gull ;
 Swift rushes the sea past the black shining hull,
 'Till rise the blue hills and the gold shore of Erin.
 But alas ! for thee, Eógan ! an Usurper rules there in
 Thy stern, lofty Duns‡ and thy deer-trampled plain,
 Yet quails not the High King—he leads o'er the main
 A host of his clansmen, for vengeance now eager !
 The Champions of Spain and the Children of Sigir.§

IV.

The red, ridgy forts Léana's|| green plain disfigure,
 But in each glint the boss'd shield—the bronze lance of vigor,
 And the white pointed tents in the paleing starlight ;
 There sleep Eógan's hosts—save where the dull light
 Of red smould'ring watch-fire on sentry is gleaming,
 The first dawn scarcely streaks the east clouds with grey beaming
 When out thunder the warcries, the shouts of the foe :
 " FAIRE CONN ! FAIRE CONN ! "¶ 'gainst the ramparts they flow—
 " FOR EÓGAN ! FOR EÓGAN ! "—where foes thickest leaguer
 With shock of flung rock rush the Children of Sigir.

* Castanas. Chestnut woods.

† Let the reader who has the misfortune to be unacquainted with the Celtic language, pronounce "Eogan" as "Owan." If he know modern Greek, let him give to the "g" the sound of the "ch" in that language, or pronounce the word if he be conversant with Spanish, as though it were written "Ojan" when he will approach nearer to the true pronunciation.

‡ Duns (pronounced Doons), are fortresses defended by an elevated circular wall or bank which is itself surrounded by a wet fosse or trench.

§ For a more detailed account of the exploits of the "Seven Sons of Sigir," see "*The Battle of Moyleana*," published by the Celtic Society in 1855. From their name we are led to believe that they were originally of Scandinavian, or Viking descent, some of whom made a settlement in Spain.

|| Magh Léana, the plain of Leana, now Kilbride, a parish comprising Tullamore, King's County. Eogan landed in Great Beare Island, Bearehaven.

¶ Fairé (pronounced Farya !), the war-cry of the ancient Irish, means *Gardez*, or "Take care."

V.

High howls the hoarse clangor, the anger of battle,
 Their keen shearing brands on bronze shield and lance rattle,
 Pressing aye more with claymore, all flashing and red,
 How cleave their right hands thro' the helmeted head!
 Wide ope they a path thro' fierce phalanx and column
 As the Cataract sweeps the strong oaks in its volume.
 They halt not nor fail in their crimson career,
 'Till around close the foemen on front and on rear,
 'Till they take for their doom'd death an Eric* unmeagre,
 'Till dauntless they fall—the brave Children of Sigir.

VI.

The storms round yon mountain 'mid brown forests crashing,
 And the white-breaking wave its black crag-base is lashing,
 Where the summit seeks Heaven, sole, a radiance have shed
 The golden crown'd gorse and the heath o'er its head,
 Where shines the high peak in the sinking sun's lustre,
 There is gleaming of arms, for a warrior-host muster,
 There's woe on each brow, and deep dole in each heart,
 But a Conqueror's cairn† they upraise, ere they part,
 Their BRAVET they shrine, where no foemen beleaguer
 In the bosom of EAIN the CHILDREN OF SIGIR.

Erinnarrh.

 HOLLAND.

The venerable philosopher Van Humboldt, says somewhere in his writings, that, we feel for certain climes and countries a predilection for which we cannot account. A writer in an old number of the "Quarterly Review" not only accounts for this feeling, but thoroughly analyzes it. Speaking of Spain he says—"separated from the west of Europe as it is we" (the English) "have seldom been in communication with that country or its people, save when our fleets encountered each other in hostile array on the ocean; yet still with no other portion of the earth, have we in common with the people of most other countries in Europe so many sympathies."

This he attributes to the influence which the writers of Spain have exercised over the imaginations of the reading portion of the inhabitants of Europe, and he goes on to tell how the French soldiers lightened their weary marches in the Spanish Peninsula, by recounting the adventures of the bold Knight of la Mancha, and endeavouring on the way to identify the scenes of his exploits; while at every turn of the road they expected to come on the fair vision of another Dorithea laving her travel-tired feet in the cool waters of the stream that wound its way by the Cork tree grove which skirted their road. And again he says that when the French arrived at Segovia, both officers and men eagerly rushed to behold the tower in which the repentant vagabond, Gil Blas, spent his days and nights of sorrowful confinement.

It is thus that writers of fiction can not only throw an abiding charm

* Eric, a fine levied on those who had killed a man, by his relatives. The Sons of Sigir seeing their death certain, avenged themselves, and thus may be said to "levy their own Eric."

† Cairn—A monumental pile placed over men who have rendered themselves illustrious by acts of bravery.

round their own birth-places and their graves, but even round the localities of the scenes they have depicted, which charm gradually widening embraces the whole country to which the writers belonged or of which they treated.

The country which is the subject of these papers has few or none of these attractions for us, for though it too has had its writers of fiction, their genius partook of the level monotony which the face of nature presents in the marshy downs of Holland; while the points at which our histories touch are sore ones to most of us, recalling as they do religious persecution, broken faith and the banishment of those who in the sad language of our Irish poets who bewailed their exile, were "the bravest and the best." Besides we as Irishmen, let us hope, can see but little to admire in the national successes gained by Holland in the period of her greatness, when we reflect that these successes were too often acquired at the expense of the blood and tears of the various people that she subjected to her sway in following out the thirst for gain for which unhappily she distinguished herself in her intercourse with the natives of her foreign conquests and possessions.

But, notwithstanding these feelings of reprobation, there is something inspiring in the contemplation of this little nation's ships sweeping the seas, and forcing the fleets of every hostile country to take refuge in their harbours; and to think of the citizens of London being alarmed by VanTromp's ships exchanging broadsides with Tilbury Fort, almost within view of the city, and preparing to burn Woolwich. Although we cannot consider that it would have been a misfortune, had this latter project been executed, it is not of these things that we intend to speak, but of the manner in which the foundation of that greatness was laid, which enabled this country, not much larger than an English county, and under the most tremendous natural disadvantages, to enter on, and sustain a contest of unexampled duration, for the obtaining of her liberty with Spain, then the greatest Empire of the world. When we see how this was done, we can sympathise with the spirit which caused a broom to be affixed to the mast head of the Dutch Admiral's ship, to express what was a simple fact, that Holland had swept the seas, and was, what England claims to be, the Mistress of the Ocean.

The struggle that led to these events, is of higher interest, than the succeeding national glory, for if Holland afterwards increased her greatness, the liberty from which it sprung, is guiltless of her national sins.

Adversity purifies nations, and elicits what is most admirable in national character, and unfortunately it is only in periods of national calamity and trial, that the example of Holland—at least in relation with the world beyond her own boundary—elevates the heart, and teaches good by example.

It is with the belief, that there are useful truths to be learned from

this portion of Dutch history, which might be applied with advantage to the circumstances of Ireland, that we are induced to pen these pages.
(*To be continued.*)

IRISH HISTORY.

To the Editor of the "CELT."

SIR,

The following letter was published in the *Dublin Hibernian Magazine*, for May, 1773, (about a month after it had been written.) If you should judge it worthy of insertion in the pages of the "CELT," it may be the means of eliciting from some erudite pen, interesting illustrations of the personal history of the exalted prelate, and of the other dignitaries, whose signatures it bears.

I remain, Sir, &c., S. S.

A Letter from the Superiors of the College of the Lombards, in Paris, to the Dublin Society, respecting their contributing their assistance in an enquiry into the Antiquities of Ireland, in order to furnish materials for a general history of that kingdom. (Written in March, 1773.)

The Superiors of the College of the Lombards, in Paris, have received from Thomas O'Gorman, Esq., a writing, dated the 28th of June last, by which the *Dublin Society*, after having informed them of their design of restoring to light the true state of *Ireland*, were pleased to request their assistance in an enquiry into the antiquities of that kingdom. They beg leave to congratulate the Society on this new instance of public spirit, and to assure them how honourable they deem it, even remotely, to concur in so national an undertaking. The great success which has hitherto attended all the proceedings of this Society, inspires the strongest hopes of seeing that ancient nation rescued at length from the darkness in which it has lain buried so long a time. And it is with the greatest pleasure they reflect on the appearance old *Ireland*, with its laws and customs, shall make, when exhibited in an impartial history, projected and patronised by men under whose influence modern *Ireland* makes so distinguished a figure.

Wherefore, to answer the views of the *Dublin Society*, the Superiors resolved to promote the common cause to the utmost of their power; and to effect a more extensive concurrence, they judged proper to communicate the particular invitation they had received, to all the Irish gentlemen residing at *Paris*, already called upon in a general manner for the same end in the public papers. This was done in an assembly held for that purpose in the College of the *Lombards*, on the eleventh day of last month, the most convenient time to find said gentlemen in town, and to bring them to a meeting. All were unanimous in applauding the patriotism which gave birth to the project, and appointed a select committee to pursue every measure that might serve to forward the execution thereof.

The committee having chosen his Grace, the Archbishop of *Narbonne* as president, agreed to carry on without delay the desired enquiry, and to search in these parts for such monuments as might in any respect relate to the ancient state of the kingdom of *Ireland*. The *LEABHAR*, *LEACAN*, or *Liber Lecanus*, is the only manuscript in the College of the *Lombards*. It was resolved a copy of it should forthwith be taken by the fittest person that could be found here. Lastly, the committee have determined that a correspondence should be opened and continued with the Colleges, religious Houses, and Libraries of *France*, and the adjacent countries, in which there may be a probability of procuring help for clearing up the antiquities of *Ireland*.

They wish these united efforts may not prove altogether unsuccessful. At worst, they think they shall not have laboured in vain, though they only learn, that nothing valuable is to be found. Even this kind of discovery, by preventing future groundless hopes, would have its advantage.

When the proper and necessary researches shall be made, the committee will have the pleasure of acquainting the *Dublin Society* what assistance can be expected from this part of the world. As it is useless to seek on this side the water for materials which have been, or easily may be collected in *Ireland* or *Great Britain*, they would esteem it as a favour to be now and then informed of the discoveries that may be made by the committee of Antiquarians, appointed at *Dublin*. In the mean time they take this opportunity of expressing the high idea they entertain of the wisdom, judgment, and national spirit of the Society, and the real satisfaction and joy with which they behold the important advantages thence annually derived on the arts, husbandry, and manufactures of *Ireland*.

Dated at *Paris* this 26th day of *March*, 1773.

Arthur Richard Dillon, Archbishop and Primate of *Narbonne*.

Ch. O'Neill, Principal of the College of the *Lombards*.

Laur. Kelly, Prefect of the *Irish* Community of the College of the *Lombards*. (Secretary to the Committee.)

"Can any of our readers inform us what were the results of the enquiries then instituted under the auspices of those three dignitaries of the Catholic Church; whose high position in a foreign country must be a source of pride to all Irishmen, who in their thoroughly Irish names recognise exiles from the old land, with hearts still pulsating after the homes of their ancestors, and love deeply implanted for the Island where their names had once been those of distinguished Princes and Chiefs?

MACHINE POETRY MANUFACTURED BY STEAM.

"Knowledge of the use of arms should be made an essential part of the education of youth."—SIR WILLIAM JONES.

"There is no weapon so formidable to tyrants as the pen."—CONSETT.

"The settlement of the 'Irish difficulty' most congenial to *our own* feeling would be a 'constitutional' one . . . Irish parliamentary representation . . . The application of a little gentle pressure on the fabric of imperialism . . . This would be *our* 'vengeance.'"—*Vide THE CELT, No. 6.*

We've read about a negro
Who had, of course, a *frow*,
They say the "tale" was written
By Mrs.—Mrs.—Stowe.
The truth as to the author,
Old Time, I guess, will show—
"Who made this man my master?
That's what I want to know!"

Let those indulge in spouting,
Who think that *that's* the way
Let sceptics still keep doubting,
And let the women pray;
The *wisest* and the *bravest*
Will lead the way, I trow,
"Who made this man my master?
That's what I want to know!"

Some will rely on writing,
And think the pen will do,
While more have faith in fighting.
Now, friend, pray what say you?
Were pen and sword united,
From Ganges to the *Roe*,
"Who made this man our master?"
We ne'er should ask to know.

Still, we possess a power
No despot e'er could bind—
It is a potent power—
"The magic of the mind;"
And from the Irrawaddy,
To Saskatchewan's wolds of snow,
Who made this man our master?
The people want to know!
HIAWATHA.
Dublin 6th October, 1857.

PATRICK HENRY.

Patrick Henry was the son of Colonel John Henry, a native of Aberdeen in Scotland, and born at Studley, in the county of Hanover and state of Virginia. In his youth he gave no signs of future greatness. No persuasion could induce him either to read or work; but he ran wild in the forest, and divided his time between the uproar of the chase and the langour of inaction. He married at *eighteen*; he was for some time a farmer, and then entered into mercantile undertakings which in a few years rendered him a bankrupt and reduced him to a state of wretchedness. He now determined to try the bar. About this time the famous contest between the clergy on one hand, and the legislature and the people of Virginia on the other, concerning the stipends of the former, took place, and he exhibited such displays of eloquence in "the parson's cause," as it was termed, as drew the admiration of all his fellow citizens. His exertions were so unexampled, so unexpected, so instantaneous, that he obtained the appellation of "The Orator of Nature." When the question first came to be agitated concerning the right of the British Parliament to tax America, he gave, as has been truly remarked, "the first impulse to the ball of the revolution." Men who were on other occasions distinguished for in-

trepidity and decision hung back, unwilling to submit, yet afraid to speak out in the language of bold and open defiance. In this hour of despondency, suspense, and consternation, Henry arose to cheer the drooping spirits of his countrymen, and to call forth all the energies of the Americans to contend for their freedom. When the house of Burgesses was within three days of its expected close, Henry produced and carried the far-famed resolutions concerning the stamp act, which formed the first firm opposition to the scheme of taxing America by the British Parliament. In 1774, he appeared in the venerable body of the old continental congress of the United States, when it met for the first time. Henry broke the silence which for a while overawed the minds of all present, and as he advanced, rose with the magnitude and importance of the subject, to the noblest displays of argument and of eloquence. "This," said he, "is not the time for ceremony; the question before the house is one of awful moment to this country. It is nothing less than freedom or slavery. If we wish to be free, *we must fight*; I repeat it, sir, *we must fight*. An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us. It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms; our brethren are already in the field; why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, and peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God; I know not what course others may take, but as for me," cried he, with both his arms extended aloft, his brows knit, every feature marked with the resolute purpose of his soul, and his voice swelled to its boldest note of exclamation, "give me liberty, or give me death!" He took his seat, and the cry "to arms;" seemed to quiver upon every lip, and gleam from every eye.

Henry lived to witness the glorious issue of that revolution which his genius had set in motion; and, to use his own prophetic language before the commencement of the revolution, "to see America take her station amongst the nations of the earth."

SHOPPING.

To the Committee.

GENTLEMEN.

I live on the shores of Loughmahon, and being of a contemplative turn of mind, or, as the phrenologist would say, "having the reflective powers largely developed" and entertaining the old fashioned notion that "woman's sphere" is not that of politics, my mind does ponder upon the social habits of the people who live within some five miles of

this lake—which, indeed, is no lake at all, a lake being, as I learned at school, “a portion of water everywhere entirely surrounded by land” and Loughmahon being only an expansion of the river Lee, which takes place between Horse Head, the Little Island, Hop Island, and Blackrock, and *looks* as if it were everywhere surrounded by land.

I was lately invited by my aunt Hetty to go up to the city of Cork with her to make a few trifling purchases at the shops, or, to “go shopping,” as she called it, and give her the benefit of my judgment on the colour of ribbon which she should buy for some young friends of hers, who lived in Mallow, who had written to her to procure these things for them in the city: for, though the town of Mallow is an excellent town, and there is a capital assortment of ribbons to be seen in the shops there, yet with that contempt for what is close to us, which is characteristic of some minds, these young ladies had written to my aunt to procure the ribbons in the city of Cork.

(To be continued)

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

“Song of 1776”—Thankfully declined.

The Comments on the Article in the *United Service Journal* lies over for a future number.

“Welcome Home”—“M.D.”—Declined.

A clear and concise paper upon the geology and traditions of the green lake would be welcome.

We publish the following enquiry as to the true pronunciation of the word Celt. We shall be happy to hear the opinions of others with reference to it. Our own impression is that the ordinary and popular reading, in which the initial C is sounded like an S is incorrect, and that the true scholastic reading is to sound the C as K, the word so read being “*Kelt*”

“You will much oblige by informing me, through the columns of “*The Celt*,” the proper pronunciation and derivation of the word Celt. Some here will have it Kelt, while others will say Selt. You can enquire in the proper quarter; my not being known prevents me and induces me to trouble you; I enclose stamp for your enquiries.

Fearing I am too troublesome, I remain, yours sincerely,

CELT.”

ERRATA.

p. 184.—Enclose in inverted commas the lines from “which” to “Irish” inclusive. They are quoted from T. DAVIS—(see note to “*Maire ban astor*.”)

* * Agents having copies of Nos. I. and II. of “*The Celt*” on hands will receive full price for them from the Publisher.

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The Celt.

"THE WISE MAN GATHERETH KNOWLEDGE, AND RULETH HIS OWN HOUSE."—*Old Celtic Proverb.*

No. 14, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1857. [ONE PENNY.

BERANGER.

(*Concluded.*)

Le Roi d'Yeveto, which dates so early as 1813, was written to ridicule the passion for conquest with which the great Napoleon was devoured. Playful and humorous as the composition appears it influenced the great man so far that he offered Beranger the post of Censor, which was respectfully refused, the poet preferring his independence and poverty to the offer so obviously intended to close his mouth. But it is a curious instance of the influence of ridicule on the French mind, a fact with which Napoleon was well acquainted, when so slight a satire as the "King of Yeveto" could have forced the King of Armies into a patron of the poet, who was then both poor and unknown. It is quite impossible in English to convey the sly and delicate turns which give such effect to the bagatelle.

A village king once lived in state,
A king scarce known in story,
Who rising and retiring late,
Slept very well without glory.
And when Jennette, each night that fled,
Put the cotton crown on this monarch's head,

All said—

Oh! oh! oh! oh! Ah! ah! ah! ah!
What a good little king is this!
La! la!

II.

Four meals this joyous monarch took
In his straw-thatched palace gaily;
And astride an ass with royal look,
Surveyed his kingdom daily;
Simple and well pleased with his lot,
His only sentinel I wot

Was his dog—Trot.

Oh! oh! oh! oh! Ah! ah! ah! ah!
What a good little king was that.
La! la!

His sovereign love and affection for the female portion of his subjects is then described, and also his system of taxation, which was not intricate, being founded on the principle of levying a glass of wine

LET US DRINK!

To drink is the joy of the *very* wise,
 Though scorned by milksop thinkers;
 Were I king, I swear by the ruby skies
 I'd make the whole universe drinkers.
 As around the gay table we sit,
 Care seems but a very slight matter,
 For while we quaff we laugh
 At the wit that passes,
 And while we laugh we quaff
 From the brimming, brimming glasses,
 Toasting friends and smiling lasses,
 Let us all the tables batter,
 Ho!
 First let us chink to drink,
 And then
 Drink to chink,
 My merry men!

But it would require a number in itself to notice the songs of humorous gaiety alone, which this universal melodist of emotion threw off from time to time. Let us come to the love-songs, of which perhaps the most charming is that named *Qu'elle est Jolie!*—"How Beautiful she is!" Others there are distinguished by a Lesbian fervour and passion, but this one is instinct with a natural impulsiveness, which makes him cry out at the beginning and end of each verse; "Great Gods; how beautiful she is," in unaffected surprise that she can love him:—

Great Gods! how beautiful is she,
 Whom I for ever love and praise;
 Her eyes like sweet dreams tenderly,
 Beam out when mine to hers I raise.
 The glorious life that circles me
 First dawned when Love began his reign—
 Great Gods! how beautiful is she,
 And I so very, *very* plain!

Great Gods! how beautiful is she,
 Whose twenty summers scarce have fled;
 Her hair is soft and floating free,
 Her cheeks, peach-blossoms, white and red.
 A thousand graces amorously
 Bedeck my rose, like sunny rain—
 Great Gods! how beautiful is she,
 And I so very, *very* plain!

THE NEW CREATION.

PART I.

This world had again returned to its original ashes—to its original nothingness—and as rises at early morn, the broad golden sun out of

the ocean, so loomed into its forsaken position another universe. As the construction of the past world had been earthy—gross—opaque, so, on the contrary, was the present one—bright—immaterial—and diaphanous—the vast grey sandy deserts no longer filmed the clear surface of nature, nor did the gloomy impenetrable forests nor the terrible teeming swamps and morasses mar the beautiful proportion and fairest of faces of young mother earth.

One gorgeous robe of green—* that favorite colour of the Deity—enveloped the new sublunary abode—a green, fascinating and fresh as the never fading emerald—a wavey living verdure, odorous as the orange flowers and transparent as the big trembling drops ever feeding the full fountain. Flowers, beautiful as tinted stars, nestled in amongst the richest tuftings of the gladdening soil—and diffused all around them an odour so entrancing that one might know that the angels brought it from Paradise, and stored it in the buds and bells to be shaken loose by the gentle winds over this new creation of the Most High. Fruits the most delicious grew everywhere wild and tempting amid the sunny hollows of the sloping hills—amid the bounteous meadows—and along the glorious winding banks of never-ending rivers and little truant streams that seemed to be always wandering away in search of shady angles where brightest blossoms, half concealed, abounded. An equal climate, an atmosphere undimmed and nightless, favoured this second Eden of the earth. Time went unmarked—no morn nor even any more divided the passing day—nothing save a timid noon—a prayer—pause, when sunlight and moonlight seemed to mingle together and with a mild persuasive mellowness suppress the thoughtless overglowing of the scene.

The palm tree and the willow—the cedar and the vine tree, and many, very many new children of a newer vegetable kingdom, hung with clusters of fruits and flowers, like cymbals burdened with a thousand golden bells, crowded together at every vantage point, to form luxuriant bowers, and charming solitudes.

Here were the haunts of all the gorgeous air birds—exiles from the olden paradise—they seemed to have been formed to fascinate the eyes with the richness of their varied or simple plumage—the skies, with the sweetness of their untiring melody—and to be the winged guardians of the star-like flowers. No seas ran riot o'er this peaceful land—but silent rivers broad and lustrous mirrored the deep blue firmament above them, moving in circles around the earth until like silvery molten rings they poured into themselves incessantly—a very type of their own decreed persistence. And all this new and breathing world was everywhere the same—translucent in its substance—exquisite in its exterior—inimitable in its formation—possessed of everything to captivate the spiritual imagination, to exalt the thoughts and senses—a mass of crystallised perfection and of unstained newness, unfit for the gross footstep of any of the long tribe of Adam's living sinning race—whose touch would have soiled and tainted, by their rank humanity, this limbo of a land of spirits. But who are to be the denizens of this fresh crea-

tion—of these still—silent—and pensive fields outside the barriers of Heaven? Where are the passive souls ordained to people this purified abode—is this to be their residence for ever? When will they come to occupy their kingdom? when will they depart therefrom? or ever will they? God the Father of Mercy, only knows, who holds the sword and the scales—and whose judgment must be just.

PART II.

Along the verge of the Eastern horizon appeared the extended wings of hosts of soaring angels hastening towards the earth. Crowning their heads, were radiant halos of glory, so very many, that the broad skies seemed a blaze with the presence of innumerable suns, whilst on before them rolled, trundling along through space, several dim clouds enveloping other shapes and forms of which they were the guides and guardians.

Alighting in the bosom of a fragrant valley, the angels furled their clustering wings, and from the dim clouds which stood upon the land like tents, came forth (at the angelic bidding,) the guarded exiles from the skies.

Robed in snowy white, they came, children all children, with gentle brows and silken curls—and tiny hands, and little feet all naked and as smooth as ivory.

In troops they wended out upon the bosom of the new-created orb, out of their cloudy tents, as from the Ark after the Deluge, came the living creatures whom the Lord had protected. The angels blessed them as they went, and bended over them, and caressed them, and kissing their innocent eyes, turned away from them mournfully. Then when the myriad troops had glided away into the world, and spread themselves all over the vast face of the great universe, the mission of the holy guardians was over, and so they joined their hands together, and raising a hymn of praise and thanksgiving to the Almighty, spread out their beauteous wings to the winds, and with one accord ascended brightly up into the heavens. The dim clouds melted away over the mountains like the blue haze that dies away from the green foliage in the opening Summer morn.

Then over the wide new world roamed these beautiful young children. They had come out of darkness into the sunbeams. They had been freed from a gloomy sepulchre where there was no one solitary joy, and had been permitted to see God's light, and although it was but the artificial light of earth, still it was light—it was a first step out of the wilderness of despair—a first step out of unutterable nothingness. And so, in beauteous bands, and all in wonderment and delight, they set about examining their novel and carefully adorned abode. Some wreathed in each others arms, sang joyous hymns of thankfulness to heaven, and to heavens' King, who in His great mercy sent His angels to free them from the dark abyss where they had long lain abandoned;

some sat in circles communing in gentle meditation, whilst others roved away and plucked the grand flowers, and the broad bright leaves of the laurels and their berries, and the big vine branches and their clustering fruits, and the pomegranates and oranges, and their velvet mantles, and the pomaceæ with their delicious tintings, and the Sion palm branches, and fragrant aloe, to wreath into rustic altars, to honour the Almighty with His own free given gifts, and to begin a glory of uninterrupted adoration, offering and prayer, as did Nineveh of old, to disarm God's justice. Graceful and gentle animals came forth from the sloping groves and longwinding valleys, and disported themselves amid the luxurious pasturages, creatures as fragile as the dark antelope of the Deccan, as peaceful as the mottled hind of the deep prairies—as swift as the wild zebra of the East—and as fascinating as the large soft-eyed white fawn of the visionary land of fable.

And they followed the band of wandering children—and grouped about them, as they prayed before the altars, or strayed along the banks of the mirroring streams and rivers—or with ears erect—and pose of easy elegance—stood, as statues still—as they sang hymns and anthems of praises to the Lord. The angels who had flown away long and far into Æther—turned on their mounting pinions—and seeing their dear exiles so fitly and so piously engaged—wept for them and prayed for them—and their tears fell not down into the new earth, but ascended with them, and their prayers; into the most high heaven; as the shadow follows the dove who seeks his home in the evenings of deep Autumn, when his nest is near the earth, close hidden in the alders.

* * * * *

Such is to be the order of the new Creation—and such the children—the spirit-children—the dwellers in this second Eden*—the souls of those who left our gross earth without having been washed in the regenerating waters of Baptism, without being cleansed† by the laver of water in the Word of Life.

CAROLAN.

HOLLAND.

(Continued.)

The early history of that portion of the Low Countries, now known by the general name of Holland, is involved in the same mythical ob-

* "The earth," says the holy Doctor, St. Thomas, "shall be, in its surface, transparent like glass."

† "The earth, after its renovation, shall be inhabited by the infants who died without baptism, and they shall enjoy the delights of the purified elements." Siuri—tr, de limbo puerorum: ch. v. n. 7.

† Ephes, ch. 6, v. 26.

security which renders the early history of most countries so perplexing. The country did not escape the ravages of the northmen, whose success was attributed to the power of magic, by the conquered people, just as here in Ireland a supernatural might was attributed to the Danes and the other Scandinavian invaders.

Charlemagne in his turn conquered the northmen, who held the country, and offered them favourable terms provided they would accept Christianity, but this proposal the stern votaries of Thor and Odin peremptorily rejected. Charlemagne was hailed as a deliverer by the natives, and in the fragments of some old ballads which still remain is styled the "beloved Charles." He governed his new territory with a wise and conciliatory policy; he left the people in possession of their ancient laws and privileges, and in every way acted so towards them, as to continue to deserve the term of endearment they had conferred on him.

The Frankish Emperors deligated their authority to a governor who in the chronicles of the country is called the "Stadtholder." Upon the decline of the Frankish Empire the countries of Lower Germany which had formed a portion of it, separated into several provinces, governed by nobles who bore various titles. Thus there were four dukedoms, seven earldoms, five lordships, and one marquisate. Subsequently, either by inheritance, marriage, or contract, they were nearly all united under the rule of the house of Burgundy.

It will be necessary to speak of these seventeen Provinces as forming but one State until we come to relate the separation of the northern Provinces from the southern by the event of the Belgic war of independence, which resulted in the formation of the Republic of Holland formed from the seven northern provinces. The last Prince of the house of Burgundy, falling in battle while leading the chivalry of Burgundy, then the bravest in Europe, against the peasantry of Switzerland, died without male issue, leaving his possessions to his only daughter Mary, who thus became the richest heiress in Europe. She became the wife of the Archduke Maximilian, who subsequently became Emperor of Germany. In this way the seventeen provinces known as the Low Countries became part of the Western Empire ruled over by Charles V., grandson of Maximilian and Mary of Burgundy. Charles was born in the Low Countries, and ever entertained the affection of a native for them. He loved the people and was beloved by them in return. He respected their privileges, and though at times he stretched his prerogative to an undue extent, they conferred on him the same affectionate appellation "the beloved" borne so many ages before by his great predecessor in Empire, Charlamagne.

Charles, on his abdication was succeeded in the government of the Low Countries by his son Philip, who also inherited Spain with other portions of his father's Empire.

On Philip's accession, circumstances occurred, the origin of which have been variously accounted for, but which had the effect of destroying

the cordiality which had hitherto existed between his family and their subjects of the Low Countries.

Protestant writers say that this was owing to the hostility of Philip to the growth of the doctrines of Luther, which some time previously had begun to be extensively spread through these provinces; and we are told that the people were offended by the swarms of monks, who overrun the land, and also by the introduction of the Inquisition, with all the attendant horrors so imaginatively detailed by those who do not go to the trouble of inquiring what were the objects of that institution, and how those objects were carried out. By those writers a religious origin has been given to this struggle, though there is nothing farther from the fact; and to effect this, a character of the greatest cruelty has been affixed to all the acts of the church at that period, in the country. The same effort too has been made to blacken Philip's character both as a monarch and a man. Crimes the most atrocious are attributed to him; the assassination of his enemies by the hands of infuriated zealots, and the murder of his own children. In a word, in their writings he has passed down to posterity as the incarnate principle of evil.

This character Philip has received as well from the writers of France as of England, forced by circumstances as he was to be the enemy of both these countries.

That Philip had faults, and grave ones, is true; but that they were not of the kind attributed to him has been abundantly proved in modern times. He was pious to an extraordinary degree, and this of itself refutes the worst charges against him. His faults were those of his age and not of his nature. He was a profound politician, and one too of a bad school. Deeply imbued with the spirit of Italian intrigue, which delighted in a tortuous policy, where the plain and straight path would have been the easiest and the best, he was a disciple of that mode of governing, which growing up in Italy, in consequence of the territorial weakness of the Italian states, was perhaps well enough fitted for them; though Machiavelli's cynical satire on it, which has given the policy a name, shows that even there it was reprobated by all truly wise men. It was, however, the worst possible mode for preserving intact an empire composed of such discordant elements as the one inherited by Philip, and in no portion of his dominions was it more likely to be unpopular than in the Low Countries, where the people had always been remarkable for plain blunt honesty and independence, and where for the first time, for ages, their ruler was not a native of the country.

THE LADY LOVE.

I.

My love is gone to Palestine,
But left his heart with me,
And with his sept of fifty spears,
He sails the raging sea—
And tho' I grieve he roams afar,
How can my soul repine,
To spare my gallant soldier-chief
To God and Palestine.

II.

Oh, in his burnished, shining helm,
I dressed my flowing hair—
And in his dinted habergeon,
Arrayed myself with care—
Ah! how he smiled—my fearless one!
When with my woman's hand,
I pluck'd the sparthe forth from his belt,
And poised his sparkling brand,
My gallant love! my soldier-love!
With bearing frank and free—
My love is gone to Palestine—
But left his heart with me.

III.

He told me that he'd bring me wreaths,
Of orient gems and pearls—

And diamonds from the dusky necks
Of white-robed Paynim girls—
And ivory vases, odour-crowned—
And cups of crusted gold—
And richest silks of Eastern west,
Of costliness untold—
Ah! may he leave them all behind,
Beyond the raging sea,
So, he comes back from Palestine,
To seek his heart from me.

IV.

One black lock from his coolun's flow—
I have it safely *here*!
I keep it ever bright a curl,
With many a burning tear.
And often in the weary day,
I steal with beads in hand,
To pray for my brave Soldier-Chief,
Far in the Holy Land;
I do not care that prying eyes
My sacred grief should see—
For him who went to Palestine,
And left his heart with me.

CAROLAN.

THE SONGS OF IRELAND.

There are few traits so characteristic of individual nations as their music; few which bear so perceptible an impress of their genius and political career; and few of which every polished nation is more proud.

Nor should we be surprised at this. The refined mind of the bard seldom fails to throb to the spirit which animates his country; and if it should, it is at least necessary, if he would make a name for himself that he would sympathise with the feelings and emotions of his countrymen, and stamp on his productions the character which they have acquired either by temperament or political circumstances. It is this embodiment of the general features of every people that makes them so proud of and so much attached to their national music. Another cause, perhaps every bit as powerful, is the magic influence it has exerted over the tender hearts of their childhood.

Every one is aware of the brilliancy, softness, and exquisite sweetness of the Italian masters; is not such the idiosyncrasy of the nation? Who that has heard the popular airs of Germany, stately, romantic and martial, but is at once reminded of the pride of the feudal barons, who could dethrone an emperor, or crowd in hundreds at the trumpet's call to fight against the Mussulman. The sprightly and polished Frenchman is admirably depicted in his native music; and what can be more stirring or spirited than some of his martial airs.

I could cite numerous examples of this kind, but these are quite sufficient for our present purpose: they suffice to show how the music of each people is moulded on the national character, and when applied to Irishmen, to show them that theirs (neglected as it is) if it have no other claim on their sympathies, has that at least of portraying the social and political condition of the nation.

How admirably does it do this! Its deep pathos and plaintive melancholy, tells him of the gloom that has for centuries overshadowed his down-trodden country and impressed a sombre tinge on the national mind. Again it is sprightly and gay, reminding us of the elastic spirit of the Milesian that makes him in the moment of joy, forget for a season, the sorrows that surround him,

"And smile thro' his tears like a sunbeam in showers."

And where is the daring energy, the fiery and impulsive charge, that lead the "Irish battalions" to victory at Benburb, Cremona and Fontenoy, more admirably expressed than in their martial melodies, which send the blood in a boiling tide through the veins and ring on the ear like the sabre clash in battle.

Such is our music. And yet there are Irishmen among whom the name of a native composer is a downright paradox; the singing of a native air, a thing bespeaking almost the total want of a gentlemanly education. Shame on them! It is not surprising that our "masters" would trample on a land that has such recreant sons—sons who blush for that which every manly nation on earth would be proud of, aye, unless the chain that fettered the body had 'also rusted in the soul.

What a brilliant example do the gallant Swiss present to them in this respect; who, when serving as auxiliaries hundreds of miles from home, have been so worked on by the talisman-like influence of the music of their country, that they have fled in whole regiments to their poor huts and wild mountain fastness. What an example of the magic power which it exercises over the hearts of a brave and patriotic people.

But in Ireland, it is that servile cringing spirit, which prefers everything English, that makes many of her sons (thank God, not all) ignore the sacred productions of her bards. Bards! What associations does not that word recall. It reminds us of the happy days of Erin's prosperity, when the minstrel, the companion of kings and nobles, strung his gay lyre to enliven the banquet-hall, or charmed away the lingering hours, as he sang of the deeds of "the Red Branch" or of the Dalcasians "of the golden sword." It reminds us too of a gloomier day when the same bards were "hunted down like wolves," and forced to fling their fingers over the plaintive strings of the harp and awake its saddening echoes on the wild moor or in the lonely cavern.

Ah! dead must that heart be to all the nobler feelings of our nature which has not one chord to sympathise with the glorious productions of such men.

But our music requires not the adventitious assistance of historical recollections to stamp a value on it. I do not think

I am at all stating a paradox when I say that the greatest modern masters might be proud of it. Thomas Francis Meagher says that ours is a "country whose musicians may be said to stand this day in glorious rivalry with those of Italy." Some of the admirers of the factitious productions of the present day would scoff at this idea. But the only answer that can be given them is, that they are either prejudiced or ignorant. With the wretch who would be prejudiced against his own country I could only hope for his reformation. To the latter I would say, "Study your native music, and if you find it unworthy of the name of music let it perish."

Ah! how truly beautiful are our songs! where is there more plaintive sweetness and more exquisite tenderness than in that lovely air which poor Davis has so elegantly worded to poetry, in his "Annie Dear." I heard it sang one night in presence of a numerous company, and I will never forget the effect it produced. No one was prepared for such a charming melody, and after reiterated applause it was called for again and again. Again we have the "Dear Irish Boy." Does it not partake of the freshness and wildness of our native hills. We have "Let Erin Remember the days of old," and "When he who adores thee" &c. among numberless gems in the "Melodies" I need but mention the "Coulin" to have its merits universally acknowledged, or that remarkably expressive air "John O'Dwyer of the Glen," or "Aileen Aroon," which sounds on the ear like the soft moaning of the Autumnal breeze.

I could name hundreds of others; but these are sufficient to show what our music is, and that he who will devote his time to it will be well remunerated. After the edition of the "Melodies" set to music, the next best collection of our songs, as far as I am aware, is the 10s. edition of the "Spirit of the Nation."

And yet this is not all. I would have every Irish mother, in whose bosom there is one pulsation for the "old land," to teach their little ones to lisp at their knee the songs of their country, and to infuse into their young hearts the hallowed breathing of our bards and poets. I would have the sons and daughters of Erin, when they are called on for a song to give the precedence to those of their own land.

What nobler spectacle than to see the daughter of the "Green Isle" pouring out a strain of exquisite tenderness over the unhappy lot of her down-trodden country. It forcibly reminds one of the Jewish maid (whom Byron has immortalised) sorrowing over the ruins of Jerusalem.

And you! the young blood of Ireland, will you not relinquish the rapid, spiritless productions that are now fashionable, for the heart-stirring ballads of your country.

Oh! do! and let their undying cadence sink deep into your souls, and arouse your sympathies for all that is noble and brilliant in the crimsoned page of your history.

"Fling! fling the forms of art aside,
Dull is the heart that these forms enthrall,
Let the simple songs of our sires be tried,
They go to the heart and the heart is all."

DALCASSIAN.

THE CROWN OF IRELAND.

Roger Palmer's (the Earl of Castlemain), Reception as Ambassador from James II. to the Holy See.

The following account of the reception of James's Envoy is translated from the fourth edition of a book entitled *Le Nouveau Voyage D'Italie*, printed at *La Haye*, 1717. The author's name is not given. The book is written in the form of letters addressed to a friend. The account is contained in the twenty-ninth letter, second vol., and is, though condensed to bring it within the limits of "The Celt," as follows :—

"MONSIEUR—Want of time has hitherto prevented my answering your, and our mutual friend's inquiries, contained in your last letter, but I hope that I shall now satisfy you.

"Father A., an English Jesuit, who is a young man, and exceedingly polite, has had the goodness to give me an ample statement of all that passed when the Marquis of Castlemain first honoured with his presence their College. This Father has also been so obliging as to permit me to copy, as I pleased, the harangues and eulogies that were either pronounced or exhibited there that day, so that it will be very easy for me to satisfy your curiosity. You know, as well as I do, in how noble a manner Lord Castlemain generally ordered his equipages, and in truth the subject of this Embassy, so important and extraordinary, fully merited all this lord's magnificence.

"I will not attempt to pourtray either the richness of his principal coach, nor the spiritual and mysterious emblems with which it was decorated, for all this has been already engraven and given to the public. After this great minister had had his first audience from the Pope, he visited the reverend Fathers of the Society of Jesus in the Royal Palace, which I have before mentioned to you under the name of the Roman College. They had prepared for him the grand reception room, which was decorated in the richest manner with silken tapestries; the ceiling as well as the walls. To this tapestry were attached cartouches containing, in prose and verse, eulogies on the king, beautiful devices, and many other things of the same nature. The wall facing the entrance of the apartment was entirely occupied with a single picture, the central figure on which was a representation of England, depicted as a woman, young and beautiful, superbly attired, and seated on a leopard, while in her right hand she held a sceptre and in her left a helm; on her head was placed a mural crown, above which was a canopy of cloth of gold; at each side of the principal figure were placed Scotland and Ireland. The first in a posture of admiration, holding a sceptre, and crowned with a royal crown; Ireland having also her sceptre and harp (to mark her joy?) but only having on a ducal crown. I remarked to the reverend Father that I was astonished at the refusal of the title of kingdom to Ireland, after it being granted by the Pope. He replied that that is true, but as the Pope of the day had not confirmed or sanctioned the title of "King of Ireland," assumed by Henry VIII. for the first time, and that consequently there were many people, particularly of the Society

of Jesus, who would never consent to give the title of King of Ireland to any English monarch. He also said that in all the orations delivered on the occasion, having reference to King James, they had been careful to simply designate him King of England, or of Great Britain, and never King of Ireland."

In a marginal note by the writer he says:—"Henry VIII. erected Ireland into a kingdom, and the title was continued by Edward and Mary. The Popes objected strongly to this encroachment on their right of erecting kingdoms, but Paul IV. was determined to assert his prerogative (the 1st year of his pontificate, and the 2nd of the reign of Mary, in 1555). He accordingly endeavoured to prevail on Mary to abandon the title of Queen of Ireland, but could not prevail on her to do so."—Rome, April 27, 1688.

There is then a long and detailed account of the various other emblematic devices, and of the inscriptions, and also of the Latin speeches made before the Ambassador, which however interesting to the scholar have not a particle of interest to the Irish nationalist, filled as they are with prognostics of the future happiness and glory of Castlemain's miserable master.

The above extracts, however, show that those people, who believe that there is a Papal injunction to admire and be loyal to an English monarch, of the style and title of "King of Ireland," are very much mistaken in so believing.

MY OWN LAND.

I.

This world hath many a glorious land,
Where beauty ever dwells,
Old snow-crowned hills, and rivers grand,
And happy summer dells
Of which the Poet in his lays,
Loves evermore to tell,
Where heroes died in former days,
Where Freedom's martyrs fell;
But my own land is dearer far,
Than all, where'er they be,
My own land—my own land—
Is all the world to me!

II.

Among the nations of the world,
She holds a lovely name,
Her flag may never be unfurled,
For glory or for fame,
She kneels a weary mourner there,
Her sun of life seems set,
And few will breathe to Heaven a prayer,
For her redemption yet;
But my own land, I love her still,
Whate'er her fate may be,
My own land—my own land—
Is all the world to me

III.

The holy love a mother feels,
When bending o'er her child,
Or lover's when he lowly kneels,
To whisper love thoughts wild,
Or maiden's when the first pure kiss
Of love is on her brow,
Are weak and cold, and passionless,
To the love within me now;

My own land, I have no love,
No love on earth but thee,
My own land—my own land—
Is all the world to me!

IV.

I loved another, she was fair.
As an angel from the skies,
My heart was in her golden hair,
And in her bright blue eyes,
She left me, and a shadow fell
On the sunshine of my life,
To heedless ears I may not tell,
The sorrow and the strife,
But my own land, I turned me then,
With deeper love to thee,
My own land—my own land—
Is all in all to me!

V.

The passion of the Poet's song.
That with all time shall live,
To tell in solemn hymns thy wrong,
This is not mine to give,
But truer heart has never beat,
With love for thee and thine,
I lay that offering at thy feet,
O! Native land of mine!
My own land, my heart can hold
No other love but thee,
My own land—my own land—
Is all the world to me!

ROBERT EMMET.

October, 1857.

THE DEATH BLOW TO "DISCOVERY" IN IRELAND.

We republish from the "Dublin Universal Magazine and Review," of January, 1790, the following abstract of a remarkable trial, the last, we believe, of its kind in Ireland. The Lord Chancellor alluded to, we take to be the too famous Fitzgibbon, afterwards, (1799,) raised to the peerage of Great Britain, by the title of Baron Fitzgibbon, his title of Earl of Clare having reference only to the Irish peerage. Our reason for thinking so is, that his predecessor, James Hewitt, first Viscount Lifford, died in 1789, having held the seal ever since 1767.

A cause of great importance to Roman Catholics was lately determined in the Court of Chancery: the case was this:—Thomas Roche, an Irish Roman Catholic, in the year 1787, after the making of the act of parliament, which enables Roman Catholics to purchase estates in this kingdom, being then, and for many years before, a resident in Rotterdam, purchased and obtained a conveyance of an estate in the County of Kilkenny, and agreed for the purchase of an estate in the County of Clare, and died in Holland, in October, 1788, upwards of six months after the purchase, without ever having been in the kingdom, since the making of the act of parliament, leaving Stephen Roche, of Limerick, his eldest brother, and heir-at-law; who as such, entered into possession of the Kilkenny estate, and claimed to be entitled to a specific execution of the agreement for sale of the Clare estate, and that the purchase money should be paid out of the assets of the intestate; but a bill was filed against the heir-at-law, in the name of one John Lee, a blacksmith, claiming as a Protestant discoverer, to be entitled to both estates, under the statute of Queen Anne; inasmuch as Thomas Roche, the purchaser, had never returned to Ireland, and taken the oaths of allegiance, as required by the act of the present reign. To this it was answered, that by the last-mentioned act, purchasers residing beyond the seas were only required to take the oaths "within six months after their return to this kingdom," and that the intestate having been prevented from returning, by the act of God, the estate was not discoverable at any time during his life; and that on his death, it having descended to his heir-at-law, who had before such descent duly taken the oaths, the estate did not exist for the benefit of a Protestant informer.—The cause was heard on bill and answer, and the only question was—"Whether, if a Roman Catholic subject, residing beyond the seas, purchases an estate in Ireland, and that he does not, at some time during his life, return to Ireland, and take the oaths, his estate descends to his heir-at-law, or exists for the benefit of a Protestant informer?"—After the question being very ably debated, the Lord Chancellor was clearly of opinion, that the estate descended to the heir-at-law, he being duly qualified to take it; and that it did not exist for the benefit of a Protestant informer; and therefore dismissed the bill with costs.

SHOPPING.

(Continued)

Before the day was over I was thoroughly ashamed of having gone shopping with my aunt. She went through all the draper's shops in Cork—though she saw what she wanted in the first as well as in the last—and, in the end, after asking my opinion, and the shopman's opinion on the momentous questions of the choice of the ribbons, she turned up her eyes, and ejaculated—"may the Lord direct me."

On another occasion a young friend of mine from Killarney, who came on a visit to my mother's house, wished, before returning home, to procure a few articles of finery in the city, and requested me to accompany her. I went unwillingly, as I feared something like a repetition of the dose I had when I accompanied my aunt, but did not like to refuse my young friend, and thought too, that as she was more my own age I would be able to influence her to judge quickly, should she be inclined to be tedious. But I found that, young as she was, she had acquired the habit of giving all the trouble that it was possible to give in every shop, and of never deciding on anything in the first shop she entered.

These two experiences, occurring so close upon each other, threw me into a train of reflections on the duties which we owe to shopkeepers.

Every young lady should consider that when a man opens a shop he does so with a view to a legitimate profit by which he is to live, and that it is as unjust of her to try and rob him of that profit, by consuming too much of his time in attendance on her, by inducing him to tumble and disarrange his goods, or by using any stratagems to tempt him to sell without a profit, as it would be to steal an article from his counter. In some cases "Shopping and Shoplifting" are more nearly allied than some of my Irish sisters are apt to imagine. When I enter a shop I desire to feel that the proprietor, in opening his shop, and keeping goods there suitable to my wants, is as much my benefactor, as I am his in choosing his shop to make my purchase in, nor would I wish to enter, or part without as polite a salutation, as if I were entering or leaving the parlour of a friend.

I have sometimes grieved to see parents trying to train their children to give as much trouble as possible in making their little purchases. I have been delighted to see the native off-handness and good nature of the child, so easily pleased, and so thoroughly free from any desire to obtain what they wanted at less than its priced value, and the readiness, pride, and pleasure with which they paid for what they required.

This is the healthy state of feeling—in which the man might take a lesson from the child. The rule should be, not to buy, unless we want, but when we do go to buy, to make the purchase an opportunity for the interchange of kindly feeling, elicited by the communication of mutual good offices. Let the women of Ireland consider that the glory of a country must spring chiefly from the middle classes—that these

consist chiefly of shopkeepers and small manufacturers—that the country could not do without them, though it might possibly dispense with doctors, lawyers, small nobility, and their connections. That the sure sign of a vulgar mind, is the show of disrespect for the outward condition into which circumstances may have thrown any human being. That thoughtful kindness, and true respectfulness of manner, are as necessary an ingredient to mark the lady who stands outside the counter, to make her purchase, as of her who stands within to help the purchaser. That goodness of heart, is beyond education, and education beyond station. That the different stations of society are artificial barriers, which the wise and good regard only as filmy lines, which form no stay to the flow of kindly thought of feeling. I would that I could rouse all my sisterhood of Ireland, to see the fact, that the only real vulgarity, is unkindness, meanness, shabbiness, and ostentation—that these are as vulgar, when exercised towards the poor as the rich, the lowly born as the highly born, when displayed in a visit to a shop, towards the shopkeeper, as in a visit to a drawingroom towards its owner, or any of his friends or servants.

Should this essay of mine to interest and speak words of truth to my fellow countrywomen, be deemed suitable to the pages of the CELT, —by the Committee who guard its entrance, I shall consider myself honoured by the permission to help in so good a work; the appearance of which I hail with delight, as a sign of moral life at the heart of the Old Land. Though I never took part in politics, yet I can revere those whose proper sphere it is, and who do so nobly and honestly; I would be glad to be allowed to take my own small part in the glorious enterprise—the intrepid and honest little CELT, which the Committee of the Celtic Union have launched forth to enter the dwellings of all who will receive it, and to cheer their homes with words of comfort and of hope.

MARY MACMAHON.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

"STUDENT."—A series of biographies and anecdotal papers, having the past history of the country wound up with them, have been for some time in preparation, and the Committee are likely to occasionally give good wood cuts in connection with them.

"MILESIAN" is wrong, and we will let him see his error in an early number.

"BRIAN BORU" thankfully declined, as also "P.P.," "OLIVER," "NORA CERENA," and "MARCUS."

RECEIVED.—The sketch of Anne Devlin, and the paper on Taxes, both of which will appear in our next number.

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The Celt.

"THE WISE MAN GATHERETH KNOWLEDGE, AND RULETH HIS OWN HOUSE."—*Old Celtic Proverb.*

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ANNE DEVLIN. A REMINISCENCE OF 1803.

"Man is great in daring, woman in suffering." Never did aphorism speak more truly, and never was it better illustrated than in the conduct of the humble peasant girl whose name heads this article.

Anne Devlin was the daughter of a dairy-man, and the niece of the celebrated outlaw whose name lives in the Wicklow mountains, Michael Dwyer. At the period of the Emmet insurgent movement of 1803 she was twenty six years of age, and acted in the capacity of a housekeeper and general servant to Robert Emmet at his residence in Butterfield lane.

After the unfortunate night of the 23rd of July, when Emmet and his companions were obliged to fly from Dublin and to seek shelter in the Wicklow mountains, Anne remained in charge of the house. Upon the 25th the house was searched by a body of yeomen headed by a magistrate, looking for the late resident, Mr. Ellis, the assumed name of Robert Emmet. Four of the yeomen took charge of Anne as their prisoner, while the body of them proceeded to search the concerns for her master; failing in that object they proceeded to question Anne about the gentleman with whom she lived, but all enquiries were fruitless, they could elicit nothing from a woman faithful to her trust and firm in her purpose.

The threat of death, certain and immediate, if she did not reveal what she knew, failed to extract a single reply beyond the resolute declaration that she had nothing to tell, would tell nothing. Then it was that a brutal official directed his still more brutal followers to convey her to the yard, and there execute her as one participating in the treason of her master in refusing to reveal the secret they knew she held; with riotous shouting and an indecent savagery, men disgracing man's form and nature dragged this young and devoted female to the place appointed for her death. And while some of them hastened to erect a temporary gallows by elevating the shafts of a common car, and securing a rope to its back board, a process, which she was compelled to witness by being kept erect, with her back close to the

opposite wall, while the fiends kept their sharp bayonets pointed to her naked bosom, pressing them as it were with gentle touches against her tender skin until the blood flowed freely down her person. But the heart within that breast was of no common nature, it throbbed firmly, its pulses did not quail; it sickened not under the tortures inflicted, or the contemplation of the death preparing for her. Fidelity and honor were a part of her very nature, and they nerved her to that stern firmness which will die ere it will betray, die nobly rather than live dishonoured, endure personal annihilation rather than bring that annihilation upon the object of its devotion.

And ever as they pressed her to tell, they pierced her woman-skin with soldier-weapons to torture the secret from her keeping, but still came the one firm answer, "I have nothing to tell, I will tell nothing." Then they pointed to the ready gallows, there with its noosed rope, pendulum-like, swinging from its top, and measuring the minutes of her life, and cried, "tell us where Mr. Ellis is gone to, or die."—Steady was her response—"you may murder me but I will not tell you a word about him." Then they hurried her forward, ready executioners affixed the rope upon her neck, while others seated themselves upon the car to steady it, and as she uttered a single cry, "Lord Jesus, have mercy upon my soul," she was raised aloft, her body swung heavily in the air, her eyes darkened, her senses failed, the world was disappearing, eternity opening: but it would not suit their purpose to murder her yet, other means should be tried to win her secret. The rope was lowered, her feet rested upon the ground, and the light of heaven once more shone upon her opening eyes amid the yells and laughter of her heartless tormentors. When sufficiently recovered she was sent into the city, and brought before the great manager of the torture and corruption of the day—Major Sirt. He had learned that torture had failed, and adopted a new mode of attack; with soft and soothing words he endeavoured to reason her out of her secret, and closed the persuasiveness of his argument by offering her £500; a fine fortune for a peasant girl, if she would only tell him where Mr. Ellis had gone. Soft words could not delude, gold could not corrupt the girl who had already confronted death sooner than betray her secret.

Forty years after the sad period of her sufferings, when Doctor Madden* was eliciting from her these details, he said to her in reference to the offer of £500, "you took the money of course," and he adds in his Memoir, "The look the woman gave was one that would have made an admirable subject for a painter, a regard in which wonder, indignation and misgiving of the seriousness of the person who addressed her, were blended; 'Me take the money—the price of Mr. Robert's blood! no, I spurned the rascal's offer.'"

Finding it impossible to mould the stern nature of the girl to their purpose, she was cast into a solitary prison. There she remained in

* Doctor Madden, author of the *Lives of the United Irishmen*, a gentleman to whose untiring industry the people of Ireland stand deeply indebted for the preservation of vast biographical and historical information in relation to those troubled times.

utter ignorance of the fearful events passing around her, and would have perished for the want of suitable sustenance, but for the tenderness of the wife of one of the officials, an Englishwoman, who shuddered at the atrocities of the time, and sought to mitigate Anne's sufferings and to prolong her life by a thousand feminine kindnesses.

One day Anne was ordered into one of the yards for air and exercise, but when she entered the place her shrewdness discovered the cause of the seeming mercy. She was conscious eyes were glaring upon her from one of the grated windows, the eyes of the officials, and pacing up and down the yard was one whose figure she instantly recognised was that of the unfortunate Robert Emmet. She knew she had been sent out to identify him. She passed him as though she had never before seen him, and by a frown deterred him from recognising her. A few days subsequently she was sent for to the Castle for examination, and by the directions of her gaoler she was ordered to be shewn the gallows in Thomas-street, by which she had to pass. Accordingly the cavalcade stopped at that scene of so many murders; how her woman nature must have shuddered as she gazed upon the fearful spot; fresh drawn blood had dabbled o'er its boards, and from the boards to the pavement, where but a few hours gone by, stains were visible too, but the dogs had lapped them up. The blood had disappeared from off the street, but it still clung to the boards, and as her eyes rested upon it, they told her that it was the blood of a young traitor, of one she knew,—it was the blood of Emmet. We have not heard how her devoted but yet strong heart bore up against the sight, but we can well imagine the deep agony of the feelings of that girl, who when an aged woman, forty years later in life, upon looking again upon the chamber he was wont to inhabit, wept woman's tears, and shook with all the awakened tenderness of woman's devotedness. Noble-minded girl, tender-hearted old woman, may the blessings of another, a purer, and a better world, compensate you for your sufferings here, and reward you for the nobleness with which you held true and faithful to the patriot, to the cause and to the country, leaving to that country an example bright as ever graced old Rome in her proudest days. Well may woman feel proud of her sex as she reads your story, while proud man himself shall find within it not merely matter for praise, but for imitation too!

L'INDE ANGLAISE, PAR EDOUARD WARREN: *PARIS*.

(ENGLISH INDIA, BY EDWARD WARREN.)

No man could have a more honourable genealogy, than Edward Warren. His father was an Irish officer in Dillon's regiment of the Irish brigade, the noblest regiment in the world. On the decapitation of Louis XVI., the elder Warren left France and settled in India. Young

Edward his son entered the military service of the East India Company, and in the book before us has given the public the results of his observations and experience of India.

In this book we see plainly that the object for which the nations contended in the Crimea was the possession of India. England having failed in that war to assert her supremacy finds as a necessary consequence, India slipping out of her grasp. England lost in the Crimean war a footing (a *prestige*) which she till the end of time will never recover. Her pretext as every one knows was to save Turkey. Her true object was to shield India. That object has been frustrated, and now Russian policy is triumphant in Hindostan. Before the walls of Sebastopol the paling star of England was eclipsed—darkened for ever: it will never again blaze upon the nations with its former lustre. In the Crimean war the savage outrages which the Turks for ages had inflicted on the Greeks—the cruel miseries of the Christian subjects of Mahometanism—lent irresistible power to Russia, made her successful. So the miseries of the Hindoos—the outrages inflicted for ages on that patient people—make Alexander at present omnipotent. The arms of Nicholas in the Crimean war avenged the Greeks. The policy of Alexander in the Indian insurrection avenges the Hindoos. He will ere long be master of Constantinople and commander of the world. The name of Russia will be blessed by the suffering races of the earth, by Hindoos, Greeks, and Irishmen. While that of England, as a necessary consequence, will be a subject of universal and deserved execration, not only to the Hindoos and the Irish whom she oppressed, but to the Poles and Italians whom she betrayed.

In the Russian war the sceptre of Victoria was broken. In the present war England endeavours to retrieve the mistakes of Sebastopol—to mend that sceptre. But it is a vain attempt, as time will glaringly manifest. It is impossible to alter the past. Had the military supremacy of England been brilliantly and irresistibly manifested in the Crimea, the Brahmin instead of outraging her women would quail before her arms—would never attempt to budge. As it is, all is over—India is gone.

It is not the inhabitants of India alone—the climate and the soil are hostile to Englishmen. Under the banner of Britain the native troops might make such marches as the following—but Europeans *cannot*. At this moment air, earth, beast and man are at war with England. Let us accompany M. Warren in his march into Coorg—a principality whose sovereign had offended the English—and we shall see at once that it is impossible for England, having lost in the Crimea, to re-conquer Hindostan.

Three columns were crossing the Ghauts—mountains furrowed by torrents and covered with primeval forests of gigantic magnitude. In addition to human enemies skulking in the thicket who marked the invaders with "murderous precision," these unwholesome forests were swarming and alive with animal inhabitants whose numbers were for-

midable. Here the Elephant and the Tiger vindicated their prescriptive title to the wilderness, or disputed with man the kingship of the savage domains. Nor these alone—gorgeous peacocks, blazing in the sun, flashed before the tramp of the dusky column, and affrighted deer bounced wildly from the tall grass, and glanced away like lightning. This was the realm of nature! At one side an enormous wild boar with rough hair—his brawny collar splashed and dabbled with mire—the bristles of his back perfectly erect—foaming at the mouth and gnashing his great tusks—buried himself with a gruff grunt deeper in a sea of brambles. At the same moment overhead a busy world of monkeys were swarming in the swaying and rocking branches, and skipping with the rapidity of birds from tree to tree—preceding and accompanying the march, and grinning, screaming and chattering at the soldiers. Many a firelock levelled by anger to avenge their outrages was arrested by the rigid discipline of the native army. Such was the uproar that prevailed amongst them at times—they shook the branches so furiously and universally, and produced such alarming and unaccountable noises, that the soldiers more than once supposed the enemy at hand advancing to battle. Gigantic teak trees hoary with centuries—uprooted by the winds and arrested in their fall—reclined helplessly, withering on the younger trees, shewing that the wilderness had never been invaded by the axe. It was no easy task to the soldiers in many places to squeeze themselves between the stems of the yellow colossal bamboos—serried and close wedged together, or extricate themselves from the pertinacious thorns that stuck (and would stick) in their uniforms and reef away flakes off their garments. When, emerging from the forest—the column defiled calmly into an open space, a miserable cluster of cabins surrounded by a palisade generally met their view.—The cultivated fields were dotted with trees in which a cabin like a nest was embowered in the luxuriant foliage, where the lurking Indian lay concealed, and scared by his shouts the wild beasts from his corn. The Sepoys had now advanced into the heart of that inhospitable territory, which teems with horrible legends, and is peopled by Hindoo superstition with malevolent and terrific genii.

In this march the baggage of the particular column in which M. Warren served was cut down by the General's orders to a third of its ordinary bulk. The camp followers, in spite of this reduction—who swarmed on its flanks, were in number 2,500, while streaming behind the rear 1038 beasts of burden—a world in themselves—embracing eight elephants and two hundred camels—came trooping wildly along, and constituted, with the rabble rout of servitors, a numerous army. The baggage of an Indian army in its ordinary magnitude, (when not reduced) covers the country with a moving mass, as countless as locusts and equally destructive. These cumbersome impedimenta place within the reach of the European soldier the comforts without which he cannot live in India. The European officer was necessary to the Hindoo army, but the multitude of camp followers was necessary to the Euro-

pean officer—he cannot live without the rabble of Hindostan. The “Company” accustoms the European soldier to every convenience, not from any love of him, who was often an Irishman, but because (Irishman though he be) he is (or was) the main-spring and vital principle of the native army. He gives the Sepoys, says M. Warren, an impulse, without which they will not act. He is an indispensable element in their movements. They are docile sheep and he is their shepherd. Filled with terror at some unexpected disaster, they have been seen by M. Warren flying from their officers; but while shame and remorse wrung tears from their eyes, the muskets slipped from their trembling hands, and they could not overcome the terror that agitated, distressed and paralysed them. All the virtues of the Hindoo soldier may be summed up in one word—obedience. If, in a shower of bullets, he advances with steadiness, he does so from obedience—a sentiment which lingers in his heart in all the uproar and disorder of insurrection. The Hindoo must have a chief, without whom an Indian army degenerates into a rabble. The army of the King of Delhi is at present officered by Russians, Frenchmen, and Germans. As Europe is now at peace, it will furnish to the “rebels” crowds of accomplished officers. The king’s success will be proportioned to their numbers.

To return to M. Warren. Toiling slowly up vast natural trenches, that had been scooped by primæval cataclysms, and chequered and furrowed those wide forests, where the trees bore musketeers, the attacking division was arrested by a well-aimed shower of bullets which levelled many a soldier. On the summit of this mountain stood the fortress of Balk, and its capture was the object of the present movement.

Despite the gallantry of the officers who led the attacking division the garrison drove them back with considerable slaughter. The first column of Sepoys was nearly swept away by the fire of the mountaineers, and the mountain gorge was littered with their blood-stained corpses. On these corpses (when the Sepoys retired) the Coorgs sallied out. Their lifeless heads were soon lopped off by the keen crooked scymetars of the Coorgs, and then flights of vultures, “infinite wings,” came swarming down, precipitating themselves in headlong heaps upon the headless carcasses, where they tore flakes of flesh, and gorged, and rent, and gobbled with devouring avidity. Meantime a pestilential vapour crept up, and invisibly steamed from the miasmatic defiles in which the tragedy of Afghanistan had just been enacted on a smaller scale. In this state of things the Rajah, who in danger had been bold, the moment victory crowned his arms doubted his empire—courage deserted his heart. He did not fear the columns before him, whom he had just repulsed—he feared the future anger of that omnipotent Company, sternly demanding an account of its legions. This is what he feared. Hence he quailed. He had plunged fearlessly into a struggle with England; but when he was in it, he lost heart: he failed in the moral courage—the perseverance—necessary to continue

it. A circumstance which explains much of the success of the English in India—they were long regarded as Gods, whom it was sacrilege to offend. But this superstition has vanished, and with it the "Indian Empire" of England.

The life of the Rajah of Coorg was spared by the "Company," and in lieu of his territory they granted him a pension—on the condition that he removed to Benares and remained there for life. He was—in short—*compelled* to go. As he mounted his palanquin, rough with plates of gold, his face was streaming with tears. As the vehicle swept away he was seen gazing with melancholy looks upon his high-domed palace—his gardens and those woods of palm in which his infancy had gambled, but which he was never again to behold, and unable to contain himself he burst again and again into tears. His sympathising people with profound melancholy gazed on their departing prince, or threw themselves on the earth in despair, exclaiming after the Hindoo fashion, "*Sami, Sami.*" Meantime his palanquin disappeared, and another dynasty was blotted out from the history of India, and another crime was added to the many enormities by which Britain has at present brought destruction, flight and terror on her white subjects in Hindostan.

Like this Rajah, many an Irish chief has ere now left his paternal domain—his castles—his forests—his kinsmen—thus he has been banished penniless from his beloved Erin, to serve in distant exile in that Irish Brigade, of which M. Warren was an ornament, only to fall in foreign lands fighting for foreign interests. Let us hope that this identity of international crime wearing the same features in India and Ireland, will never be followed by an identity of retribution—that the Irishman who has suffered the same wrongs will exhibit more magnanimity than the Hindoo, and remember "*Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.*"

The work of M. Warren, of which the above may serve as a specimen, shews that the famous international morality of Britain, of which we have heard so much, is at best a geographical morality. It professes to be very scrupulous in Europe, but it has no conscience whatever in Asia. It lessens as it approaches the tropics, and disappears at the line. The most lamentable result of these immoral annexations was that they prevented the propagation of religion—English crime long prevented the diffusion of Christianity in Hindostan.

He who reads this book will know why it is that all India is ringing with the terrible cry "*Death to the Europeans*"—why upwards of two hundred thousand soldiers have openly and indignantly revolted—and Englishmen—and women too, have been subjected to every imaginable ignominy—treated like dogs—strangled, burned alive, and hatched into atoms in at least seventy important towns. The reader of M. Warren's book will not be astonished at these horrible events—he will be astonished on the contrary that such retribution did not take place in the days of Edmund Burke.

C. M. O'KEEFFE.

FAR OUT AT SEA.

Far out at sea—far out at sea,
 Our tall-sail'd ship swam silently ;
 Whilst midnight fell, and midnight bell
 Sang silv'ry sweet o'er ocean's swell.
 The round moon rose in ample air,
 Out of the clouds, with wonder-stare,
 Watching the bark upon its way,
 Far out at sea—far out at sea.
 The seaman's tread was plain to hear,
 His voice rang richly on the ear ;
 The calm'd ship dream'd upon the main,
 With tugging rope and sounding chain.
 In the moon's road over the deep,
 Golden and broad as clouds that sweep
 Over the west, staining the blue,
 O'er the sun's rest, with amb'ry hue,
 In the moon's road the helmsman saw,
 With eyes of wonder and soul of awe—
 Something alive ! "A man ! a man !"
 Like cry of flame, the wild words ran !—
 Down dropp'd a boat!—the long oars
 Into the moony way they dash'd ! [flash'd !
 Sparkling and glowing and glitt'ring on,
 'Till beams and bark were blent in one.
 "Stop !"—The boat stopp'd 'mid radiance
 With oars up-pois'd as if aloft, [soft,

Like golden bird, it strove to fly
 Up from the wave into the sky.
 The crew looked 'round—there in the light,
 Tall and grisly and ghostly white—
 Straight as ice-spar, 'neath the pale moon,
 Floated exact—a SKELETON !
 The oarsmen all looked wild with fear—
 The bony form drifted near !
 Lo ! o'er its gauntness, round and round,
 Buoyant bands were vainly wound ;
 And hence it floated stark and white,
 Thro' the cold sea, thro' the long night !
 "God save us all !" the boatmen cried—
 "How many deaths this poor wretch died !
 Hoping 'gainst hope, when hope was gone,
 'Till the waves wash'd a skeleton !"
 From the bare bones they loosed the bands,
 With shiv'ring speed, and icy hands,
 Then glided the bleach'd corpse down the
 And found, at last, a quiet grave. [wave,
 Away our ship swam silently,
 Far out at sea, far out at sea.

CAROLAN.

ENGLISH BOOKS AND IRISH READERS.

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.

We have just concluded the perusal of this book, a book in which calm endurance, patient hope, earth's inevitable sorrows and death, the death of the just and good, are told, and told in a manner so elevating and with such simple pathos, that we rather rejoice with the sufferers, believing that it is the Father in his love who chastises, he knowing better than we know what is good for his children.

And yet this book, which is a good book, undepraved and pure in its style and sentiments, and which makes the peruser almost love the writer—this book, we say, we cannot recommend to the youthful Irish reader. The story is laid at the end of the last century and the early part of the present. The hero, John Halifax, a poor boy, is the son of a gentleman, who appears to have been cast off by his family for making a mes-alliance. The parents die, and he is thrown on the world with only his stout heart and willing hands to regain the position which his father held. No work was too mean, no position too low for him, and as with youthful confidence he himself said when rebuked for being a beggar—that is to say poor—"You mistake ; I never begged in my life ; I am a person of independent property, which consists of my head and my two hands, out of which I hope to realize a large capital some day." Brave words these for a lad whose hope of promotion was employment in a tan yard. We repeat again that this is

a good book for the hope it teaches both of this world and the next, and in reading it we feel that we are being admitted into the confidence of worthy spirits. But we are Irish, and above all we are Catholic, and let it not be said that in either character are our sympathies narrowed within the bounds of insular or sectarian zeal, when we declare our belief that the very qualities which render the book so admirable are those which render it, in common with all the *best* English books, the *worst* for the young Irish reader. John Halifax is the type of many worthy Englishmen, whose efforts for their own advancement being crowned with success, look around the world to find what evils there are which they can redress.

In the beginning of this century Catholic Emancipation was to be granted, negro slavery to be abolished, and reform to be obtained, and to all these works John Halifax lent an able and a willing hand. His love, placed far above him, socially, is fortunate, blooming children prattle round his hearth, and he is happy in his own virtue and in their promise. He has an enemy, Lord Luxmore, the descendant of a Catholic family, who has apostatised to obtain that political standing denied him by the holding of his former faith.

But Lord Ravenal, Lord Luxmore's son, by the carelessness (it is so represented) of his father, continues a Catholic, and being indirectly related to John Halifax's wife, does not participate in his father's enmity. Left alone to dwell at Luxmore Hall, near John Halifax's cloth mills, he contrives to become almost one of his family. At the first interview he obtains with the family, in which he seeks their friendship, he says of his father; "he hates me because I am a Catholic and wish to become a monk." "But why do you wish to leave the world?" "I am sick of it. There never was one, but one in it I cared for, or who cared for me—and now—*sancta Maria, ora pro nobis.*"

"His lips moved in a paroxysm of prayer; helpless parrot—learnt prayer, yet, being in earnest, it seemed to do him good." Later in the book Lord Ravenal seeks the hand of John Halifax's only daughter, and is refused, because John Halifax believes that every one should be a worker, and thinks that the dreamy passive existence led by the young lord, was unworthy of such a prize. Lord Ravenal misunderstands the cause of the refusal, and says, "I understand you now, the sins of the father shall be visited upon the children, as your Bible says—your Bible that I had half begun to believe in,—be it so." These are the only two passages having reference to Catholicity in the book, and it will be seen by them that while there is no religious bigotry, and that while the writer reprobates all persecution of it, that it is still treated as a puerility unworthy the belief of a rational man!

The only allusion to Ireland in the book is where John Halifax's eldest son Guy, is disappointed in his love, and begins to make light of his losings, singing songs, "light songs written by an Irishman, Mr. Thomas Moore." Decidedly in the estimation of even the wisest,

virtuousest, best Englishmen, it is the Irishman's mission, whether he be sage or poet, to appear as the Helot—to furnish an example to be avoided, and not imitated.

When we said that this was a good book we merely meant that it was no worse than any other English book and as little fitted to circulate among Irish people. Truly a heavy task at the present day devolves on all, both priest and Catholic layman, to provide a literature for the people. *Read the people will*, and every day the number of readers will be growing larger. It is for the priest above all to take care that what they read will *not* be even the best English books, but books national, and above all Catholic.

J. O'R.

TAXES.

We have seen that the gross revenue of these countries amounts for the year ending the 31st of March, 1856, to seventy-three millions; that huge a sum as that revenue seems, it was exceeded within the same period by the expenditure which made ninety-four millions and a quarter, or an excess of expenditure over income of over twenty millions, for which England and her tributaries must be prepared to face new taxes in some shape or other. The reflection naturally arising from the knowledge of these facts, must be that the government has been carried on much after the style of the old Irish aristocracy, where expenditure always exceeded the rent-roll, and the rent-roll always exceeded the actual available income, a state of things which in later years, under the Incumbered Estates Court Law, has ended in a change of masters. Now inasmuch as the fortunes of nations follow very much the course of the fortunes of individuals, who in the aggregate make the nation, it is very obvious this state of things cannot last, and that an extravagant administration of property must come to a crash one day or other from its own very lavishness, even if there was never to be, as there some day assuredly will be, a stout and determinate resolve on the part of the taxpayers to have a cheaper government, and as a consequence less taxes. This state of things will come when all classes thoroughly understand what they really pay to support an over costly government. When the landlord finds that indirect taxation swallows up half his rent-roll, and the professional man finds his income reduced in a like proportion, while the operative and the labourer give half their daily earnings for a like purpose. In fine, when the classes who constitute the nation discover in the words of Franklin's aphorism, that "They pay too dear for their whistle."

To make this more plain we give the table showing the sources of the income, and the manner of the expenditure, as given under the several headings in the official returns.

The income for the year ending March, 1856, stands thus:—

			£	s.	d.
1	Balance from past year,	...	2,619,636	13	11
2	Customs, ...	...	23,213,797	0	6
3	Excise, ...	...	17,632,138	14	4
4	Stamps, ...	...	7,063,610	1	1
5	Assessed Taxes, ...	...	1,978,552	5	9
6	Taxes on Lands, &c.,	...	1,157,525	0	1
7	Property tax, ...	...	15,169,457	14	5
8	Post office, ...	...	2,767,201	4	11
9	Crown lands, ...	...	421,715	1	1
10	Miscellaneous, ...	...	1,158,147	19	8
Total			£73,171,781	15	9

The Expenditure for the same period is thus classified :—

1st:—PUBLIC EXPENDITURE:

			£	s.	d.
1	Interest, &c., of the Public debt,	...	28,112,824	9	2
2	The Army, ...	...	17,395,059	0	0
3	The Navy, ...	...	19,654,585	1	5
4	The Ordnance, ...	...	10,411,543	13	2
5	Extraordinary War Expenditure,	...	4,200,000	0	0

2nd:—CIVIL EXPENDITURE.

			£	s.	d.
6	Collection and Management, ...	...	4,692,600	17	8
7	Public Works and Buildings, ...	...	765,199	12	1
8	Salaries, &c., of Public Departments,	...	1,484,780	11	10
9	Justice, ...	...	3,043,952	7	11
10	Education, Science, and Art, ...	...	827,870	17	5
11	Diplomatic, Colonial, and Consular,	...	491,477	13	11
12	Superannuation and Charities,	...	228,052	15	8
13	Special and Temporary objects,	...	844,189	8	2
14	Civil List, ...	...	396,457	10	0
15	Annuities and Pensions, ...	...	340,441	3	6
16	Interest on Loans, Secret Service, &c.,	...	183,860	16	8
17	Civil contingencies, ...	...	45,000	0	0
18	Building churches, ...	...	3,000	0	0
19	Advances repayable from Votes of Parliament, ...	...	1,103,095	19	2

Total Expenditure, £94,224,041 17 9

We purpose from time to time devoting ourselves to an examination of the items of both the income and expenditure, and as we shall commence with the customs and excise, let our readers remember that they constitute over forty millions of the public taxes, and that while a considerable portion of them is levied off the luxuries and follies of life, over twelve millions are taken from the necessities of every day consumption and off wholesome food, thus enhanced in its price, and in many instances shut out altogether from a class who might otherwise find it within their reach ; such as, tea, coffee, sugar, rice and certain imported corn, butter and cheese. Remember that twelve millions on the necessities of life !

ENGLAND: HER STATE-CRAFT AND HOW TO FOIL IT.

There is in Europe a nation remarkable for her immense power, and worthy of respect on account of the great progress which she has made in the arts and sciences; a nation who holds in her hands powerful means of action in all parts of the world, and knows how to use them with wonderful discretion and sagacity. As that nation has taken the lead in modern times in passing through all the phases of political and religious revolution, and has seen, during fearful convulsions, the passions in all their nakedness, and crime in all its forms, she is better acquainted than all others with their causes.

Not misled by the vain names under which, at such periods, the lowest passions and the most sordid interests disguise themselves, she is too much on her guard to allow the troubles which have inundated other countries with tears and blood to be easily excited within herself. Her internal peace is not disturbed by the agitation and heat of disputes; although she may expect to have to encounter, sooner or later, difficulties and embarrassments; she enjoys in the mean time the tranquillity which is secured to her by her constitution, her manners, her riches, and, above all, by the ocean which surrounds her.

Placed in so advantageous a position, that nation watches the progress of others, for the purpose of attaching them to her car by golden chains, if they are simple enough to listen to her flattery; at least, she attempts to hinder their advance, when a noble independence is about to free them from her influence. Always attentive to her own aggrandisement, by means of the arts and commerce, and by a policy eminently mercantile, she hides her self-interest under all sorts of disguises; and although religion and politics, where she has to do with another people, are quite indifferent to her, she knows how to make an adroit use of these powerful arms, to make friends, to defeat her enemies, and to enclose all within the net of commerce, which she is always extending in all quarters of the world. * * * * *

Let it not be forgotten that there is no other nation which conceives her plans with so much foresight, prepares them with so much prudence, executes them with so much ability and perseverance. As she has remained since her great Revolution, that is, since the end of the 17th century, in a settled condition, and entirely free from the convulsions undergone since that time by other European nations, she has been able to follow a regular political system, both internal and external; and her politicians have been formed to the perfect science of government, by constantly inheriting the experience and views of their predecessors. Her statesmen well know how important it is to be prepared beforehand for every event. They deeply study what may aid or impede them in other nations. They go out of the sphere of politics; they penetrate to the heart of every nation over which they propose to extend their influence; they examine what are the conditions of their existence; what is its vital principle; what are the causes of the strength and energy of every people. * * * * *

The means of saving a nation, by delivering it from interested protectors, and of securing its real independence, are to be found in great and generous ideas, deeply rooted in the people; in feelings engraved on their hearts by the action of time, by the influence of powerful institutions, by ancient manners and customs; in fine, in that unity of religious thought which makes a whole people as one man. Then the past is united with the present, the present is connected with the future; then arises in the mind that enthusiasm which is the source of great deeds; then are found disinterestedness, energy, and constancy; because ideas are fixed and elevated—because hearts are great and generous.

BALMEZ.

HOLLAND, (continued.)

On Philip's first visit to the Low Countries, in 1544, he was received with the greatest cordiality by the people, but he soon displeased them by the hauteur and extreme gravity, and ceremoniousness of his demeanour, which was moulded on the severe punctiliousness of the Spanish Court. In addition, he would wear none but the Spanish dress, and would in no way conform to the Flemish customs. Twelve years later, when his father, in the presence of the states of the Low Countries, assembled at Brussels, resigned the throne in his favour, Philip had not even then learned to speak the language of the people he was to govern, and had to request to be allowed to thank his father and the States by the mouth of Cardinal Granvelle.

By his avowed preference for Spain, and the fact of his bestowing all places of trust and emolument on Spaniards, and also by his filling the garrisons and forts with foreign troops, he excited the deepest indignation in the people's minds.

Under Philip for the first time they felt themselves subjected to a foreign rule, which they feared would gradually absorb their freedom, and reduce their country to the condition of a dependant province.

These were the considerations which determined the people of all ranks and religions to shake off the Spanish yoke, and not, as has been asserted, the establishment of the Inquisition, or religious persecution.

Indeed the Inquisition, or something analogous to it, had been established in the Low Countries, by Philip's father, to take cognizance of the new religious opinions that first began to prevail during his reign. But this was a proceeding so conformable to the ideas of the age, that no one dreamed of its being beyond the strict prerogative of the ruler, for was not Charles their native prince? and was it not fit and proper that he should take measures to preserve the peace and order of the state? Subsequently, however, when opposition to the rule of Philip began to manifest itself, the establishment of this court

was objected to by the people of all religions, as it was of Spanish origin. The Catholics of these provinces had never been subjected to a yoke similar to that endured for so many ages by the Spaniards at the hands of the Moors, who, when conquered, in their turn, in many cases, affected to receive Christianity, the better to conceal their machinations to regain their lost power. If the Netherlands had suffered similar evils at the hands of an oppressive enemy, they too would have been glad to have an institution so well calculated, in its original design, as was the Inquisition, to guard them against their recurrence.

The true error of Philip's policy was, that he did not perceive that it is much easier to create an empire out of the most heterogeneous materials, by uniting various peoples under a rule, adapting itself to each, and respecting those local peculiarities which distinguish one people from another, than by the force of authority to effect the smallest change in these matters, in a single province.

The true boundaries of nations are not so much physical as moral. They are not bounded so much by mountains, seas, or rivers as by languages, customs, and the laws and institutions springing from them. It is the great misery of foreign subjugation when these are sought to be changed by rulers differing in these matters from the ruled, and this is what Philip sought to do, and by force too, and hence his punishment, for not more widely do the Irish people differ from their present masters than did the Netherlands from the Spaniards. These grave differences had begun to spring up between prince and people, when Philip having determined to return to Spain and to confide the care of the Low Countries to a Governor, assembled the States at Ghent, and explained his wishes as to how the government should be carried on in his absence. The reply of the States was full of professions of loyalty while at the same time they firmly demanded the withdrawal of the Spanish troops, and the abolishment of the tribunals for the punishment of those who abandoned the Catholic faith.

Philip refused these demands, but in order to accommodate matters, he offered to confer the command of the foreign troops on the two popular native nobles, the Prince of Orange and Count Egmont, but both declined the office, declaring that the employment of this force in the country in a time of peace was a violation of the constitution.

Previous to the departure of Philip, the nobles waited on him to tender their homage, and among the rest came William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, to take his leave; Philip expressed his dissatisfaction at the spirit of opposition which began to manifest itself against his rule, and hinted his opinion that it was due in a great measure to the machinations of Orange. He denied this charge and said, that the opposition was all owing to the States, who objected to the Spanish influence. Philip replied vehemently, "No, it is to you, you, you—am not I too a Spaniard? Do you seek to deprive me of my inheritance?"

By Philip thus betraying his suspicions of Orange, he gave the people of the Netherlands a leader who had few equals at the time in Europe. There is every reason to believe that Philip's suspicions were

not unfounded, and that the extensive possessions held by the Prince of Orange in Germany, Burgundy and France, had had the effect of making him dissatisfied with his position as a subject, and caused him to aspire to that of a ruler. The peculiar character of the man favours the supposition. Surnamed "The Silent" from his extreme secrecy relative to any matter that engaged his attention, this quality, which is always in favour with princes, had raised him high in the estimation of the late Emperor Charles, who employed him on many important occasions. Alternately a Lutheran in the Low Countries, and a Catholic in Madrid, he must have been a profound dissimulator, though from the services which he was the means of rendering his country while seeking his own private ends, his faults are forgotten, and only the good which his proceedings caused is remembered. That he sought, however, to establish such a claim on the gratitude of the people of the Low Countries as could only be repaid by their conferring the sovereignty on him has never been doubted.

That he was raised up by Providence, who frequently makes use of even the tyrant or the hypocrite to be his instruments to effect good, we cannot doubt; while of Philip, before we judge him too harshly, we must consider the age in which he lived, and endeavour to contemplate the changes that were sought to be effected from the same point of view from which he must have regarded them, as a monarch, and above all as a Spaniard. As a Spaniard he was full of feeling, of piety and faith, curiously mingled with the ferocity of a blood-thirsty age, tempered in some degree by high chivalrous feeling and determination in the course of policy once adopted, regardless of consequences even though leading to scenes the most trying to human feeling. This has ever been the Spanish character since Cadiz resisted the utmost strength of Roman greatness under her Phœnician founders, till the still more noble struggle which preceded the heroic fall of Saragossa.

ELGIN A HAZA.

"My Country for Ever!"—The last words of Count Louis Batthyani, executed by order of Haynau, at Pesth, 6th October, 1849.

Like the trumpet of the free,
Like the breath of constancy,
Type of spirit-life, that ne'er
Could be murdered by despair,
Thrilling every true heart's chords,
Rang the Magyar's dying words,
"Elgin a haza."

Yes, the shackled limbs have lain
In their prison-house of pain,
And the mortal form is there,
Bleeding in the fatal square;
But the soul hath fled on high,
With a glorious parting cry—
"Elgin a haza."

Vainly hath the foeman banned,
That remembrance in the land,
For such memories ever shine,
Lares of the household shrine.
Sad may be his nation's lot
But she hath not yet forgot—
"Elgin a haza."

Have we not an echo here
For these words so brave and dear?
Shall we not, in peace or strife,
Martyr death, or victor life,
For our Fire, pure and fair,
Ever breathe the patriot's prayer—
"Elgin a haza."

ETERN.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

"LUPUS" asks at what period were wolves extirpated from Ireland and other countries?

We inform our Correspondent, that ancient chronicles state, that King Edgar attempted the destruction of those animals in England, by commuting the punishments for certain crimes, into the acceptance of a certain number of wolves' tongues from each criminal; and in Wales, by converting the tax of gold and silver into an annual tribute of three hundred wolves' heads.—The last of those animals was destroyed in 1231—the last wolf in Scotland, in 1680. But so lately as 1780, such terror is said to have been excited in France by the ravages of wolves, that public prayers were offered for their destruction. In Ireland, a price was set upon the head of the wolf, and also upon the head of the Catholic Priest, in Elizabeth and Anne's times. The last wolf was killed in Ireland in 1701.

There is a tradition still rife amongst the peasantry of Leinster, that the last Irish wolf perished in the townland of Marley, and at the foot of Blackstairs mountains. The circumstances connected with the event are related as follow;—

It appears that a mare belonging to one of the neighbouring farmers, dropped her foal in this locality, and that upon the moment, a wolf appeared, and attempted to seize the little quadruped. The mother, however, assailed the wild marauder in a most furious manner, meeting the wolf with her iron heels as often as he dared to approach,—and in this way, continued to protect her offspring, making circle after circle around it, as the enemy advanced, until at last she succeeded in dashing out his brains, but fell down herself immediately after, and expired through sheer exhaustion.

The song of "Robert Emmet," not suited to the subject, or to our pages.

"THE BANQUET."—The subject has been already in verse in the "*Comet*," the "*Nation*," and in "*Duffy's Fireside Magazine*."

"ANTI-NORMAN" enquiries about the real grave of Strongbow are merely of interest in an antiquarian point of view. As to his suggestions that Strongbow's ashes should be sent into the Liffey, they are perfectly peurile, and very absurd. Such a feat would be, while Ireland remains a mere province, without the power of making her own laws, an act of wrath as contemptible as a dog howling and showing his teeth while a strong leather muzzle keeps his jaws close; and indeed, under any circumstances, to war with the ashes of a dead conqueror would not betray a fitness for liberty in the slave who should stoop to it. It may interest "ANTI-NORMAN" to know that Strongbow's crimson ash is preserved in the custody of Sir Francis Loftus, at Mount Loftus, in the county of Kilkenny, and his sword is preserved by the Marquis of Ely, at Loftus Hall, county Wexford.

Relics of Old Readings and Gossipings No. 3. in our next.

*** Agents having copies of Nos. I. and II. of "The Celt" on hands will receive full price for them from the Publisher.*

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The Celt.

"THE WISE MAN GATHERETH KNOWLEDGE, AND RULETH HIS OWN HOUSE."—*Old Celtic Proverb.*

No. 16, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1857. [ONE PENNY.

RELICS OF OLD READINGS AND GOSSIPINGS.

(No. 3.)

THE WILD GESE.

It is now over one hundred years ago since the substantial Farm-house of Owen O'Mahony (Grandfather of the O'Mahony, we have already noticed in these relics) occupied a comfortable corner by a Munster hill side. It was a right well-to-do looking dwelling, backed by a full haggard, flanked by a cosy paddock, sheltered by a grove of fir trees, and surrounded on all sides by rich pasturages, and broad fields of thickly green agriculture, for it was, at the time we write about, mid-way in the spring of the year. It was evening too, and a sabbath evening, the rooks cawed away from the tall elms by the roadside, the kine lowed long and deeply with their thick necks stretched over the paddock gate, and an occasional uproarious cackle of glee from the fat white-geese on the brook before the farmer's door made the whole scene breathe of real and fresh rusticity. There was a swaying feather of blue smoke slowly mounting from the chimney top, and several pigeons of various kinds occupied the thatched roof. The half door was flung widely open, and the watchful house dog was absent from his post playing truant with the young people who were away everywhere enjoying the leisure of the evening. You might see the hale burly farmer himself sitting within and alone, partaking of a hearty meal, for he was off during the day, visiting a sick cow belonging to a poor neighbour, and only returned when the family table d'hôte was long ago broken up, and its attendants separated on a thousand little personal missions. The good man, Owen, nevertheless munched away with gay free will, and the more contentedly, as his comely good-wife was just within ear-shot, occasionally asking him a few questions about the neighbours and their affairs; or humming a dreamy contented olden air in a purring kind of tone that spoke all right and tight about the homestead and the week's work well ended. The farmer had just finished his repast, and backed his chair a pace or two, and pushed his plate

into the middle of the table, when a gentle tap was heard at the open door, and then the halting of a timid footstep.

"Come in," said the bluff farmer, in a round hearty good humoured voice—"Come in! whosoever you are, we are all peaceable people hereabouts, and will take no bite out of you"—

In walked a little boy of about fifteen years of age, but so pale, so haggard-looking, and so woe-begone, that the honest O'Mahony started at his first appearance. On his poor head and unkempt locks was the remnant of an old leather cap, his eyes were bleared and blood shot, his feet bare, mired and bleeding, his dress the bleached remains of a tattered corduroy suit, and under his arm was a bundle of books very much riven and thumb-worn. The poor child walked into the room, and very slowly over to the table where Owen was still sitting.

"Who are you?" asked the farmer, softly, for he was eyeing the extreme misery of the wretched little lad all the time. "I am a poor scholar," was the reply, and in so low and desponding a cadence, that the heart of the old man gave a big thump against his ribs and his eyes got moist with pity. But when he noticed the poor creature pick the potatoe skins from the table and thrust them furtively into his mouth, he could stand the scene no longer, but bustling to his legs called out to his wife in a hoarse loud broken voice striving thus to hide his emotion.

"Hullo! hullo! woman, bring some food here to this little lad, I am sure he is badly in want of it." Mrs. O'Mahony came trundling in after a few moments, and carrying in her hand a foaming bowl of fresh new milk, set it down on the board before the poor scholar. The child seized it with avidity, and without uttering a syllable, but was unable to raise it to his lips. "Bring him something substantial," now fairly blubbered out the soft hearted farmer. "Bring him meat and bread, the boy is famishing"—The poor little fellow was still silent, but his eyes followed O'Mahony and his wife as they both now hurried out on their mission of hospitality. The food was soon brought in abundance, and the poor scholar lifted into the farmer's chair was left, after due encouragements and admonitions, to eat whilst he was able—to discuss the good things placed before him: for the good old pair, with that intuitive sense of good breeding which always pertains to an unselfish and generous spirit, thought that their little guest would enjoy his meal best by himself and without the eyes of strangers to disconcert him. Well, everything on earth must have an end, and so, at last, had the repast of the famishing poor scholar.

The good wife then set about washing his bleeding and way-worn feet, and after making him repeat a few short prayers with her, just as she would with her own loved children, made a fine bed of wheaten straw near the fire-side, and popped him comfortably into the midst of it—then tossing a heavy coverlet over him, left him to sleep away the memories of his past fatigues.

The next day the poor scholar was still abed, although the farmer

shook him by the shoulder as he was going abroad into the fields early in the morning.

The good wife next came, and told him to be up and stirring—he started suddenly to his feet—but fell back again helplessly into the straw—the woman bent over him—he had fainted—his face was livid as lead—and beads of cold perspiration stood upon his brow—his very lips were white—cold and colourless.

She hurried away prepared a hot drink—and poured it down his throat—he began to speak—but hurriedly and incoherently—he was raving. The long and weary road had overtaken his slight frame—famine had drunk away too much of his vital current—and then the unexpected and hearty meal of heavy food was too much for him—all combined prostrated the miserable little weakling—he was in fever.

The good old people, when they saw that the poor scholar was in for a protracted illness, had his bed removed to a warm and comfortable out-house—and commenced to attend him in turn, night and day, as long as his illness lasted—which was over three weeks—and even when the fever left him, his exhaustion was so great, that his convalescence brought him into the merry joyous summer.

The boy was still reserved and silent—but always most respectful—gentle—and obedient to his kind patrons—the least harsh word always moved him to tears, but he never complained. He could never be induced to give any account of himself previous to his coming to O'Mahony's house—nor did he like to be questioned about it. All they could learn from him was, that his early home was an unhappy one, and that he stole away from it to pursue learning and to make his own way through the world.

One day, he took down his old tattered books that lay upon a small shelf over the bed where he had so long lain a helpless invalid—and looking over each of them lovingly and carefully, walked into the little parlour where O'Mahony and his wife were sitting immediately after their breakfast—and with a flushed face, and faltering tongue announced to them that he was going to leave—but that he would never forget their great kindness and care of him—he would have said more, but his speech failed him—he only stood and trembled, and bending down his head, fixed his burning eyes upon the floor.

"What! tired of us already?" asked O'Mahony reproachfully, "why, boy—you are not by any means strong enough for the road yet."

"I have trespassed too long," replied the poor scholar—"when God knows, if I can ever make any return for all you have done for me. If I am knocked down again I must perish." This was the longest speech ever made by the poor scholar—and it greatly affected the good-natured old people.

The good woman insisted upon dressing him in a suit of her son's best clothes—and old Owen put a round sum of money into the right hand pocket of the new vest.

Thus dressed and equipped, with his stock of books still clutched

close to his heart, he shook hands with his generous patrons. The woman kissed him—the man patted him on the back and bade God bless him—and so away started the young aspirant after the paths of knowledge on a beautiful summer morning—with health almost fully restored—well attired—a purse in his pouch—his courage above par—and the wide world before him.

The old people followed him with their eyes until he was out of sight, and then turned silently back into their dwelling, dispirited and uncomfortable; for, some how or other, they both felt that the poor scholar—quiet, taciturn and gloomy though he always was—still left a void behind him. For years upon years after, they would often recall his memory, and wonder what became of him—whether he had fallen ill again anywhere, or was left unheeded and uncared—to famish or to perish. They wondered should they ever again get any tidings of him,—or whether he would be mindful enough of them to let them know in what part of the world he was still living. At last, they spoke of him seldomer and less frequently; a little while longer still, and his memory seemed to have vanished away from their minds entirely like a dim dream. The stirring events of the time, too, not a little contributed to this result—for France and England were at war—the battle of Fontenoy had been fought—and the men of Ireland were panting with pride at the feats of the glorious Irish Brigade. * French ships came frequently to the coast of Clare, Limerick, Cork, Kerry and Galway smuggling wines—brandy—silks &c, and their return cargoes were Recruits for the Brigade. But as this was a penal proceeding, they were entered on the ships' books as *wild geese*. Yes—King George did not wish King Louis to get any more Irish soldiers—he did not wish them *gone with a vengeance*, but bitterly cursed the laws of his own realm that sent even as many of them as formed the Brigade into the stranger's country to turn the tide of battle against himself. Ireland never begrudged men to France because France knew how to estimate their worth and reward them for their services—because she helped the Old Country in her struggles for freedom—and always sympathised in her troubles and sorrows and attested the chivalry of her sons before the face of the world.

Then God bless France—the home of the Irish Exiles!

God bless France—the camp of the Irish warriors!

God bless France—the hope of the Irish people!

But to return to the thread of our narrative:—It so happened, that O'Mahony's eldest son, now a fine able young fellow, took it into his head to enlist into the French service, and to be booked in an old lugger on the Southern coast, as one of the wild geese. This was not done, however, so secretly as to leave it out of the power of an informer to discover the fact, and report the same to the proper official authorities: the young O'Mahony was therefore arrested before he got on board his destined vessel, and was instantly thrown into prison to be tried for his life.

The poor old father was greatly troubled at this untoward event, and endeavoured to get every legal assistance to extricate his hapless child from the horrid dilemma—but alas! such was the terror of the times, that no lawyer cared to undergo the suspicion of the government, or the reflections of its underlings, by undertaking the defence of any criminal so odious in its eyes, as one found sympathising with the success of foreign arms and anxious to lend a hand thereto. O'Mahony could get no defender for his son, and when the day of trial came on, he stood in the court, to all intents and purposes, a doomed man.

Witnesses were called by the prosecutor for the crown, all of whom swore point blank to anything suggested to them, and the prisoner was called upon by the judge for his defence, if he had any to offer—or did he plead guilty to the fact of his being found in arms and in league against his sovereign majesty, King George of England.

The old O'Mahony explained that his son could get no one to undertake his case, so that any attempt at defence were idle, and would avail him nothing.

"That is truly a hard lot," remarked his lordship—"but that your son may not be condemned, without some scrutiny," he added "I will examine the witnesses myself, and test the validity of their several charges against him." Accordingly he did examine them, and with so searching an acumen, too, that he upset their evidence with apparent ease—set them forswearing themselves—contradicting one another—and jumbling together truth and falsehood so incongruously, that everybody in court saw that the men were suborned, badly trained for their work, and were nothing better than hired blood-money hunters. He then charged strongly in favour of the prisoner—so strongly indeed, that he was acquitted without the jury leaving their box.

Owen O'Mahony and his released son called on the judge the next day at the hotel where he put up in the town, to thank him for his disinterested kindness, and his generous defence of a man an utter stranger to him.

His Lordship received father and son very kindly, thanked them very courteously for their deep expressions of gratitude. but when the old man offered him a heavy purse of gold, the judge put it aside and said with a light laugh:—

"Oh! no, O'Mahony; you owe me nothing, I was interested about you from a story I heard of you long ago, about your singular hospitality to a poor scholar whom you saved from famine and death, and who never failed to spread the account of it wherever he went."

"My Lord—I recollect the lad, but it is a very long time ago indeed, I remember too, he left our house, with very few words indeed, and forgot us afterwards; but God knows I would have done as much for any poor creature as the youngster in question. Does your Lordship know where he is at present, and did the world thrive with him?—my good woman cried a good deal after him, for she took a great liking to his silent quiet ways, and pitied and loved him, bless you, just as if

he was her own. I'd like to see the boy again, if it was only to have it to tell her that he is alive and well."

"You shall see him, O'Mahony," exclaimed the judge, rising from his seat, taking the old man by the hand, and pressing it warmly:—

"O'MAHONY, I AM THE POOR SCHOLAR!"

CAROLAN.

DELHI.

Before these sheets appear in print we are likely to have the full details of the occurrences transacted in the ancient Mogul capital of Hindostan, between the days of the 14th and 20th of September. 1857.

When these details arrive, it will then be seen whether, that which is announced as the fall of Delhi be not in reality merely a stratagic manoeuvre similar to the masterly retreat of the Russians to the south side of Sebastopol, when the north side was no longer tenable. The vague manner in which the announcement is made, favours this supposition.

But even if the wish be father to the thought (which we confess to be the case,) and if English lust and love of plunder *have* been sated to the fullest extent, and what is called "justice," has been made the pretext for cruelty—if the city has unconditionally fallen into the hands of the English, and a terrible revenge been inflicted on the Bengal soldiery for their efforts in the cause of national and religious liberty, we still venture to say, that England's difficulty in a military, not to say civil point of view, is by no means ended in India.

This view of the case is not founded on our hopes of the present and the future, but on our knowledge of the past; derived from the experience of those best competent by their acquaintance with India and its people to give us correct notions concerning both.

Every people have a certain permanent type of character impressed on them by the Creator. The people may be destroyed, the race may vanish from the earth, but the character remains on the page of history; a dead language it may be, but speaking eloquently to all times. The Red Man who could die, but would not live a slave, the Negro who increases and multiplies in slavery, both exhibit the permanent character conferred on races of mankind by the Creator.

National manners and languages may change either from pressure from without, or the growth of ideas from within, but national instincts *never* change: if this fact is evident in us of the western world, how much more perceptible is it in the East, where the oldest records contained either in sacred or profane history, describing the modes of life, and manners of the people, are handbooks for the traveller of to-day.

But even in the East, of all orientals the Hindu has changed the least. How false then is the insertion, that it is for the benefit of the Hindus, that they should be subject to England, in preference to their Mogul conquerors—and that they, having always been the unresisting prey of some foreign spoiler (to whom they are represented as never having offered more than a passive resistance,) should be grateful to England for the trouble she takes in protecting them!

The best refutation of this falsehood, as well as the best indication of what the future of England is likely to be in India, is to be found in recurring to the past history of the Hindus. Before doing so we must premise that the Bengal army now in revolt, is composed indifferently of Hindus and Mahomedans, the cavalry being principally formed from the latter. The Bengal army is chiefly filled with high caste men, the armies of the two other presidencies, less exclusive, admitting men of the lower caste Hindus to their ranks. The Bengal Sepoys are chiefly from that district of central India, called Rajpootana; the men are called Rajpoots. A short sketch of this people will show what the prospect is of gaining an easy victory over them, and their ancient enemies the Mahomedans, now that through English cruelty they have been forced to make common cause together.

Sir Thomas Roe, the English Ambassador to the Mogul court, in 1615, mentions, in the most enthusiastic terms, a Rajpoot prince whom he met there, and whom he calls the "true descended son of Porus, that was overcome by Alexander." In the Sanscrit "Rajpoot" means "son of a king," and they are considered in India as the purest remains of the caste to which the ancient princes of India belonged. Hence their objection to having low caste men serving in the ranks along with them. "From the time of Alexander, till the establishment of the Mogul dynasty in India, there are records of distinct hostile people, assimilated to each other only by the ferocity with which they sought to obliterate the traces of the arts of Rajastan. To their being placed in this post of danger—a country studded with natural fortresses, and well adapted for defence—we may attribute, in a great measure, the heroic character and martial propensities of the Rajpoot tribes."*

We may dispose of their history down to the commencement of their struggle with the Mogul invaders, by saying that it is as romantic as anything that could be conceived in the wildest fiction. In fact their historians being poets, for they are a highly imaginative people, their history is enveloped in much of what is fictitious. From the tenth century, however, their history becomes more authentic; when the Moguls invaded Rajpootana for the first time, and assaulted Cheetore, their capital, "the city of the Sun," which in the words of an ancient inscription, "derived its beauty from the intercourse of merchants, and in which there was but a single evil, the killing darts from the eyes of the fair".†

* Edinburgh Review, Oct. 1830.

† Colonel Todd's Annals of Rajpootan.

The devotion to the fair, a high and chivalrous devotion, such as one does not expect to find in the East, is a striking characteristic of the Rajpoot, whose character, according to Colonel Tod, includes high courage, *patriotism*, loyalty, honour, hospitality, and *gratitude*. How fearful then must have been the offences against all these virtues to have exacted such a terrible vengeance against their English tyrants?

At length, in 1275, Cheetore was stormed and sacked by the Moguls, but previous to its fall, to save their women from the lust of the conquerors, they were all, to the number of several thousands, immolated by fire, in a cavern in the city; and when this horrible sacrifice to honour was accomplished, the city's gates were thrown open, and the men rushed out on the besiegers, to give or take the death that was inevitable.

This desolating struggle continued for ages, and Rajpootana was despoiled of everything but an unconquerable love of freedom, which prevented her ever becoming the vassal of the Mogul.

"What people on earth," exclaims Colonel Tod, "could have maintained the semblance of civilization, the spirit or customs of their forefathers, during so many centuries of overwhelming depression, but one of such singular character as the Rajpoots? Though ardent and reckless he can, when required, subside into forbearance and *apparent apathy*, and *reserve himself for the opportunity of revenge*." And these are the men that every stripling ensign, who has had an opportunity of fleshing his maiden sword on some poor peaceable Hindu peasant, writes home of in such a vaunting strain—a strain that shows that modesty, the attribute of brave men, is departed from the British army.

If a people, such as these, be for the present repressed, for *conquered* they cannot be, how is England for the future to maintain her hold on them? And here it is where her civil as well as her military difficulties really commence. To govern them, unless by force, is simply impossible. To endeavour, as has been, with so much sickening cant suggested, to christianize them, so that they may be more easily governed, is simply ridiculous. How then, unless by brute force, can England for the future hold the country and where will that force come from? for Easterns cannot be relied on by any European power for any length of time. It is obvious that it is only by an overwhelming force of Europeans that this can be done, and from the deadly nature of the climate, which precludes colonization, the drain of men on these countries will be more than, under the present mode of enlistment, the British Islands can bear, and the loss of treasure will be equally great. Will the people of these countries submit to a conscription? It is not likely, and in case it is endeavoured to be enforced, truly the sins of England in India will come home to roost with a vengeance.

J. O'R

IRISH INSCRIPTIONS IN ANCIENT GAUL.

In a report (published a few weeks past in the "*Nation*,")—of Dr. Siegfried's lecture delivered in the Royal Irish Academy, an inscription was given, which, according to that report, was a specimen of the Gaulish language, in Greek and Latin characters. The inscription was as follows. It consists of eight words; "*cegomaroc ouilloneoc tooutiouc namaucutic eioron Bele camicocin nemeton*." The first word in this inscription signifies, perhaps, "the horseman of fifty," that is, he commanded in the army fifty horse. The second word is his name, (it may possibly be Englished,) "Proudman." The third word means "inhabitant," or "plebeian." The fourth word signifies "the city of "Nemausis." The next word may be translated "erected." The two next words, perhaps, signify "to Baal's powerful Virgin," or "offspring," literally, "young thing;" and the last word means "sacred building." This same word comes from *neamhaidh*, "divine," and *Dun*, a "castle."

The whole inscription will be intelligible to the Irish reader in the following form:—*caega marcach uailineach tuatach Nemausis* (do) *eirigh beil camic ogin neanhardh dun*." It is Irish crushed into a stiff classical form. It may be translated as follows:—"Proudman, the captain of fifty horse, erected a temple to Minerva."

Dr. Siegfried on the same occasion exhibited another inscription, which consisting, as it apparently did, of Latin and Greek letters, may be given as follows:—"Licnos Contextos ieureu anualonnacu concosedlon." The English, (if the above be a true version of the original,) may be as follows:—"the stone great of the corner of this house, raised Proudman, son of Con, of the jeweled sword." In Irish—"Lec nos cune teac sa eirghid an ualannach ua con na sed-lon."

M. O'K.

THE BANKS AND THE WOODS OF THE LEE.

Ah ! down by the banks and the woods of the Lee,
There's dew on the lily, my Nanny Mocroidh !—
There, pillowed in moss, rests the woodsorrel-flower,
There shyest birds sing in the sunniest hour !
And snug in our cottage, no stranger to see,
O ! freely she gives all her love-light to me !
While, pillowed in moss, rests the woodsorrel-flower,
And shyest birds sing in the sunniest hour !

And shy is my Nanny !—yet what do I trace ?
Sweet, clustering kisses at rest on her face !
And snug in our cottage, no stranger to see,
O ! freely she gives all these kisses to me !
And snug in our cottage, no stranger to see,
O ! freely she gives all her love-light to me !
While, pillowed in moss, rests the woodsorrel-flower,
And shyest birds sing in the sunniest hour !

Ah ! down by the banks and the woods of the Lee.
 There's dew on the rose-bud, my Nanny Mo chroidhé !—
 The ash-tree is bathed in the sun's golden dye—
 The castle in grandeur leans back on the sky !
 The ash-tree is bathed in the sun's golden dye—
 The castle in grandeur leans back on the sky !
 While, pillowed in moss, rests the woodsorrel flower,
 And shyest birds sing in the sunniest hour !

Sweet, sweet was her childhood in Ardfallen shade,
 Where uncle and granny a bright shelter made ;
 Where flowers were her playmates, and sunshine and shower
 Unfolded the leaflet and coloured the flower !
 Now flowers are her playmates, and sunshine and shower
 Unfold the dear leaflet and colour the flower !
 While snug in our cottage, no stranger to see,
 O ! freely she gives all her love-light to me !

We played in the sunshine, we danced in the shade,
 To music the green boughs and river-reeds made ;
 Or listened at home, by light of the fire,
 To music and old songs that never can tire !
 Now snug in our cottage, no stranger to see,
 O ! freely she gives all her love-light to me !
 Or listens at home, by light of the fire,
 To music and old songs that never can tire !

O ! fairer the Lee banks than banks of the Rhine—
 For here are the blue eyes, whose love-beams divine,
 Cheering nature from clouds of golden locks bright,
 Bedew all my pathway in colours of light !
 And snug in our cottage, no stranger to see,
 O ! freely she gives all her love-light to me !
 Cheering nature from clouds of golden locks bright—
 Bedewing my pathway in colours of light !

And naught on the banks of this river, so fair—
 So stately in form—so graceful in air—
 So modest and gentle—so steadfast, yet free—
 As Nanny at home on the banks of the Lee !
 Where, pillowed in moss, rests the woodsorrel-flower,
 And shyest birds sing in the sunniest hour—
 Where ash-trees are bathed in the sun's golden dye—
 And castles in grandeur lean back on the sky !

MAC CARTHY MORE.

HOLLAND.

(Continued).

There is this peculiarity in this struggle, it was the first engaged in *by the people* of any European country in modern times, for a purely national purpose. All former wars had been the struggles of conflicting feudel chiefs either to obtain new privileges, or to renounce old claims, and in which the men at arms, those who done the fighting, were merely looked on as instruments in the hands of their superiors, the nobles.

It is true that on former occasions the peasantry of France, under the mocking name conferred on them by the nobles of "the good men Jacques," the peasantry of England under Jack Cade, and the citizens of Flanders had often risen on their haughty masters and repaid cruelty by cruelty; yet still until this war, the people—those who plied the shuttle and guided the plough, never felt that they had any further interest in the strifes that waged around them, or other cause for anxiety than the preservation of their own personal safety which might be imperiled. Even in Ireland the opposition given to the English spoiler was merely founded on local feelings, and unfortunately not on national. At this time in the low countries arose a new spirit,—a spirit which to a nation is a greater bulwark than fleets upon the sea or armies on the land—love of country—a love which spurns the present petty personal advantage, and only seeks the general good, and against this bulwark the pride and power of Spain, then the greatest Empire of the world, was shattered.

It is a far-fetched idea to say that it was the romance of Don Quixote that ridiculed out of existence the chivalrous spirit of Europe, which made the knight deem himself a match for a legion of the "rascail rout," as the people were contemptuously called. Would it not be more just to attribute its destruction to the stern purpose and brawny arms of the smiths, the weavers, and the fishermen of the low countries—who taught those steel encased warriors that, notwithstanding the knightly accolade, "a man's a man for a' that." This lesson was taught, and from henceforth we do not hear much about chivalry in Europe, which had not much to boast of when brought into collision with the higher feeling of nationality.

On Philip's departure for Spain, in 1559, he appointed his half sister, Margarat of Parma, regent. She was a woman of great talent, which she used so wisely as to become highly popular, and under her rule a good feeling again began to prevail, in consequence of her government being strictly in accordance with the national feeling and wishes. But this tranquillity was soon interrupted by the fanatic spirit which began to manifest itself among those who had adopted the new religion of Luther. These formed themselves into a sect calling themselves Des Geux—beggars—who held the wildest doctrines, proclaiming that the time had come for returning to the system of a community of goods, which had prevailed with the primitive Christians. These reformers commenced their work by attacking and pillaging the churches, smashing the statues, and defacing the pictures in them. In Antwerp they broke into the great church while Mass was being celebrated, and overturned the altars! They then rushed to the convents and monasteries and drove out the monks and nuns, many of whom they slew. Not even the presence of the regent in Brussels could preserve order in that city.

These excesses exasperated Philip highly, and also gave him a pretext for imposing the changes he had contemplated making in the

mode of governing the country, on the people. Accordingly, in 1557 he despatched the Duke of Alva, in command of ten thousand men, to act as governor, and put his measures into execution. The arrival of Alva caused the greatest consternation amongst the malcontents, and Orange, who had secretly incited them, fled into Germany. It was an unfortunate mission for Alva's fame, his coming into the Netherlands. The patron of Lope de Vega he had been immortalized in the poet's writings, in which his great qualities, his signal services, and his redeeming virtues are told, and he would only have been remembered for these, but for his stern and inexorable conduct in the Netherlands. The cruelties he practised were so great that the Catholic nobles sent a remonstrance to the King, and intreated him to withdraw Alva, but this Philip would not listen to. Alva cited the Prince of Orange to appear to answer the charges brought against him, and on his refusing, seized his eldest son, then a student at Louvain, and sent him as a hostage to Spain.

The Prince of Orange upon this raised troops and invaded the Netherlands, in which he was assisted by the Protestant princes of Germany, and by Elizabeth of England. Alva took the field against him and soon drove him beyond the frontiers, but this campaign having exhausted the treasury, he laid on a new and oppressive tax, which the people of Brussels refused to pay. This opposition to his arbitrary will, exasperated Alva so, that he seized and hanged several of the chief citizens, Catholic and Protestant, for all united to oppose his unconstitutional impost. He had several others in custody awaiting the same fate, when news arrived that the "beggars," several of whom had fled into England on Alva's arrival, and, having received but small hospitality there, had returned under the command of Count la Mark and William of Treslong, and attacked and seized the Brill. Upon this success all Holland and great part of Zealand, two of the most northerly provinces, rose against Alva's government, in 1571, and from this period the rise of the united provinces may be dated.

The Spaniards under Alva's son, (Frederick of Toledo,) entered Holland to quell the revolt. They besieged Haarlem, which was defended with the most determined heroism by the inhabitants, notwithstanding that famine and pestilence superadded their horrors to the carnage of the sword. Indeed so great was the zeal of the inhabitants, that the women organized themselves into a corps under the command of one of their own sex, named Kenneva, and by their example made the defence a glorious one.

The town was at length taken and given up to all the horrors of a sack, but this instead of deterring, had only the effect of making the Hollanders more determined in the course of action they had adopted.

Philip at length resolved to withdraw Alva, and to replace him by the Duke of Medina Celi, who set out by sea for his post. This nobleman not knowing of the revolt of the maritime provinces, or of the force of the revolt, was surprised by their fleet, and lost twenty-

five of his largest ships, and 200,000 guelders of money. It would be impossible in a sketch like this to touch upon the details of this struggle, and painful to recall the acts of carnage and fearful retaliation between the contending parties, which for sixty years, (for so long did the effort for liberty last,) deluged the plains of the Low Countries with blood, and made sanguine the waters of every sea.

THE LEGEND OF THE SEVEN SISTERS.

A RUDE CHRONICLE OF THE OSTMEN IN IRELAND.

The grey bard seized the ponderous harp,
Glittering with brazen strings,
Circling it with his long, draped arms,
As huge bird doth with wings
Embrace its brood, and crouch them o'er;
Then thus his theme began :—
To show, by force of ancient lore,
That not the mightiest man,
Nor maiden beauteous as the dawn,
Should mercy stoop to look upon,
When once with Denmark's cursed spawn
They made their causes one.
"See yonder towering, iron cliff,
Which the wild main assails,
How like to armoured fiends they look,
Scorning the stormy gales!
Nay, seem they not the front array
Of some black mystic band,
Leading yon fearful mountains
On to the billowy strand!
To wage fierce war with the waters—
Or to dare, or to mock their strife—
Standing in horrid stillness,
O'er ocean's raging life!
Once, on the dizzy pinnacle
Of that leader-looking crag,
Upon whose brink, all statelily,
With antlers marking the clear sky,
With nostrils oped, and glist'ning eye,
Now stands a noble stag.
There, many gloomy years ago,
A chieftain's fortress rose—
Lachna—the terror and the scourge
Of all his Danish foes;
His sword was never in its sheath,
His galleys night and day,
Like wary seabirds, watched and swept
The broad breast of the sea.
Upon his walls, the green flag streamed,
Along the freshning breeze,
Oh! grand to view, in its kin-like hue,
To the free waves of the seas.
Whilst, like the streams that lighten thro'
The forest's darksome shade,
Within those grim old towers, a group
Of lovely maidens made

The dull halls bless'd with beauty rare,
The echoes, rich in song;
As roam in the skies, the glittering stars,
The still night, lone and long.
Seven sweet maidens, tall and bright
As the chieftain's sparkling spear,
And fair as the blossoms that bend the
In the mid-way of the year. [boughs
Who could draw the bow to the arrow's tip
And curb back the bounding steed,
Or, like a wild flock of storm-dash'd swans,
Along the high mountains speed.
Thus Lachna lived with his offspring rare,
In his wild hold by the sea—
Slaying the Dane,
And loosing the chain
Of Erin's slavery.
Nor vainly his galleys ploughed the wave,
For, at last, with flaunting gear,
They saw far away on the heaving sea,
The foeman—Dane—appear. [ing hills,
As the storm sweeps down from the yawn—
As the cavern gulphs the tide,
So swooped on the pirate, the warrior-chief
Out on the ocean wide—
And Lachna of the sheathless sword,
Soon stamped on the foeman's deck,
And strode with his kerne, from stem to
Over many a Danish neck. [stern,
'Twas a swift red fight, as it ever was
When Lachna led the way,
And seven lone captives only lived,
After that bloody fray.
The pirate pennon was flung in the wave,
And the captives, wounded sore,
In piteous plight, to a brave man's sight.
Were borne with care ashore."

Here the rude bard his clairssearch flung,
With bitter grief aside:
"This is no tale for alien ears,
Or home-loved harp!" he cried
"Let me whisper it low, the hideous truth
With its never-fading stain :—
The Children of the Dalgais chief,
Swore love-troth to the Dane!!!"

And on a fierce night in winter,
 'Mid the warning seawind's roar,
 Whilst the bursting waves rushed madly
 To guard our Irish shore.
 The seven infernal Ostmen,
 Crept up to the ramparts wide,
 And the seven false daughters of Lachna,
 Moved stealthily by their side!
 With meshes of twisted sea-weed,
 They slid from the turreted height—
 And the Danes and the stolen maidens,
 Were abroad in the stormy night.
 But scarce had their cursed foot-prints
 Indented our blest strand
 When the terrible kerne of Lachna
 Closed in 'round the fated band.
 And the grim castle gates were flung open
 And ominously—and still,
 As the squall that sullenly gathers
 In the hollows of the wild hill;
 They entered the fortress slowly,
 Nor uttered a sigh, or a word,
 'Till they stood, where in glittering armour
 Sat the chief of the sheathless sword.
 "My daughters would wed with the Ostmen,
 By Heremon! be it so!
 And a merry and binding wedlock
 We'll make for our mighty foe.

Ho! Kerne! be their bonds of iron!
 Join their hands with bands of steel!
 Let the muffled bell, for their bridal,
 From the turret above them, peal!
 Let the flambeaux blaze in their honour,
 And lead them forth, pair by pair—
 The Ostmen so brave and so noble,
 The damsels, so faithful and fair!
 Lead them on to their bridal chamber,
 Let it be in the deep ravine,
 Where the snowy white couch of ocean
 With eider-like foam is seen! [them,
 Where the shrieks of the storm will bless
 And the seamews their servitors be!
 Where their rest will be sweet and for ever
 With their Dane lovers, deep in the sea!"
 He said, and a deep groan of horror,
 Just wafted on the wintry wind—
 Then, the flambeaux blazed out on the
 ocean,
 And the crashing gates swung to behind,
 And the roar of the hideous chasm,
 That lay not a rood away—
 Was louder than storm or thunder,
 Or boom of the world-wide sea,
 But shorter tho' louder and shriller,
 Came shriek after shriek thro' the sky,
 And heaven—the Dalgais and lightning
 Only saw the bound criminals die.

CAROLAN.

SERVANTS.

To The Committee.

GENTLEMEN,

A little round-about, rosy, ox-eyed, self-sufficient Englishman, from the pastoral county of Yorkshire, called in to see my mother recently, and in the course of conversation told her that he had discovered the source of all the miseries and wretchedness of Ireland—"my dear madam," he cried, what can you expect from a country where no servants are to be had? my wife has been for the past six months at Monkstown, and she cannot get a servant for her family. There is no discipline in this country—I tell you, madam, what this country wants—it wants discipline. I was taught discipline. 'John,' cried my uncle, when I was leaving home to learn business, 'John, my boy, when you are commanded to do what you dont like, and spoken to imperiously—put your tongue in your jaw, and swallow your spittle.' And, my dear madam, to this wholesome advice, I owe my present position in society. But in this country you know nothing of discipline. My wife tells me that she cannot get a servant in Monkstown who knows how to wash a plate or dust a room. And all the ladies of the town whom my wife has advised with on the subject tell her that it is impossible to get a good servant in Ireland now—those that were

any good, they say, have gone to America. Think of it, madam,—a people without gratitude—that will share your bread, and receive your money, and, without warning, leave you in the first ship for America. Freedom in America, madam! freedom for every scoundrel to singe your eyebrows with his pistol.”

I was not much surprised at this burst of eloquence, nor at this discovery of the source of Ireland's wretchedness, but I am sometimes amazed and grieved to hear an Irish lady hold forth on “the plague of servants”—speaking of them as if they were of a different race from themselves—and should not dare to possess the passions, hopes and aspirations common to humanity. A servant is one who serves another. And every one who is not an idler in the land is a servant in that sense. The station does not degrade. I have seen as true a gentlewoman in a servant's office, as in a lady's sphere. The servant should be regarded as one of the family—allowed time to read—and time for open air relaxation and refreshment. The servant, on a miserable pittance, is expected to have the virtues of a seraph and the capacity for drudgery of a slave. She must not think of dress, of news, of acquaintance, or of pleasure of any kind. And while taught to tell the fashionable lie of “not at home” must not think to use any subterfuge for her own pleasure or convenience. Treated without affection she is expected to be grateful—and while the merchant takes his goods to the highest market—aye, though it be corn he has to sell, and the people in his own land famishing—yet the servant is not to take her services to the country where they are best paid.

There is no class of the community that I pity more than servants. It is impossible for them to make a provision for old age or sickness, and yet in many families there is no kindly consideration shown for them. Many a lady that drives in her carriage and sports needless finery on her person, is overbearing, exacting, and penurious to her servants. I have no desire to see the name of “servant” discarded, and that of “help,” as in America, introduced in its stead. The word “servant” is dignified by many an association of honourable history. Some of the saints and martyrs of the earth have been servants. I speak then to my young sisterhood of Ireland, and entreat of them in their several household spheres to condescend to things below them, without ostentation and without ceremony—to learn what it is to work with the hands, and what true service means, and to treat all servants with kindness, respect and generosity.

MARY MACMAHON.

A PICTURE.

1
From couch of night, in splendour bright,
One morning sweet in May,
Beyond the sea, far o'er the sea,
Uprose the king of day.

2
His golden car had glided far
Along the vaulted pace, [shrouds,
When murky clouds like mourning
Fell o'er the monarch's face.

3
In sorrow deep did Nature weep,
'Mid darkness veiled she mourn'd,
But passed the gloom, as from a tomb,
At eve her joy returned.

4
My Erin dear, a picture here
Is shadowed forth of thee,
Thou wast at birth first flower of earth,
First bright gem of the sea.

5
Through ages gone thy glory shone
In peace and liberty,
Then came the chain, the Saxon's reign,
And left but grief to thee.

6
Thy cruel woes God only knows,
And He will heal them yet
Thy star shall shine, dear land of mine,
It never more shall set.

PHILO-CELT.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

.. Thankfully declined,—“Who's THE SAXON,” the “EMIGRANT'S RETURN,” and
“THE HEART'S FIRST LOVE.”

In reply to “A. B.” we are happy to say R. D. Williams is alive and doing well
in America.

“THE BRIDAL OF DEATH” cannot be decided upon from the specimen before the
Committee; the entire of the manuscript must be forwarded for inspection before it
can be published.

“P. M.'s” suggestions as to the lives of Lombard and Wadding, and as to the index
for the first volume of the Celt, will be carried out, the committee having some time
since decided upon doing so.

The Welcome to the Apostle of Temperance, English and Irish, is declined.

The letter of advice signed “A Tipperary man” is thankfully acknowledged, and
his several enquiries will be answered in a future number.

“SCRUTATOR'S” letter has been received, having reference to the true pronunciation
of the word “CELT.” The authorities quoted have no bearing upon the Celtic
language, and are therefore not explanatory.

A prose article from “PHILO-CELT” will be very welcome.

DUBLIN:

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The Celt.

"THE WISE MAN GATHERETH KNOWLEDGE, AND RULETH HIS OWN HOUSE."—*Old Celtic Proverb.*

No. 17, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1857. [ONE PENNY

HISTORY OF THE INVASION OF IRELAND BY THE ANGLO-NORMANS.

BY GERALD H. SUPPLE, DUBLIN.

This is a volume published by the "Celtic Union," which must be interesting to Irishmen, from the important nature of the subject—the author's breadth of treatment, and the long and tragic series of events to which the Anglo Norman conquest has given rise. For if we be slaves at home, or exiles in foreign countries—if oppression crush us in Ireland, or ignominy flout us in America—if the history of Ireland be, like the footmarks of a wounded man in a crowd, distinguished by gouts and vestiges of blood—in that case, in all cases, the calamities which overwhelm us, originated in the striking and weighty events that are described in this unpretending volume; events which gave us in shackles to the cruelty of a people, who having at that time been recently enslaved, proved ready instruments in the degradation and slavery of their leighbours.

In the battle of Hastings the Saxons laid down their liberty and submitted, not to France, but to a province of that kingdom. It became impossible from that moment for any people in these two islands to preserve their liberties. The conquest of the Saxons by a handful of Frenchmen led to the conquest of the Welsh by both. When the Saxons became slaves the Welsh could not remain freemen. Then it became impossible for the Scotch, assailed by all three, to remain independt. When Scotland succumbed, the junction of Wales, England, and Scotland proved an overmatch for Ireland—it was three against one. This is the true theory of British history. This is what Mr. Supple means when he says:—"Irish history is greatly misunderstood, and this chapter of it, the Anglo-Norman invasion, seems to be so, both in its character and extent, and in the causes which produced it. It has been denominated a conquest, whereas it was virtually no more than a limited colonisation, only maintained through succeeding ages by the sword within the district of 'the

Pale,' and without it by amalgamation and identification more or less complete with the natives. Still more generally it is supposed to have been the result of the treason of Diarmuid Mac Murrough, and that it would not have occurred if that individual had never existed, or if there had been no abduction of a Lady Dervorghil. So far from depending on a petty accident, or on any one man's vengeance or ambition, the invasion of Ireland was the inevitable consequence of the vicinity of a congregation of small and conflicting principalities, like the Irish nation, to a compact, powerful, and aggressive monarchy, like the Norman one of England."

Every Irishman knows that when on the blood-stained plains of Clontarf the Raven of Denmark was prostrated in the dust, the conquerors reduced the vanquished to slavery. Every threshing floor in Ireland resounded with the flail wielded by a Danish slave—every quern in the island was turned by the sad fair hand of a Danish captive. The effusion of time mitigating the animosity of the victors ameliorated the condition of the fallen Danes, and gradually these people rose in Ireland, and the decency of traffic superseded the degradation of bondage. The Danes swarmed in the cities and monopolised the commerce and manufactures of Ireland, when in an evil hour for both—nay for Europe—the crowned assassin of Thomas-a-Becket set his unhallowed foot on our beautiful shores.

The two races at that time were blending gradually into one. In the course of a century the hearts of the Danish inhabitants of Ireland had been captivated by the Syren beauties of our matchless Erin, for it is not in human nature to gaze upon these winding streams, green plains, and azure skies, without yielding to the fascinations of this enchanting country, and becoming enamoured of Erin. Accordingly, the Doyles (a word which signifies Danes,) became more Irish if possible than the original Milesians. The two people seemed formed by Providence to amalgamate. The Danes had become a shrewd, thrifty, industrious and manufacturing people. The Irish on the other hand were a nation of warriors, and as Bacon says, "Idleness is inseparable from arms." The Irish were generous—the Danes greedy of gain. Nature had made the one to produce, the other to consume; the one to sell, the other to purchase. The Irish who were not soldiers were priests, or scholars, or poets—anything but weavers. The Danes, unlike them, were the most irreligious of the human race; unless they could make money by it, they set little value on religion. Everything tended to make the Danes manufacturers, as everything tended to make the Irish their customers. The Danes could not fail to like those princely men who scorned to haggle about prices, and the Irish, though they might not respect, certainly appreciated the industrial ability of the Danes who manufactured admirable swords, battleaxes, and coats of mail. The elements of a great nation existed in Ireland at that time, as they exist in Ireland at the present day. In short the Irish Danes of the time of Henry the Second were precisely what the

Ultonians are in the time of Victoria I., and like them seemed formed by Providence to blend into and harmonize with the Irish. "The Ostmen," says Mr. Supple, "whom the Irish permitted after their submission to remain in their sea-ports and harbours, carried on commerce with the opposite coasts of Britain, of which the most frequented harbours were then Bristol and Chester. The native Irish likewise occasionally crossed the sea in the more congenial occupation of soldiers, and the kings of France drew considerable bodies of them to serve in their wars," &c. P. 36.

The feelings of the Danes were not always friendly to the Irish. "On a certain state occasion they (the Danes) solicited, with all becoming loyalty of manner, the presence of the King of Leinster to obtain his sanction to regulations they were making for their internal government. On this occasion, while sitting cheerfully with the elders and chiefs of the city, enjoying himself in his chair, and reporting some pleasant history, the king's weapon was stolen away, and the rest of the company fell upon him and murdered him, and afterwards, to add insult to their crime, buried his body with that of a dog." Their feelings towards the English were different. "In 1165 the Ostmen of Dublin furnished King Henry with a considerable body of auxiliaries for one of his Welsh wars in which they suffered much." These feelings had gradually undergone a change, and the two races at the time of Henry II. were slowly blending into one. The fusion would have been complete had not a third party stepped in to ruin all.

The Irish had long made a deuce of a clatter,
And wrangled and fought about *meum* and *tuum*,
Till England stepped in and decided the matter
By kindly converting it all into *suum*.

As we said before, the elements of a great nation existed in Ireland at that time as they exist in Ireland at the present day. The Danes of Henry II. were precisely what the Presbyterians are in the time of Victoria I., and like them seemed formed by God to unite with the natives.

The Anglo-Norman invasion blasted the prospects of national greatness which were dawning upon Ireland, for the invaders endeavoured to divide the inhabitants. This they did to the ruin of both Irish and Danes. The Danes then—like the Ultonians now—could not, as they had done, monopolize the Irish market. But, precisely like them, they forgot their pecuniary loss in the gratification of their national grudge, which though diminished was by no means extinct. We must not be surprised at their folly in sympathising with the invaders, for at this moment the Ultonians—ground into poverty by the manufacturing rivalry of Britain—are blindly attached to the country which grinds, starves and cripples them. We are not to suppose, however, that the fall of independent Ireland was occasioned exclusively by the folly of the Danes. For the craft of the Normans, who profited by their fears and practised on their credulity, accelerated or ensured the catastrophe. The Normans were a people whose hearts were essentially bad while their stomachs were essentially good. They had not degenerated into traf-

tickers like the Irish Danes, nor were they blindly devoted to bloodshed and war like their Pagan ancestors. In them the craft of the merchant utilized the valour of the soldier. They were bold but sly—crafty but daring; though unincumbered by religious scrupulosity they allied themselves closely with the church, and ranked the mitre higher than the coronet. The Norman intellect was not original or lofty like the Celtic which is, except the Hellenic, the most spiritual in Europe—but they thoroughly understood their own interests. The Norman mind insured worldly success—because it was not philosophic or soaring like the Irish. They did not wield the pen, but they clutched the money bags with the gripe of Iscariot. They were at once as brave as the Trojans and as cunning as the Jews. The Celts had genius; the Normans had talent, and that of a singularly practical and acquisitive kind. Their fingers were fish-hooks. Their *trouveres* and jongleurs make but a sorry figure beside the bards or Skalds of other countries. They were wanting in poetry, but then they were always provided with hard coin.

Polybius, speaking of the Continental Celts, observes that they preferred oxen and gold to every other object, because, he observes, in the vicissitudes of war, these articles are portable. The Irish at the period of the Anglo-Norman invasion were, says Mr. Supple, “a pastoral people,” possibly for the same reason. The Danish wars had rendered it impossible to preserve property of a less locomotive character than oxen and gold, for which, says Giraldus Cambrensis, the Irish “have a strong propensity.”

Thus the fall of the Irish monarchy was produced by a variety of concurring causes—the folly of the Danes—the craft of the Normans, and the indifference of the military natives, but above all, by the mental feebleness of the King of Ireland. To Roderick, or Ruari O'Connor Mr. Supple gives no quarter. It was the vacillation and irresolution of that prince which permitted the mercenaries of King Diarmuid to set up as independent toparchs; and afterwards, when the patriotic Archbishop Lorcan O'Tuathal ignored the bull of Pope Adrian, and banded the Irish against their invaders, it was Roderick's negligence and want of energy that ruined the cause. But, admitting fully the fatal consequences of the want of energy which disfigured King Ruari, perhaps it is impossible when a band of mercenary troops are once admitted; to hinder them from obtaining the mastery. Thus it was that the Mahomedans obtained the dominion of Iran. Thus the Saxons hewed their way, battle axe in hand, to the empire of the Britons. Thus the Moors when called in by Julian, wrung the sceptre of Spain from the hands of its sovereign. History is full of such instances. It is, nevertheless, perfectly certain that if King Ruari had possessed the capacity and courage of O'Brien who gained the victory of Thurles, or of O'Ruarc, or of Mac Gillphadraig, or even of the Ostman, Mac Torcall, he might have crushed the bold bad banditti whom Mac Diarmuid had introduced.

Notwithstanding some slight errors, which, to a man in Mr. Supple's

position, were perhaps unavoidable, his book has great attractions. The reader who opens it at the seventh chapter will hardly lay it down until he has finished it. Its fault is—that it is too much derived from printed—not manuscript sources. He has brought, nevertheless, curious and varied information from remote authorities to the production of his record. Some portions of it are not told perhaps with sufficient fulness, and he has less narrative than descriptive talent. The latter is indeed very great, and this little book abounds with paintings of battle and festive scenes, executed with a distinctness and spirit, and with a conception of character for which the author had already achieved a reputation in the ballad literature of his country. In the account of Strongbow's nuptials with the Princess Eva, and of King Henry's Christmas feast on Hoggin Green, portraits are introduced of some of the most conspicuous actors in the war. This will be an interesting portion of the work to many readers, as numbers of Irish families are descended from the invaders who after a few generations became more Irish than the Irish themselves.

All through Mr. Supple preserves a bold and hopeful spirit, even in the Valley of Shadows where hover Mac Murrough's treachery and O'Connor's feebleness, as for example :—

“ It is the characteristic of the Celtic spirit to be more easily bent than broken. A single generation reduced the Saxons of England to submission to the Normans, and a second generation completed the conquest. Three centuries, dating only from the last Tudor, the first English monarch of all this island, have not coerced into acquiescence in foreign rule, its Celtic population.”

And in the preface he says :—

“ We need not read the past then merely to deplore what, from the circumstances of the time was inevitable. The chief value of history is that in showing us the past, it may assist us in fashioning the present or the future ; for a future of its own will arrive to each nation, properly so called, even though it lack the present. The instinct which gives and keeps alive the aspiration for nationality is a guarantee of this—an instinct which pervades the globe almost as wide-spread as that of religion, and almost as deep-rooted and powerful in the breast of man civilized as well as savage—an instinct most reasonable and practical in its demands, and most worthy of the attention of a practical age, for as Montesquieu observes, ‘ no nation ever attained to real greatness but by institutions in conformity with its spirit,’—an instinct not implanted idly by Providence, but indicative of the great fundamental truth that each nation has its own peculiar mission and uses in the scheme of creation—this instinct for self-management active and permanent in the nation as in the individual man.” On the whole, Mr. Supple's book will reward patient perusal ; it is a valuable book. I shall perhaps return to it.

C. M. O'KEEFE.

THE HEROINES OF LIMERICK.*

1690.

"Foiled by a woman's hand before a batter'd wall!"

I.
 King William's English cannon
 Has battered Limerick town—
 And crunched beneath its iron teeth,
 The good stout wall deep down—
 A fearful breach, that shows the plain
 Full up of armed foes—
 From Cromwell's fort to the broad banks,
 Where the lordly Shannon flows:
 But Sarsfield—noble Sarsfield—
 Is not the man to yield,
 Whether behind a leagured wall,
 Or in the tented field.
 He heeds not English vaunting—
 Nor her allies, Dutch or Dane—
 Nor her Germans—nor her Prussians—
 Nor her furious iron rain.
 His fresh reserves of horse and foot
 Flank the reft wall within—
 And there they stand as still as death
 Amid the horrid din.
 Whilst men in trench and counterscarp,
 Still check the English van—
 And William marks, with wondering gaze,
 Each warrior Irishman.

II.
 Now, seethes the grape-shot 'long the walls,
 Mowing the Irish down—
 Now, rush with hand-grenades the foe
 Upon the fated town.
 They crowd the trench and counterscarp,
 With whelming furious force,
 Trampling with might of hundreds strong
 O'er many an Irish corse.

[breach—
 The trench-men fly—they mount the
 But Sarsfield meets them there :—
 "What, cowards! have ye left your post?
 And fly ye thus for fear?"
 "Sir, General—fosse and trench are lost!
 And our comrades slaughtered all!"
 And with hurrying speed they bounded
 From off the tottering wall. [down,
 "Ho! townsmen!" Sarsfield cried aloud,
 "Stop, stop this coward horde!
 And meet them with the charging spear
 And with the pointed sword!
 Here come the English grenadiers!
 Give way, men, let them down!
 Now hem them in—and strike for life!
 And for old Limerick town! [hurrah!
 Now—to the walls! charge! charge!
 Beat back the Dutch and Dane!
 Let not a man of their reserves
 Top our fair walls again."

III.
 The hand-grenades burst all around—
 And the Irish, wavering, stand—
 And Sarsfield, in advance, alone,
 Shouts forth the vain command!

An answering shout, shrill, wild and clear,
 Then thrilled the Autumn sky,
 Like a clarion-call on a distant hill,
 Proclaiming a victory.
 And forth rushed a band of matrons,
 And maidens of beauty rare—
 Their brows all flushing with anger,
 And flowing their long rich hair—

* In this celebrated repulse of William at Limerick, remarks the "Green Book," two circumstances occurred that reflect a halo of the purest and noblest glory upon the name of Ireland in general, and Limerick in particular.

After driving the English from the breach, a portion of the Irish garrison entered the English Camp in their turn, and "in the confusion," says Dalrymple, "the English hospital having, by accident, taken fire, part of the victorious Irish stopped the pursuit, and rushing into the flames to quench them, saved the lives of their enemies at the hazard of their own."

The other circumstance is that of the memorable self-devotion of the women of Limerick, who, after the English had beaten the men from their post, drove them back to the combat, boldly stood in the breach, even nearer to the English soldiers than the men of the garrison, and, for nearly three hours, contributed to assail the enemy so vigorously with stones, bullets, and every attainable missile, that to this splendid exertion of female heroism, unsurpassed in the brightest periods of classic antiquity, King William's own historian mainly attributes the triumphant expulsion of the besiegers from the city.

"The man that is not moved with what he reads,
 That takes not fire at such heroic deeds,
 Unworthy of the blessings of the brave,
 Is base in kind, and born to be a slave!"

Their white fingers clutching and clasping
Some weapon or missile of war,
Or the iron balls strewing the city,
Or the stones from the wall's shivered
scar—

Crying, "Fathers and brothers and lovers!
Would ye give up our homes to the foe?
Would ye yield us to foreign invaders,
Like knaves, without striking a blow?
Ye would!—but the women of Limerick
Will teach ye to fight and to die!
We will stand in the breach with you,
And never will waver or fly!" [Sarsfield!]

IV.

And they did stand and hurl their weapons
In front of that red leaguered wall—
And the wavering men saw them all
fighting,

And they saw one young heroine fall!
Then, then, with a shout that rent heaven,
Their moment of terror had past—
And they rushed to the front of the danger
With the speed of the wild tempest-blast,
And they hewed down the Saxon and
stranger,

And Sarsfield's fierce shout rose again,
And the red crowds of William and England
Were hurled back down on the plain.
In a thick living torrent they tumbled,
From rampart and ladder and wall,
Till their camp-trumpets out at fort
Cromwell

Sounded forth a loud craven recall.
Then Sarsfield charged home on them—
flying,
With his fierce Irish war-shout of glee,
Oh! 'twas glorious to see his sword
flashing!

And the old English warriors flee!
And the women still up on the ramparts!
And their hair flowing wild in the wind!
And the flag-staff embraced in their arms!
And its green pennon fluttering behind!
And to hear their clear notes of defiance,
And their shrieked bitter taunts at the
foe—

Who was fleeing for life and for succour,
Along the broad valley below!

CAROLAN.

HOLLAND.

(Concluded.)

Previous to this war, that portion of the Netherlands, now called Holland, from the name of the chief of the Seven United Provinces, had been of comparatively little consequence. Waging a perpetual war with the element which surrounded, and, at every moment, threatened to resume its dominion over the lands which had been rescued from its grasp, the people's lives were passed in a combat with the ocean; a fit preparation for the equally deadly combat with Spain. The southern provinces, however, had, from an early period, by the industry and skill of their inhabitants, occupied a leading position among the states of Europe. Flemish artisans had introduced various branches of manufacture into various countries, Ireland included; and England owes her subsequent superiority in the woollen and iron manufactures to colonies of Flemings who settled in that country.

Like all manufacturing people, they were animated by strong democratic feelings, and Europe owes to the Flemish artisans the first growth of popular rights, as well as the first impulses towards manufacturing industry.

Bruges, at one time, had been the greatest trading city in the world. This prosperity was put an end to by the Emperor, Frederick III., in consequence of the citizens having imprisoned his son, Maximilian, he who became husband to Mary, the heiress of Burgundy. Antwerp gradually rose on the ruins of Bruges' former prosperity, and when the war began, it was the first of commercial cities, no less than 2,500-

vessels generally lying in the harbour, while the arrival or departure of 500 ships in a day was no unusual occurrence. Her merchants were indeed princes, for it is recorded of one of them, that having lent Charles V. a million of gold, to carry on the war in Hungary, on Charles's return to Antwerp his creditor invited him to a breakfast. While the entertainment lasted, cinnamon was the only fuel used, and to crown the feast, at its termination the merchant flung the Emperor's bond for the million into the fire. The war of independence ended this prosperity. Antwerp was twice sacked, and partly burned in 1576. This drove the merchants away, and the maritime insurgents making themselves masters of the islands of Zealand, which lie off the mouth of the Scheld, hindered all ships from entering but such as paid toll. This forced the trade of the city to Amsterdam, which was then a place of little consequence. The people of the maritime provinces had, from a very early period, devoted themselves to sea-faring pursuits, suggested to them as well by the poverty of the land, as by the favorableness of its position. Bold and active fishermen, as they were, it required but little preparation for them at a time when the strength of fleets was estimated more by the number of vessels than by their size, when directed by the mercantile knowledge of the Antwerp merchants, to become equally formidable either as trading opponents or hostile foes. Plucking, therefore, from the nettle danger, the flower of liberty and consequent prosperity, simultaneously they carried on the war with Spain, and made it subserve their mercantile enterprises. The war still continued, and England and France alternately intrigued to establish a noble or a prince of their respective nations as King of the Netherlands, but without success. The Prince of Orange too, much as he assuredly did do for the country, was looked jealously on, as an aspirer to the regal power, which, however, was, at length, about being conferred on him, when he was assassinated, it is said at the instigation of Philip, by Balthazar Gerard. If this charge be true we must recollect the assertion of Sir James Turner,* placed on record by him, and which was probably the opinion of every soldier of the day, "that both his and Wallenstein's deaths were in their circumstances fit for a monarch to command and a soldier to obey, they being both traitors whom the law could not reach."

The war at length ended in the recognition of the seven northern provinces of Gelderland, Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Vriesland, Overysse, and Groeningen, as the United Provinces of the Dutch Republic, in the year 1609. The ten southern provinces were less successful, and remained subject to Spain until 1714, when they were ceded by Philip III., of Spain, to his daughter, on her marriage to an Archduke of Austria.

And wherefore, it may be asked, this long story? Are not these all patent facts known to every one who has paid the slightest attention to European history? You have not told us what peculiarity there was in the Dutch form of government, which should make us.

* See his Memoirs, published by the Ballantine Society.

Irish, pass through such perils to do as they did. Philip may have been a very bad or a very good man, or perhaps, which is the more probable, neither in particular, but what is that to us now-a-day? and to all this we have nothing to say but this, that it is the proper application of history to the times and circumstances in which we are placed, that makes it of use to remember the time we have left behind us.

We have not been careful to give an exact account of the precise form of the Dutch government, being convinced that the form of the government had nothing to do with the proud boast of the Hollanders, that "no matter what scarcity reigned elsewhere, in Holland, though they did not grow grain enough to feed them for a month, *they always eat.*" This we attribute to the fact of the government being a native one and not foreign, Dutch and not Spanish.

Was it not reward enough for the self-sacrifices to the spirit of nationality, made by the people of these little barren provinces? Oh! how unlike Ireland, that in the words of a great though erring Irishmen, "her fleets filled every harbour, and the extent of her enterprise was circumscribed only by the limits of the globe; her whalers usurped the Arctic regions. The shores of three quarters of the globe were interspersed with her settlements—her establishments in the east were almost as numerous as the islands of the Indian Archipelago."

Would all this have been had she remained a dependant province, subject to a foreign and unsympathizing, even though not a persecuting rule? Assuredly not.

But we take more pleasure in the beautiful home picture left us of Holland by our countryman Oliver Goldsmith, than in the recapitulation of its foreign enterprise, by him whom we have called an erring, as he undoubtedly was a gifted Irishmen, Charles Boyton. Let us turn from war and carnage to its fruition, peace and prosperity. Speaking of Holland, Goldsmith says:—

"Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire and usurps the shore;
While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain—
A new creation rescued from his reign."

Such are the pictures which gladden the eye where national freedom exists,

J. O'R., Dundalk.

TORTURE.

We are utterly sick of the sentimental whine indulged in by some of the Irish newspapers, and by some of the Irish would-be gentlemen, of English tastes and habits, in reference to torture in India. The real fact is, that the crimes of the oppressed Hindoos have been well learned at the hands of their oppressors. We cannot defend or palliate the vice of either the slave or his master. We reprobate both, but yet we cannot forget that while the torturing oppressor is a Christian, his well-taught torturing slave is not a believer in the gospel which preaches mercy and charity, and is therefore less criminal than his rulers. We do not sit down to pen a defence of the Indians, or to enter into the question at all, further than to pour out the sad memories of torture in Ireland, which have been stirred up by the record of Eastern cruelties.

We have been oftentimes in sad converse with the generation passing away in Ireland. We have heard their pitiful stories of what they witnessed in 1798,

"For eyes still see that saw their home in flames,
Ears still hear that heard the scorching infant's screams."

We have seen too more than one human back furrowed with the white indentures left by the drummer's whip, under a court martial sentence of a thousand lashes, because the miserable victim would not betray the names of his presumed associates, the only evidence against the prisoner being that he had taken the "united oath." We have talked with the widow whose husband was dragged from her arm, as they left the chapel gate, and hurried so rapidly through the mockery of a trial, that ere the sun set, he was swinging a lifeless corpse opposite her windows, and ere the evening closed she and her children might gaze upon him by a brighter light still, the deep red glare of the blaze of all their worldly goods gathered for a military bonfire around the scaffold. We have heard of atrocities perpetrated upon Ireland's peasant girls by a foreign soldiery—atrocities even fouler still than shame or dishonour—atrocities unutterable in civilized language.

We know the precise spot where a brutal official of the law sentenced a woman to be hanged in company with two men, her crime being that she would not reveal the names of men suspected to meet at her house as United Irishmen, and sentenced her with a smiling jest, that as she was a woman, she should have the pleasure of her two friends, one on each side, as it was intended she should be an inside passenger to the other world!

A venerable friend once shewed us the spot of pavement in our native city, where knelt the mother to look at her child expiring upon a gallows, from whose foot she was driven away, without being permitted to take a last farewell of her murdered child, the condition offered to her being, "urge him to confess the names of all the men of his village he knows to be sworn, and you shall see him and save him." "Let him die," was her noble answer, "I will bless him from here, that he makes neither widow nor orphan in his parish!"

In our boyhood our fingers have ran over the seared hairless head, where the British pitch cap had torn the hair out by its very roots, and where the skin was burned up by wetted powder rubbed in and exploded for the amusement of military savages. We have seen too the foot for ever lamed by the brutal punishment of the picket, a sharp wooden stake thrust into the ground with its sharpened point upwards, as a resting place for the miserable victim, who suspended by one arm from a lamp iron or like matter, was so accurately poised between the two that when his arm tired he might release himself, from the agony felt in the socket of his bursting shoulder, by resting his full weight with the naked sole of his foot upon the spike beneath him, and then as that agony outdone the agony of his arm, his plunge and scream of suffering were the holiday amusement of his tormenters, who cried out to him, "when you have had enough of it, inform and we will take you down."

Torture. Torture. Let there be no cant about it in Ireland! Here, where Christians practised it upon a suffering people. Here, where the memory of it is seared into the hearts of the children whose fathers witnessed it. Here at least we, who may well abhor the torture and denounce its use, and the men who use it; we, surely we, can have little sympathy with the murmurs and complaints of a people who in their day were the direst torturers and the foulest spillers of human blood the world ever saw.

NATIONAL SPIRIT.

What a glorious prospect does the growth of national spirit present; that spirit which inspires a nation with the necessity of political unity; that spirit which teaches its children to forget their feuds and dissensions, and directs their united energies to the removal of present evils both moral and political; finally, that spirit which bids a people look back on a glorious line of saints, patriots, heroes and philosophers who have illumined the pages of their history, and tells them how ignoble it is, that the descendants of such men should be slaves!

Such undoubtedly is a splendid prospect, and such did Ireland present, when at the call of Grattan, she rose from her shrouds, and gathered under her banner the young and old, the Catholic and Protestant, the noble and the peasant. Yes! she inspired them with one common cause—animated for the accomplishment of one grand object—the independence of the Irish parliament.

Without this union of the members of a state, this concentration of the national mind, none of the great deeds of history have been achieved, no nation has been able to attain political independence. With it what miracles have been wrought even by a few.

In 1315, when the Swiss rose against the Austrians, Leopold, son of the Emperor Albert, marched against them with an overwhelming force. Thirteen-hundred men of the canton of Schwytz resolved to make a new Thermopylæ in the fastness of Helvetia. With this object they posted themselves in the defiles of Morgartan, through which the enemy were to pass. The day previous to the battle, fifty men who had been expatriated for some offences, presented themselves before the band of patriots offering to wash away their faults by shedding their blood for their country. Though much needed their offer was rejected. Next day when the battle began, they forgot, in the love of fatherland, all slight which had been cast upon them, and charged the enemy again and again, carrying death and terror in every quarter, and contributing materially to the overthrow of the invaders. Again, when the winter's sun was sinking on the banners of the victorious mountaineers, they presented themselves in the camp, and were welcomed with loud acclamations and expressions of the deepest gratitude. Behold an example of national spirit set for the eternal instruction of mankind; a brilliant light streaming through the darkness of centuries!

May we profit by it. Would! that it might teach us how to forget past divisions and differences, and combine under the bonds of national unity. Then indeed might we look with ardent hopes to the future; with well-founded anticipations of happy days for the old land! But unfortunately the curse of sectarian feuds and old antipathies is still among us. We have not profited from the lessons which our past history has administered to us. Can we forget the rich fruits which have been so often blasted when it required only the labourer's hand to pluck them?

Is not the past replete with such misfortunes, and yet we wish to perpetuate them? Whence does this arise? Is the soul more noble that is reared in the poisoned atmosphere of party, than that which has sprung up in the genial air of patriotism and universal philanthropy? Or rather, is not the original purity of the former soiled by foul principles which it has imbibed? No doubt; for that teaching is truly diabolical which tells a man, to consider one class of his own countrymen in a certain manner his enemies, and union with them a dishonour and a disgrace. When will such blighting influences cease to exist? Will they ever? Yes! with God's assistance they are fast fading away. They cannot stand before the advance of education and the warning voice of history. It tells us that the worst Machiavellian policy has not been more fatal to freedom than the practice of that trite aphorism, "Divide et impera."

What else has cast the fetter of Austria and France on the neck of Italy, and made it for centuries the battle-field of Europe? Internal divisions alone have brought the iron heel of Russia to trample on the liberties of the gallant sons of Sarmatia. Look beyond Europe and see whether the enslavers of India could have succeeded if its people had been united! No! had the valiant Sikh been united to the obedi-

ent Bengalee, the plundered peasant of Jude to the hardy islanders on the coast of Malabar, then indeed would the robberies of Clive and Hastings never have disgraced the pages of history.

Will we not profit by these examples? Will we close our eyes against the truths which they embody? How unmistakeably do they teach us that as long as Irishmen are possessed of different interests so long will all attempts for political improvement be vain. In such a state of things our masters may laugh to scorn all our efforts. They will deceive one party with some specious concession, and then manacle the other.

But perhaps you will say, "we are content to remain in statu quo. The country is prosperous and the people are comfortable." Delusive prosperity! What! do you forget the starving millions of '46, '47, &c., and the tardy inefficient measures of England to check the evil. What is to prevent the recurrence of such another visitation? What! do you forget the shackles on our commerce, the wreck of our manufactures, the non-development of our internal resources? Do you forget the heavy national debt that incumbers us equally with England, *i. e.*, in proportion to the different populations of both countries, although a large portion of it was incurred before the union. Finally, do you forget the inability of a British parliament to legislate for Ireland, the vast majority of which is wholly unacquainted with the wants and necessities of the country, and care as little?

And yet in reality these are only a few of the evils that lean heavy on us. They, however, are sufficient to shew us that we have wrongs to redress, and in order to do this, union, union alone is necessary. The many foul stains that darken our history might almost bid us to despair of this. But no! There is yet a glorious dawn approaching; the intelligence of the people indicates it, the onward march of Europe indicates it. Many bright examples have been set us; let us be instructed by them.

Behold how Belgium organised her children in the struggle for liberty. She pointed out to them the evils that were to be remedied, and bade them be indefatigable in eradicating them. They seconded her teaching. Memorials in hundreds poured into the Hague. They were disregarded. The public press fired the spirits of the people, so that nothing less than a removal of grievances could extinguish it. Yes! the pressure of heavy taxation *must* be removed, ay, and the legion of Dutch officials, who swarmed in all the places of trust in Belgium, and the denationalising system introduced into the law courts, &c.

In this state of things *not one Belgian* was to be got who would edit the government journal, the "Nationel"! and an Italian had to be procured for the purpose. Had not the Dutch hucksters been dozing, they would have yielded to such unmistakable heralds of what the nation was prepared to do. But no! they drove the people to revolt, and ere long beheld their efforts crowned with success.

Learn, sons of Ireland, from this example what unity can effect.

Believe me, the voice of a nation is a great moral principle which few governments will, now-a-days, resist. It triumphed in America. It triumphed in Switzerland. It triumphed in England on occasion of the reform and corn laws; and is triumphing at present amid the steep crags and wild mountains of the brave Circassians.

Why not triumph here too? Yes it will. Our soil cannot be fatal to the growth of freedom. No! the names of Brian, O'Neil, Sarsfield, Grattan, and O'Connell prove that it cannot. Their motto was union, let it be ours. It is an irresistible principle that will bear down all opposition and remove every obstacle, and contains the germ of great things. Be it then our "guiding star," the sacred banner under which we take our stand, and, believe me, that there is yet a future full of hope and joy and loveliness in store for the "old land."

DALCASSIAN.

POOR MARY MAHER.

Oh! I remember her sad story well: I was intimate with her in earlier days, and had often heard my mother tell her piteous tale. Strange, too, in despite of all her singular peculiarities, I had had a child's love for Mary, she was so sadly gentle, so touchingly kind to every one. This is her true and unexaggerated story, as gathered from her friends and from her own lips, in those moments when she could be got to speak of the past.

Mary was but eighteen years old in the year 1798. She was the daughter of a decent and honest farmer, who held land under one of the Trenches, outside the little village of Ballinakill, in the Queen's County. Her mother had been dead some three or four years, and she matronised the little household of her aged father and two brothers, both lads younger than herself.

It was a rich harvest evening, John and his two sons had walked out in the glare of a crimson setting sun, and were examining the state of the corn, then hanging out in heavy brown ears, and just ready for the hook. They were arranging the portion of the field to be first reaped, and a gentle contention had arisen between the sons, James and William, and their father. There were no labourers to be had for love or money, they were all either out on the hills with the "boys," or else, hiding from the gaze of the informer and the yeoman. The dispute, therefore, had reference to the father's working as a reaper with his sons, which he said he would do, and the boys' determination to do it between them without his assistance. Alas! that field never to be reaped!

As the three men and poor Mary stood grouped there arranging for the morrow's reaping, they were interrupted in their little plans by the clattering of horses' hoofs and the sound of a bugle near at hand. A troop of yeomanry was approaching. Startled in their innocent conference, they looked at each other, and then at the approaching soldiery. Old Maher, with a reverential movement, crossed himself, and with conscious innocence said to his children, "I wonder what mischief are

the bloodhounds up to now?" and poor Mary noted that as he spoke her brothers were silent, and looked meaningly and seriously at each other. The next moment the little field they stood in was surrounded by a party of yeomanry, and their officer, alighting from his horse, demanded, in a loud voice, if "John, James, and William Maher were there." The old man answered, "sir, we are all here:" "then," replied the officer, "you three are the king's prisoners." Poor Mary uttered a scream, she had witnessed enough of the horrors around her, not to dread death in that word prisoner; her scream drew upon her the attention of the officer, whose stern business countenance relaxed into a playful smile, as he gazed upon the humble peasant girl, whose natural attractions were heightened by the tender grief which shadowed over her features. Indifferent to her sorrow he dared an unmanly jest at her beauty, and seconded his words by a familiar throwing of his arm round her waist, uttering assurances that she had nothing to fear. She impulsively drew back from him, while her father, aroused to the desolate and unprotected position of his only daughter, stepped between her and the would-be military gallant, but at a word from the latter, the father and sons were secured, bound, and placed under guard. Then it was that the Mahers were informed of the guilt imputed to them; the two sons had taken the United oath, there could be no mistake as to the fact, said the officer, "for the man who swore them in has turned king's evidence, and now search the thatch," addressing himself to his followers, "for the three pike-heads concealed there;" the soldiers advanced, as ordered, and, from the thatch, produced the concealed spear-heads; the fact of three spears being there implicated old Maher as well as his children. Such evidence was conclusive in their times and with their judges.

Mary Maher stood stupified with grief; bewildered with the suddenness of her misfortune, she had lost the power of words; her eyes stared, her hands, at first clasped closely in each other, now fell helplessly by her side; the officer with seeming courtesy led her unresistingly into the house. Then it was that old Maher, suddenly looking round, missed her from his sight and caught the receding form of the officer pushing her before him into the house. The old man drew a quick breath, and with a wild and desperate bound plunged into the doorway after them, and his guards pursued him. What sight met his eyes there was never known, but his guards found him with his two upraised and manacled hands raised conjointly above his head, preparing for a second blow, having already given one beneath which their officer had fallen to the earth; a sabre blow and thrust from the foremost yeoman finished poor Maher's earthly career—he lay a lifeless corpse across his own threshold; outside that threshold his sons were closely held prisoners; within it his daughter lay unconscious of the horrors accumulating around her.

The sequel may be briefly told. Mary as an act of mercy was carried away a prisoner with her wretched brothers. Old Maher's corpse lay for the day steeped in its own blood, upon his own floor, until late in the dead of night some kind friends ventured to afford it the

mockery of a funeral. Meantime the county was apprised of the crimes and fate of the Mahers by the blazing ruins of the little rick of hay which had been gathered into the haggard, and the ripe corn field he had been planning to reap.

The following day his sons underwent the needless formality of a court-martial trial. The usual sentence of death in such cases was commuted to one of transportation, and they were sent direct from the court, en route to a then well known barrack, situated at Passage, in the county Waterford, called "New Geneva," where a ship laden with hundreds of their countrymen was swinging at anchor.

Mary was now alone, the deep stupor, the almost idiotic listlessness which had hitherto marked her deportment, appeared to suddenly vanish as with a wild and prolonged scream she leaped from her knees into an erect position, and having for a moment gazed searchingly into the empty space where her brothers had lately stood, and standing there had wept a last farewell upon her cold and senseless forehead, she confronted the tribunal before which her brothers had been tried, and in whose presence she had hitherto remained as one in a dream, but now with a fierce look of impassioned anger she shook her puny arms towards them, and shouting, reiterating again and again the words, "You murderers—You murderers!" she fled from the court.

(To be continued.)

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

The tale of the "SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS" declined. In future no tales will be permitted into the CELT unless they be of the soil, and habits, and history of our people.

"A SON OF ERIN."—The important subject you have taken up has been anticipated by a paper, already on hands, and being a part of those devoted to taxes.

Some of the writers for THE CELT write on both sides of the leaf, which makes their manuscript more troublesome to the printers than if written, according to office rules, on one side only. They will please attend to this hint.

The sketch of Oliver Cromwell in Ireland is under consideration.

"AILEEN" respectfully declined, as are also the verses of "O. F. B.," "BANOW," and "E. F."

We would feel very much obliged to "LOCH GERMAIN" or any Wexford man, who would supply us with anecdotes of Bagnal Harvey and John Colclough, or would be at the trouble of visiting the cave in the Saltee islands, where they had lain concealed, and would from actual observation send us a sketch of it.

The paper on "FATHER SHEEHY" is under consideration. The spirited ballad of "RORY OF THE HILL" in our next.

Hitherto we have returned manuscripts declined, and will return some on hands, up to the present date, to parties who so desire it, but we cannot undertake to do so in future.

"ALIBI" is too caustic and personal for our pages; such writing, if published, could only tend to widen the breach, already too wide, between Irishmen, whose objects are identical, and who but differ about the means best and most suitable to attain them.

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The Celt.

"THE WISE MAN GATHERETH KNOWLEDGE, AND RULETH HIS OWN HOUSE."—*Old Celtic Proverb.*

No. 18, VOL. I.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1857. [ONE PENNY

RACE.

"In a paper in the sixth number of the *CELT*, intitled "WHAT'S IN A NAME?" we endeavoured to put the pretensions of the Anglo Saxon people, to a natural superiority over all others, into a perspicuous form. We then stated our intention of examining who the Celts are, and what influence the race has exerted on the literature and history of Europe, and on English history in particular. Now as to the question, who are the Celts? we confess that we are not very strong either in an ethnological or philological point of view; nor do we think that this fact of our neither being a Blumenbach or an Adelung disqualifies us from answering the question.

The true question appears to be, is there any such thing as permanence of type in race, or rather is not "race" merely a name for a collection of individuals placed within the sphere of circumstances of such a nature, as to cause all to be influenced in a similar manner in their modes of thought and action? That is to say that race is merely "a fortuitous combination of human atoms."

Not to believe in the original unity of race is to doubt one of the cardinal points of our belief. It is true that very learned men have doubted it, but then great learning is often but another name for great presumption.

The confusion of tongues was not a confusion of blood, for all men were still brethren, though the dispersion of mankind gave rise to new interests which gradually gave rise to antagonistic feelings between them.

The traditions of all people point to the common origin, the mutual parentage—the subsequent rising of the waters above the tops of the highest mountains—its gradual subsiding, and the appearance of two individuals, male and female, in whom the Hindoo in his overwrought description in the Veda, as well as the American Indian in the tradition of his tribe, recognise their original parents. Holy writ, primeval tradition, and Christian science, all point to the original unity of race in the human family.

The profound labours of many German students of comparative grammar, have proved that all the various languages spoken throughout the world can be assigned in their origin to three or four parent tongues, which proves that the confusion of speech on the plains of Shinar, though complete at the time, did not amount to the great diversity of dialects, (for all languages claiming a common origin, are but dialects of the original,) which subsequently arose. Consequently in the other matters in which one people differ from another, the circumstances which modified their speech, should be taken into account relative to the peculiarities of their race. Had the earlier colonists of these islands sailed farther into the ocean, and settled in the softly, luxuriant and spontaneously producing regions within the tropics, they would have exhibited the same developement physically and mentally, as did the aborigines of the American islands to their European discoverers.

But not even among the American aborigines, who, if there ever was a pure race, from their position on the globe, must have been so—not even amongst them was there one unvarying type of manners. On the contrary, the extremes of barbarism and of a certain kind of civilization existed in different branches of the same race. We say a *kind* of civilization, for conventional civilization—the practice of the arts and sciences, and even great advances in learning—do not make true civilization, which consists in the *culture of the soul*; and judged by this test how few of the proudest nations of to-day are civilized? Accordingly even the Celts, when the race overspread Europe, and enacted its primeval history, did not all display the same type of a community of origin. There were varieties in their language, in their music and in their creeds, just as there is but little unity between the descendant of the Englishman in America and the Englishman at home.

Who would recognize in Daniel Boon, the son or grandson of an English parent? Think of him shouldering his rifle and setting off alone to traverse the wilderness, where the foot of white man never went before, and this not so much to found a new settlement as to escape from what he considered the trammels of conventional life. Compare him with an Englishman of the same class, whose fear of the squire was only to be equalled by his fear of the stocks, while his greatest terror was the dread of passing by the village grave-yard, by night. Compare these two men, and it will be admitted that the situation in which a people is placed sufficiently accounts for their peculiarities without referring them to race. Accordingly any arguments drawn from the assumed superiority or inferiority of any particular people on the score of race, must go for nothing unless it be proved that the particular people have been placed in the *best* position for the developing the highest qualities of mankind; and that being so placed they have shown an inability for intellectual or material progression. Judged by this rule the primitive Celts were a highly intellectual people, showing by their music and poetry, their works in bronze and in gold, and by their huge erections in stone, such as Stone-

henge in England, Carnac in Brittany, and the innumerable similar works throughout Ireland, that had their progress been unimpeded they had all the elements of greatness, both in the genius that designs and the industry and skill which executes.

But then it is asserted, by those who infer their own superiority by depreciating the Celtic race, that it now only exists in some remote out of the way corners of Europe, where it has taken refuge, being unable to compete with the more vigorous and energetic races which displaced it; and we have known many good Irishmen whose names happened to have been Grace, Cantwell or Aylward, or for the sake of the illustration Brown, Jones or Robinson, enjoy a kind of mild triumph in the fact, that they, judging from their names, were the descendants of a superior people to those who rejoice in an "O or a Mac" preceding theirs.

History, however, has forgotten to inform either the one or the other class of persons at what period the Celts were so completely extirpated or forced to abandon those parts of Europe, in which at one period they were masters. Even in England where their destruction is stated to have been most complete, there is no doubt that a Celtic element, and the most *important* one to the formation of character, still remained, for the mothers of the first generation of Anglo-Saxons, according to a competent authority, were Celts.

Mr. Creasy, Professor of History in University College, London, in his "Rise and Progress of the English Constitution,"* objects to the generally received opinion that the conquering Saxons totally extirpated or drove to Wales the ancient British or Romanised Celts. He says "Our language" (the English) "being essentially Germanic, I believe that the Saxons almost entirely exterminated or expelled the *men* of British race whom they found in the parts they conquered. But the same evidence (both the historical and the philological), when carefully scrutinized, leads also to the belief that it was only the male part of the British population which was thus swept away, and that, by reasons of the unions of the British females with the Saxon warriors, the British element was largely preserved in our nation. I remind my readers that the British, whom the Saxons found here, were mainly Celts.

"Besides those Celtic words in the English language which can be proved to be of late introduction, and those which are common to both the Celtic and Germanic tongues, there are certain words which have been retained from the original Celtic of the island. These genuine Celtic words of our language (besides proper names) are rather more than thirty in number. The late Mr. Garnett formed a list of them; and in his opinion the nature of these words showed that the part of the British population which the Saxons did not slay was reduced into a state of complete bondage, inasmuch as all these words have relation

* Bentley, London.

to some inferior employment. Now, if the reader will carefully examine the list, he will see that not only do these Celtic words all apply to inferior employments, but that by far the larger number of them apply to articles of feminine use or to domestic feminine occupations. They are as follows—Basket, barrow, button, bran, clout, crock, crook, gusset, kiln, cock (in cock-boat), dainty, darn, tenter (in tenter-hook), fleam, flaw, funnel, gyve, griddle (gridiron), gruel, welt, wicket, gown, wire, mesh, mattock, mop, rail, rasher, rug, solder, size (glue), tackle.

"This remarkable list of words is precisely what we should expect to find, on the supposition that the conquering Saxons put their male prisoners to the edge of the sword, except a few whom they kept as slaves, but that they took wives to themselves from among the captive daughters of the land. The Saxon master of each household would make his wife and his dependants learn and adopt his language; but in matters of housewifery and menial drudgery, their proud lord would scorn to interfere, and they would be permitted to employ their own old familiar terms. All the circumstances of the Saxon conquests favour this hypothesis. The Saxons came by sea, and in small squadrons at a time. They came also to fight their way, and were little likely to cumber their keels with women from their own shores. A few Rowenas may have accompanied the invading warriors, but in general they must have found the mothers of their children among the population of the country which they conquered."

Granting that it was so, and that the men of the British branch of the Celts were all either forced to take refuge out of England or were put to death, and that the conquering Saxons found their wives among the Celtic British females who were spared, does not this shew that even in England, so far as race is concerned, the Celtic element must still largely preponderate?

The difference between races is merely a difference of instinct, while *national* distinctions are the growth of the circumstances in which a people is placed. *Our instincts we derive from our mothers*, from our fathers' acquired habits we derive ours. Mr. Creasy says, "this hypothesis," the preservation of the Celtic women, "accounts for the difference which undoubtedly exists between ourselves and the modern Germans, both in physical and in mental characteristics. The Englishman preserves the independence of mind, the probity, the steadiness, the domestic virtues, and the love of order, which marked his German forefathers; while, from the Celtic element of our population, we derive a greater degree of energy and enterprise, of versatility, and practical readiness, than are to be found in the modern populations of purely Teutonic origin."

Ralph Waldo Emerson in his "English Traits," in enumerating the sources from which the modern English are derived, says, "first they are of the oldest blood of the world—the Celtic. Some people are deciduous or transitory. Where are the Greeks? Where are the Etrurians? Where are the Romans? But the Celts or Sidonides

are an old family, of whose beginning there is no memory, and their end is likely to be still more remote in the future; for they have endurance and productiveness. They planted Britain, and gave to the seas and mountains names which are poems, and imitate the pure voices of nature. They are favourably remembered in the oldest records of Europe. They had no violent feudal tenure, but the husbandman owned the land. They had an alphabet, astronomy, priestly culture, and a sublime creed. They had a hidden and precarious genius. They made the best popular literature of the middle ages in the songs of Merlin, and the tender and delicious mythology of Arthur." Why then, it may be asked, did the Celtic race, for which such a natural superiority is claimed, succumb so completely to inferior races as to abandon their language and submit to be absorbed by their conquerors. To this we reply, that the abandonment of a language does not prove that a people is absorbed. The Celts of Wales, of Scotland, and of Ireland and of France, have abandoned their language, just as they have abandoned their peculiar national dresses, yet still they are Celts. Within a hundred years the Celtic dialect of Cornwall has ceased to be spoken, without any change of people taking place in that Duchy. A small number of conquerors may succeed in establishing their language in a country, long enough to make it permanent, but the smaller number eventually, so far as blood (which is race) is concerned, must be the people absorbed. Why the Celts allowed inferior numbers of an inferior race to obtain such an ascendancy over them would furnish materials for a great many ingenious speculations. There was a book once written by a person who was desirous to learn what were the springs which set the world in motion, and produced the greatest revolutions in history, and it was his opinion that the most important events come to pass from very inconsiderable causes, and Pascal says, *Si le nez de Cléopâtre eût été plus court toute la face de la terre aurait changé.* In reality this is all that can now be said on the subject. But even those trifles which appear to influence the world's destiny are prepared by Providence. Providence prepares the way for destiny. Planting saplings which grow to trees, and in their turn wither and decay, only to put forth new shoots to grow green again and flourish. Races, and sub-divisions of races like the Celts of Ireland, and, according to the new nomenclature, the "Anglo Saxons" of England, like the planets on their course, eclipse one another like those stars which appear shining with a brilliancy that throws shadows from their, for the time, paler sisters. In race there is no natural antagonism. We can reverence the holy Bede in his cell at Wearmouth, and sympathise with Alfred in his struggle for the freedom and advancement of his country—England. God has made but one race; nature has fitted each people for the position in which God has placed them.

(To be continued.)

RORY OF THE HILL.

A PEASANT BALLAD.

This spirited little ballad has been sent to us by a highly esteemed correspondent. There is no date affixed to it, but from the allusions made in it to a previous recent struggle in Ireland, there is room to think it belongs to the Ennmet Insurrection of 1803, and refers to the one of 1798, which preceded it by a few years.

It belongs to the collection of a deceased patriot, but whether written and actually sung at the period referred to, we are unable to say.

EDS. CELT.

I.

"That rake up near the rafters, why leave it there so long?
The handle, of the best of ash, is smooth, and straight, and strong;
And, mother, will you tell me why did my father frown,
When, to make the hay in summer-time, I climbed to take it down?"
She looked into her husband's eyes, while her own with light did fill—
"You'll shortly know the reason, boy!" said Rory of the Hill.

II.

The midnight moon is lighting up the slopes of Slieve-na-man,
Whose foot affrights the startled hares, so long before the dawn?
He stopped just where the Annar's stream winds up the wood anear,
Then whistled low and looked around to see the coast was clear.
A sheeling door flew open—in he stepped with right good will—
"God save all here, and bless your work," said Rory of the Hill.

III.

Right hearty was the welcome that greeted him, I ween,
For years gone by he fully proved how well he loved the Green;
And there was one among them who grasped him by the hand—
One who through all that weary time roamed on a foreign strand—
He brought them news from gallant friends that made their heart-strings thrill;
"My soul! I never doubted them!" said Rory of the Hill.

IV.

They sate around the humble board till dawning of the day,
And yet nor song nor shout I heard—no revellers were they;
Some brows flushed red with gladness, while some were grimly pale;
But, pale or red, from out those eyes flashed souls that never quail!
"And sing us now about the vow they swore for to fulfil!"—
"Ye'll read it yet in History," said Rory of the Hill.

V.

Next day the ashen handle he took down from where it hung,
The toothed rake full scornfully into the fire he flung,
And in its stead a shining blade is gleaming once again—
Oh! for a hundred thousand of such weapons and such men!
Right soldierly he wielded it, and—"going through his drill"—
"Attention!"—"charge!"—"front point!"—"advance!" cried Rory of the Hill.

VI.

She looked at him with woman's pride, with pride and woman's fears;
She flew to him, she clung to him, and dried away her tears,
He feels her pulse beat truly, while her arms round him twine—
"Now God be praised for your stout heart, brave little wife of mine."
He swung his fist—born in the air, while joy his heart did fill—
"You'll be a FREEMAN yet, my boy," said Rory of the Hill.

VII.

Oh! Knowledge is a wondrous power, and stronger than the wind,
And thrones shall fall and despots bow before the might of Mind;
The poet and the orator the heart of man can sway,
And would to the kind heavens that WOLFE TONE were here to-day!
Yet trust me, friends, dear Ireland's strength, her truest strength, is still
The rough-and-ready, roving boys, like Rory of the Hill.

POOR MARY MAHER.

(Concluded.)

That night the pale moon shone gently down upon the earth, and its rays, which fell upon the black and burned rafters of poor Maher's once happy cottage, and the ashes of his corn fields, pointed out amid those mouldering ruins, the shadow-like form of some sad and weeping spirit, who came there to sorrow alike for the afflictions of the oppressed and the crimes of the oppressor.

Poor Mary, when she fled from the court friendless and alone—forgot she had no home, and her feet, from habit and without reflection, turned to the spot that had sheltered her in youth, and nursed her in infancy. There, all was desolation. The outward form of everything was changed, but as yet, Mary's nature was unaltered, and as she thought of her banished brothers, and her murdered father, the bitter memory awoke the innate piety of her soul, and with the tenderness of Catholic affection, she signed the Cross upon her temple, and dropping upon her knees, poured out from the very depth of her heart, a prayer for the spiritual repose of her parent, with utterance soft and subdued as the gentle light that surrounded her. There was another shadow hovering at the far side of the garden-wall, and regarding her as she prayed with the tenderest interest, one who had followed her there as a protector, and whose heart bled responsive to her sorrows; one, who in after years, and in old age, was wont to weep manhood's tears when he related how he saw that gentle girl, and heard her sweet prayers ascending up to Heaven upon that glorious night, and in the midst of the gloom of the blackened walls and ashes of her home. George Moore was there, he had been the playmate of her brothers, had grown up beside her; recently he had loved her as man will love woman, but now every feeling of passion was hushed into deep commiseration for her sorrows, and a reverence for her situation, and her piety, which made him regard her as scarcely human. He waited patiently there until her prayer was ended, uttering a gentle "amen" to each impassioned appeal she made to Heaven for the soul of him who had died without priest or prayer; then with a quiet pronouncement of his own name and hers, that she might not be surprised by his too abrupt appearance, he came to her side, "George Moore is here to pray with you and help you, Mary Maher." She extended to him her hand, and exclaimed with quickness, "George Moore, George Moore, Mary Maher is a desolate girl this blessed night, and it was kind of you to think of her."

Evidence of sympathy with the unfortunate, ever soothes affliction, and Mary felt that night the deep luxury of honest friendship, if she felt no more; she listened to the tender consolation he sought to afford to her, and yielded to the advice his better judgment suggested to her, advice that held out a hope to her that on the next day something might be done to effect the release of her brothers, and as she permitted him to lead her from amid the ruins of her little farm, and to his

own home where he gave her in charge to his mother for the night, the joy of big hopes for her brothers began to open in her heart.

George's reasoning and advice was judicious; he calculated that Mary's lone position, the murder of her father, and the total wreck of the little farm, would beget for her pity, and no doubt a chance of her brothers release being attempted by memorial or otherwise, and he believed that the person to do this, was a Miss Trench, who had always expressed an interest in Mary.

The plan then laid, was speedily acted upon. As early next morning as Mary could gain admission she was at Miss Trench's door, and that lady with true benevolence entered at once into her little scheme, and gave to it her best efforts.

Before the sun was in its meridian Mary was on the road to Kilkenny with a letter in her bosom from Miss Trench to Lady Asgill, the singular and eccentric, but not unamiable wife of General Asgill, then residing in Kilkenny, and in command of a large military district, and the General whose sanction, uniformly given in such cases, was to complete the sentence of the court that tried the Mahers, and fix their doom for eternal banishment. Mary had neither horse nor car to carry her, and her unused feet were ill-prepared for such a journey; but ere evening she was at General Asgill's door with her letter; she was alone; in the then disturbed state of the country, George Moore dare not accompany her, his presence would only bring the attention of the military and yeomanry upon her, and create obstructions to her journey, which he could not prevent, while his own arrest would be a matter of almost certainty.

Her gentle knock at the General's door was answered by a footman, who in reply to her solicitation to see Lady Asgill, told her she could not be seen, that her ladyship was dressing for dinner, that she was to have company, and that he could not even take to her a message for such a person as that before him, and having quickly given this reply, the door was closed upon Mary and her hopes.

Overcome by disappointment, oppressed with fearful forebodings, worn out by watching, fasting and fatigue, the sickness of threatening death came over her, her sight failed, her limbs relaxed and she fell heavily, listlessly at the threshold of the great one's door. An hour later, Colonel Butler, heir to the great house of Ormond, crossed from the gate of his ancestral castle at the opposite side of the Kilkenny parade, his handsome form displayed to its best advantage in the fashionable military uniform of a soldier; he stepped lightly over the few yards which separated his castle from the general's residence; he was to dine with the Asgills, but ere his hand could touch the knocker, his foot struck against the senseless mass beneath him; he started back, stooped, and saw a young, and graceful woman, apparently dead—lights were procured, she was raised from the earth, shaken up, awoke from her stupor; almost in a dream, bewildered by the lights she faintly articulated, "Lady Asgill," and pressing her hand into her bosom, added, "this letter is for her, for God's mercy sake give it to her."

The gallant colonel hastened himself with that letter to Lady Asgill whom he found in the drawing room, all smiles to him. He quickly told the circumstance as it occurred, the letter was delivered, and at his urgent request at once opened. That letter told the story of poor Mary's misfortunes, gracefully and tenderly as woman can best tell woman's story. Mary was carried to the housekeeper's room, Lady Asgill herself came to her and quickly afforded the best restorative, the assurance that she would at once urge the general to comply with Miss Trench's request.

The morning's dawn saw Mary issuing from the residence of the Asgills, a brilliant fire in her eyes, a bright flush upon her lips and cheeks, a quick movement in her feet, the elasticity of a new life was in her; she was flying after the prisoners with their pardon in her bosom.

It was a long road, but she had slept, as hope fulfilled will sleep, and a journey to Waterford and thence to Passage, over thirty Irish miles, looked as nothing to the heart of that girl.

Onward she fled. It was no walking movement, it was a flight. The sun had set, when with blistered feet she stood upon the bridge of Waterford, and inhaled the invigorating breezes which blew in from its harbour; this roused her with an intoxicating power, but it was only a temporary excitation; again frail nature sank, the broad sheet of the waters of the Suir glared upon her eyes, that grand quay seemed to turn round and stand between her and the mouth of the harbour, in whose direction she had strained her eyes, because the toll-man had just answered her enquiry, and told her, "Geneva barracks is down there beside the little village of Passage." Again she fell, but this time not into complete insensibility—the toll-man guessed her mission, he had seen others such; she was, no doubt, the wife or child of some poor croppy down in that fearful hulk prison, outside Geneva; he had her carried to his own home, where his wife, learning her sad story, tended her gently, and having argued her out of all attempts to reach Passage that night, by assuring her she would not be permitted to see any of the authorities at so late an hour, and by offering to accompany her her own self next morning, at the dawn of day, she again won a few hours' sleep, and the toll-man's wife watched her as she slept, and told the toll-man afterwards, how the poor heart-broken and worn down girl smiled in her sleep—no doubt, dreaming of her brother's joy, when she would carry to them the pardon she had so gloriously won.

Morn broke, another glorious summer day, with its scorching sun and clear sky opened upon unfortunate Ireland. Mary was up with its dawn, and again upon the road with the warm-hearted Waterford woman by her side, cheering her on, and now and then looking down at her swollen and blistered feet, from which the intolerable shoes had been removed. Mary had no money to pay for horse or car, and even if she had, Mary could not procure them; every horse that was known to be in that part of the country had been pressed for the use of the soldiery.

The morning bugles were playing their merriest tune in the barracks beneath that fearful hill, that then terminated the road to Passage, and at the same moment that their sound broke upon Mary's ear, a glorious sight opened upon her eyes, the broad river that looked almost sea, miles across, and the little villages of Ballyhack and King's bay, studding the far edge of the water with white houses, lower down the massive Fort of Duncannon, with its cannons and its red flag flying in the breeze, while anchored out in the middle of the river lay a noble looking war vessel, its marines parading upon its deck and its streamers floating in the wind, but in nearer to the beach, almost beneath her, was what seemed to be the dismantled carcass of a huge vessel, with a black flag floating from its stern, and a dozen soldiers gloomily passing up and down its deck with their fire arms and shining bayonets glancing in the sun. The picturesque beauty of the view before her might have waked up her heart with some joyous emotion, carrying as she did a pardon to her brothers, but there was something so sad and wretched-looking about that black hulk which she seemed intuitively to recognize as the prison of her brothers, that instead of pleasure stealing to her wretched heart, some dull forboding seemed to take its place, and her eye filled with tears. But her companion cheered her on with kind words. Arrived at the little quay of Passage they deemed their journey ended, but a great disappointment awaited her there; the letter was addressed to General Johnson, and he resided not at Passage but lower down the river at the Fort of Duncannon upon the opposite side. They must wait upon him there. They made various enquiries from soldiers and others about the hulk and its prisoners, but could learn nothing beyond the fact that the Hulk was the prison, and that a deadly fever was said to have broken out amongst its overcrowded inmates.

Seated in the penny ferry the two females crossed the wide river; they asked the boatman to row them near the hulk, but were answered with a, "darn't do it," and, "wouldn't like to do it, even if we dare, for there is a foreign plague aboard of her, and the boys are dying there as fast as they come in." No wonder they should; forced marches from all parts of the country in hot summer weather, and then defective food and air, with overcrowding in the hold, was "thinning the rebels." Mary's heart sunk within her, still hope whispered, William and James are strong and young, and cannot have been here more than a day before me—they will escape! The four men who rowed the boat across were rebels, but not united Irishmen; Wexford had not been sworn in, and they were from its banks on the opposite side; they therefore took a deep interest in Mary's simple story of her family's wrongs, and expressed it in their own homely way, when they reached the Wexford side of the river, by peremptorily refusing the humble two-pence which Mary was handing them as their fare. "No, never, by——," exclaimed one of the men, "we will take no fare from a girl in distress, and the sister of two poor boys in distress

for old Ireland." Gallant fellows, two of them fell subsequently at the battle of Ross, and a third of them, old Breen, was known to us personally forty years later in life when the white hair had silvered over his head, and time furrowed its lines over his features after having spent a long life abroad, whither he escaped after the defeat of Vinegar hill,

At length Mary and her friend reached the fort, where she delivered her letter for the General across the open draw bridge upon the point of a soldier's bayonet. In a few minutes the bridge was lowered and she was ordered into the presence of the General, and when the creaking of its wheels, and the jarring of its iron hinges had died into silence, her ears were terrified by the screams which reached her from the little square of the garrison, in whose direction she was advancing to the General's quarters. In her confusion she had at first thought the muster of soldiers that filled the square was for some morning parade, but a closer inspection shewed her that they were drawn up in square, their faces turned inwards towards the centre which was occupied by a large piece of wooden frame-work, and from which centre the painful cries she heard proceeded; arrived at the door of the General's quarters, and when standing upon its elevated steps, her position enabled her to see down into the centre, and there she beheld a sight that brought maiden blushes to her cheeks, and chilled at the same time the life currents of her heart. Tied to that frame work was one of her own sex, her hair hanging dishevelled over her shoulders, and her white neck and body, down to the hips, where her under dress was tied round her, exposed naked and uncovered to the gaze of the rude soldiery around her, while that back was marked with many red horizontal lines, and the blood flowed down it streaming to the ground. British soldiery were seeing a woman flogged by the orders of their General.

Mary shrunk into the hall, and hid her eyes from the fearful sight, and from the hall into the orderly room where stood the general who had sent for her, surrounded by some of his staff officers. He addressed her, "young woman, who gave you this letter?" "It came from General Asgill." "I know," was his reply, "but who gave it to you?" "Lady Asgill." "Ah," said he, "I knew there was some under influence upon Asgill, or he would never have conceded mercy to a crotchy." "And tell me, my girl, who introduced you to Lady Asgill?" "I had a letter to her from Miss Trench of Ballinakill." "Ah, but how did you get into her presence," "Colonel Butler of Kilkenny, who found me at her door, took the letter in for me." He winked slyly at the officers and they laughed out as he did so. "Make out a discharge for her brothers," said he to a clerk who sat writing at a table in front of a window which looked out upon the parade square, and whence these men who were jesting over the mode of Mary's obtaining the pardon could see without sympathy a woman's sufferings under the whip of a drummer timing his lashes, while one who stood near her in the intervals appealed to her to give the information he needed, but the firm creature each time refused, and again the lash flew and the blood flowed.

Mary in possession of the discharge flew with it from the presence of those she believed to be not men but devils in human shape, and when she got into the village, she there learned the story of the poor sufferer within.

"Nell of the Glen," the title by which she was then known, and is still remembered in the neighbourhood of the fort, was a poor woman who made her livelihood by selling small articles, vegetables and such things, to the soldiery of the fort; she was in the habit of passing in daily for that purpose. Upon the previous day, she was remarked making enquiries as to the number of soldiers in the garrison and the number of men constituting the guards of the points of defence, upon the land side of the fort. Suspicion was at once attached to her that she was acting as a spy for Bagnal Harvey then encamped at some distance from the fort. She was charged with the offence, denied it stoutly, and was ordered to the triangle that the lash and the torture should wring her secret from her, but she never peached, bore her flogging heroically, and lived for many years after to tell the tale of her sufferings, and the brutality of those who could under any excuse subject a woman to such a punishment.

Within an hour from her departure out of the fort Mary was again seated in the ferry boat and her four oars pulling quickly against the tide for Passage. Soon the gallant fellows had her beside the hulk where they now hallooed for the guard as the girl had a message for the commandant; the letter was handed up and presently Mary was raised along a sort of rope ladder and found herself standing upon the deck amidst the soldiers who guarded the prison vessel. A soldier led her down a flight of narrow steps into a small chamber where the commandant and the doctor of the vessel were seated at a table dictating an official report to an officer who was writing as fast as they spoke. The soldier announced Mary's entrance, "Sir, the girl who brought the letter is now here;" the three men raised their eyes and stared into the anxious face pallid with fatigue and want of food and loss of rest; the surgeon was the first to speak, "Sir, it is best be cautious, the woman looks ill." "Young woman," said the commandant, "I find you have brought a pardon for the two Mahers; it is right you should know they have been very ill, and in hospital with the sickness that is here, and you must return to your lodging for the present, as the surgeon does not think it right to let you see them in their present state:" the commandant here rose from his seat, he was evidently a man that had feelings to sympathise with the unfortunate, and he added with a subdued voice, "the surgeon who is attending them will tell you the rest," and left the cabin. Mary stared from one to the other of the two who remained, but read nothing in their well disciplined faces. She wished to say something, she felt she had much to say, but words failed her, and seconds elapsed ere that she found utterance for the exclamation, "God be praised, Oh in the name of the Virgin let me to them, I have no fear of sickness;" and then she added with quick and tremulous words.

as the large tears rolled down her poor cheeks, "who will nurse them like their sister?" "You are their sister then?" "I am." "Poor girl, sit down here, come," to the officer who was writing, "we will go up and talk again to the commandant," and the two left the cabin. Presently the surgeon returned and addressed her thus, "One of your brothers is very ill indeed. I do not think he will know you, can you bear to look at him in such a state?" "Oh yes, yes," was her quick reply. "Then follow me." Mary was alone, but she followed him, her female companion was outside in the boat, as only the messenger who brought the letter would be permitted on board; he led her through a darksome passage where both had to stoop, and where as they advanced the air grew hot and oppressive, and presently sounds broke upon her ears like the confused babble of drunken men. She was in the middle of the sickward of the hulk, and the noises were the mutterings of delirium, and the cries of pain. He stopped beside a hammock which in the shadow she would have passed, and lowering a dull oil lamp which swung beside it, she read upon a ticket affixed to it the words "William Maher;" it was one of her brothers; stooping over it she whispered, "William, dear William," but there came no answer, and then she saw by the light to which her eyes had become accustomed, that the miserable boy lay there with the deep and heavy breathing of disturbed sleep, but with eyes deeply bloodshot and staring sightlessly open as eyes never did in sleep. "Great God!" exclaimed she, "he is dying." "No, not actually dying, but very bad indeed," replied the surgeon. "And James, what of him?" exclaimed the terrified girl. "I cannot let you see him now," was the only reply she got. She stood silent, crushed beneath a load of grief, the extent of which she did not comprehend, and yet it fell upon her with terrible presentiments of the worst.

She was removed from the vessel almost by force; her kind Waterford friend awaited her in the boat and carried her to a lodging.

The surgeon did not shew her James, for James was dead. That night William too had breathed his last. The sister, the orphan sister, she who had so toiled to save them, was alone in the world!

Next morning the two brothers, placed in the one shell, were deposited in the little grave-yard of Passage. And Mary saw them laid there and shed no tears, and permitted herself without a struggle to be led from the Church-yard and placed upon a bed, where for the day she lay in silence, never speaking, and putting all food and drink aside which her friend sought to have her take. At night she seemed to fall into a sleep, and her tired companion slept too. When morning came she was missed from her bed, searched for and found in the grave-yard, where her night had been spent removing the fresh clay from their grave, until she had got down nearly to the shell. When questioned why she did this, and rebuked for such eccentric behaviour she replied, she "wanted to take them home to Ballinakill." The people were terrified at her conduct, they brought the priest to reason with her, his advice was lost upon her.

Like the disjointed figures of a Kaleidoscope that at a touch falls to pieces and takes new forms, her intellect was a thing disjointed and of new shapes, the cord had snapped and was never united. She wandered harmlessly about the country, made her way home to the old haunt, and sat betimes upon the stile leading to the old farm house. She lived in that state for many years, everybody was kind to her; her touching story and superhuman efforts to save her brothers won all hearts, and every tongue that addressed her or spoke of her began with—"Poor Mary Maher."

THE PENITENT.

Que celui d'entre vous qui est sans
l'échê lui jette la première pierre.

S. Jean, ch. viii. v. 7.

I roamed 'mid the elms lonely,
Over mossy mound and root,
With the red leaves, dry and crispy,
Muffling my falling foot—
Whilst the cattle, in the shadows,
With heads uplifted high,
Munched at the hanging bough-wreaths
Underneath the tranquil sky—
Now splashing the still water,
And now, with gentle lowing,
Alone with the nut-brown river,
That broadened in its flowing.
And some stood white and silent,
As the Brahmin's snowy god
Waiting to be worshipped
On the Ganges' olden sod.
Some, brown as the near river,
Looked solemnly and grave
At the little ice-berg foam-hills
Sailing down the silent wave.
And some, as grey as granite,
Lay gracefully at rest,
Like shap'd clouds at even,
Hanging idly in the west.
I looked on the brave river
That started, a weak child,—
A beadlet thin and tiny
Out of the mountain wild,
And now in its brawned manhood
Was channeling its way,
Its destiny, its mission
To the boundless, waveful sea.
I was musing thus, and thinking—
And I sat in dreamy mood—
Whilst the blessed sun was sinking
Like a martyr in his blood.
I was musing—I was thinking

Of a tale I heard that day,
A tale that should be murmured
On some melancholy day—
When the sun looked dim and weary,
And the sky was cold and grey—
Some dismal day in January,
When timid hearts give way
To a sadness deep and dreary
That urgeth the soul to pray.

THE TALE.

"Ah! who is that fair young maiden
With look of so much despair?
Her beautiful face like marble,
In the shadows of her dark hair.
Her eyes with more grief seem laden,
As though full of grief and woe;
Who is that sorrowing maiden?
And what is it grieves her so?"
Listen—and listen with pity—
Her story is sad to hear—
It tugs at the heart too hardly—
It draweth the sorest tear.
She loved, with the love of woman,
With the wonder of woman's faith,
'Twas the beat of her heart's hot current,
And the warmth of her living breath.
That heart was a magic chalice,
No poison might enter within—
'Twould tremble at dream of danger—
It would break at the touch of sin.
It did break—and all was over—
And the fondest of womankind
Was coldly left to the agony
Of a wildly upbraiding mind.
Was she met with a burst of scorn?
Was she flung from a mother's breast?

sneered at with meaning malice
 By those who had loved her best?
 No! no!—like a broken lily,
 She was raised from the soiling clay,
 And with gentlest caring tended
 From the blast of the biting day.
 Yes—woman's care so beauteous,
 And so delicate, and so kind,
 Like the honied rain of the summer,
 Dewed sweetly upon her mind.
 Ah! 'twas this mercied tending,
 The poor soul could not bear,
 'Twas like a torch of purity
 Showing her heart's despair.
 She could not share her sorrow,
 It was cruelly her own—
 It was placed, with tears of penitence
 Before her Maker's throne.
 Like a shadow, thro' the household,
 She glided here and there,
 Her white face growing whiter
 In the mass of her dark hair.
 And her poor heart breaking, breaking,
 Outsobbing its life within,
 At the utter, utter hopelessness
 Of the cruel, crushing sin.
 At last, she fled from the world,
 To a cloister's lonely cell,
 And prayed thro' the night hours solemn,
 To the call of the matin bell.
 And oh! if wild tears of sorrow
 Ever washed soul-stain away,
 Poor child, on her hard cold pallet,
 A sinless thing, she lay.
 Worn away to a skeleton,
 She could not, thus, live on;
 They forced her back to their household
 In her beauty, wild, and wan.
 They strove to win her heart's wishes
 Back to the world again,
 But her plaintive words were rending,
 And her looks wore wretched pain.
 She could live in a close forest,
 From the sunny world hid,
 Where daylight always slumbering,
 Never raiseth a lid.
 Where oft she might lift in prayer,

Her burning heart on high,
 And feel her cold cheeks all bloodless,
 Unflushed by human eye.
 Where she could speak her suffering
 To the lonely listening trees—
 And sit in the widowed luxury
 Of her deep agonies.
 But thus pilloried for pity,
 In the moving human tide,
 With her humbled head in ashes
 For the sin she could not hide;
 And *feeling* the cruel gazer,
 Though she closed her conscious eye,
 And hearing a few crimsoning words—
 'Twere better far to die!
 Oh yes! to pray to God to die!
 To die—and be thrust down
 From the pity of the tender heart—
 The brutehood of the clown.
 From the dreams of virgin scorn—
 From the wakening to despair—
 From the life time ignominy—
 With its horrid heap of care.

Yes, yes, she will return
 To her convent's quiet cell,
 For, near her timid burning lamp,
 And close to the holy bell,
 She thinks that hope still lingers,
 She thinks that God will hear,
 And will heal the woe of her wailing heart
 And cool her burning tear.
 In vain was their wild entreaty—
 She *will* go—she must not stay—
 To veil her poor eyes from anguish,
 She must veil them from the day.

'Twas thus, on an autumn evening,
 With death in her sweet eyes,
 And her beauteous features wasted
 With grief's austerities;
 I saw this poor lost young maiden,
 And they told me sadly then,
 She would go back on the morrow
 To her quiet cell again.

CAROLAN.

THE WORD CELT.

Of all the nations that have hitherto lived on the face of the earth the English have the worst mode of pronouncing the learned languages. This is admitted by the whole human race, always of course, excepting the English—who roughly maintain that Germans, Spaniards, Italians, &c., are all wrong, and no one on earth right except Englishmen. I should be very happy to agree with the English, because according to

their own account they are the most amiable, polished, and educated people on earth, and because (if we may credit the same authority), the Germans, Spaniards, and Italians, are little better than savages. But I cannot agree with them. For instance;—the English term the great Orator of Rome "*sissero*," this was certainly not his name. His very mother would not know the most eloquent of men by this appellation. The English gruffly chuckle over the supposed superiority of their name to that of the Italians who call the Orator *Tchitchero*, and they laugh a long loud horse laugh at the Germans who pronounce the name *Kickero*. Yet *Kickero* is the true name. The great Orator termed himself *Kickero*, and *Kickero* accordingly he must or ought to be named. But the genius of the English language clashes with this true pronunciation. This poor meagre sordid language resembles nothing so much as the hissing of serpents or geese. An Englishman cannot open his mouth without uttering a hiss. This is to show his benevolence, I suppose. The distinction which English writers are too stupid to notice, but which the Irish Grammarians are perpetually talking of, the distinction between broad and narrow vowels—governs the English language. When *c* comes before a broad vowel as in *cow* *c* is hard, like *k*, but when *c* precedes a small vowel as in *celestial* it is soft like *s*. This is the rule according to English. But according to the Latin and Greek the rule is different. If we follow the unwritten law of the English we shall pronounce (Celt) *Selt* but *Cæsar* would pronounce it, *Kaylt*. The Greeks called us *Keltoi*. The Latins *Kelta* or more probably *Kayltæ*. Thus the reader may take which pronunciation he pleases. He may follow the rule of the Latin or the rule of the English language, and in either case be right. The puzzled child asked the showman, "Please sir which is the Dragon and which is the Rhinoceros." "*Vitch* you pleash my child! *Vitch* you pleash. You pays your penny and takes vitch you pleash." Our readers have the same liberty.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

No. 4.—Of "RELICS OF OLD READINGS AND GOSSIPINGS," "BLOODY REPRISALS," as also the exquisite poem of "DESPONDENCY AND HOPE" in our next.

A large number of essays, poetry &c., lies on the committee table unexamined, but will be replied to in our next.

Several correspondents have been making suggestions as to the future shape, form, tone and manner of publishing the *Celt*, the committee have a mass of facts before them and will reply in next number.

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The Celt.

"THE WISE MAN GATHERETH KNOWLEDGE, AND RULETH HIS OWN HOUSE."—*Old Celtic Proverb.*

NO. 19, VOL. I.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5. 1857. [ONE PENNY.

EDWARD WALSH.

It was our good fortune, a short time ago, to make one of a party where we had an opportunity of enjoying the society of some half-dozen intellectual and accomplished country women of ours. To our great delight we discovered that these ladies had cultivated, and knew how to appreciate the songs and music of Ireland. One song, in particular, made a deep impression on the company; so exquisitely musical, and full of soul and feeling, were the words; and, withal, so racy of the soil. We were gratified to observe that this song went directly to the hearts of the auditors. But when it was asked, who wrote it? we felt disappointed.—Nobody could tell. (it was written by *Edward Walsh*). It is bad enough that we are ignorant of the names and histories of so many of those "high sons of the lyre," who have bequeathed to us—next to the Old Faith—our country's proudest inheritance—its music: let the Penal Laws, and the long, long night of slavery, be our excuse for this. But, surely, there can be no apology for us if we do not cherish the memory of the gifted intellects, who have given us our ballad literature and married the undying strains of our bards to sweetest poetry. We do not now speak of Moore, with whom no Irishman having the slightest pretensions to education, would venture to be unacquainted. We allude to the class commonly called minor poets. And, within this present century, Ireland has given birth to more than one poet, who must now rank under this head, but who, like Moore, might have won a world wide fame, if chilling poverty and still colder neglect, had not darkened their lives like a cloud. However, what they have done was done for Ireland. The more reason that they should be cherished even more lovingly than greater names.

How much the pleasure we derive from the delightful pages of our own Goldsmith, is enhanced by our acquaintance with the life of the author? When we know that the Deserted Village, was Lissoy, where he spent his boyhood, taking a leading part in those rustic sports, which he so loved to delineate? That the "Village Preacher"

—"Passing rich with forty pounds a year"

was his own father; that the schoolmaster whose

"Words of learned length and thundering sound"

used to so astonish the natives, was no other than the poet's early instructor, Paddy Byrne, and that the "Three jolly Pigeons"—with "Dick Muggins the Exciseman; Jack Slang the Horse Doctor; Little Aminidab that grinds the music; and Tom Twist that spins the pewter platter,"—is a true picture of the club at Ballymahon, of which Noll Goldsmith was the oracle? How much does our knowledge of all this increase the delight we feel in perusing his fascinating pages?

We remember setting down a song of Duffy's as one of the best love songs we ever heard before we knew who the writer was; but when we learned that it was written by Charles Gavan Duffy, and that "Sweet Sibyl" was indeed his "own sweet wife," the delight we felt in listening to the song was increased ten-fold. And we can imagine ourselves dwelling upon the intrinsic beauties of some composition, and then learning for the first time that the author was, Thomas Davis, for instance,—and what an effect the discovery would have! It would be like a sudden flood of sunlight upon a lovely but clouded landscape. So that even for our own pleasure's sake (if there were no better reason) we ought to try and learn something of the private biography of our writers; and particularly our ballad and song writers. Of the latter, one of the most popular is Edward Walsh. There is a peculiar melody in his verses, as hard to be defined as the indistinctly heard murmurings of a far off brook. It is as if he had "Heard a wierd woman chant what the fairy choir taught her," and had learned the charmed secret from her. He is particularly happy in describing female loveliness:—

At the dance in the village
Thy white foot was fleetest:
Thy voice mid the concert
Of maidens was sweetest.
The swell of thy white breast
Made rich lovers follow
And thy raven hair bound them
Young Mairgead ni Chelleadh.

And again in "O'Donovan's daughter" we have those delightful metaphors:

Have you seen the ripe monadon glisten in Kerry?
Have you marked on the Galtees the black whortle berry;
Or oanab-han wave by the wells of Blackwater?—
They've the cheek, eye, and neck of O'Donovan's daughter.

Have you seen a gay kidling on Claragh's round Mountain?
The swan's arching glory on Sheeling's blue Fountain?
Heard a wierd woman chant what the fairy choir taught her?—
They've the step, grace, and tone of O'Donovan's daughter.

Have you marked in its flight the black wing of the Raven?
The rosebuds that breathe in the summer breeze waven?
The pearls that lie hid under Lene's magic water?
They've the teeth, lip, and hair of O'Donovan's Daughter.

But we must not forget our intention of giving our readers a few particulars of the life of this "wandering minstrel man" who could make his wild harp speak so musically.

EDWARD WALSH, was born in Londonderry in the year 1805. To account for his first seeing the light in the 'Black North,' we must mention an event, which would be invaluable to the novelist—but which we shall hurry over as quickly as may be—a runaway marriage. A not uncommon occurrence it must be remembered in those days. The father of the poet, who it would appear belonged to the *genus* devil-may-care, induced a young lady of family to elope with him. They were both natives of the County Cork. Shortly after their marriage, Walsh joined the Militia, and got the rout to Londonderry, which, in consequence, has the honor in addition to many other honors of being the birth place of the poet. So that the first sound that issued from his infant lips, was piped in concert to "Protestant Boys" and "No Surrender." The Militia being disbanded the family returned to Mill street in their Native Cork, again. Here at his mother's house he imbibed those deep religious feelings which he never afterwards abandoned. His mother was a good woman, and to her influence he was fond of attributing whatever was good in him. He owed little to the advantages of education. He grew up to man's estate talking the Gaelic tongue among the peasantry, and accumulating those treasures of legendary and fairy lore which he has given back in ballads and legends to the country, from which they were fast fading away.

A lady writing of the personal appearance of Walsh, says:—"He was tall and not over alight, with a habitual bend. His hair which was black as night, and straight as a Delaware Indian's, fell down over the collar of his coat, and swept with one deep wave over a forehead of surpassing intellectual developement. His eyes, black poor fellow as his destiny, seldom looked upward, but, under the shadow of remarkably long lashes, retired, as it were within—alas! the only bright spot for him—his own soul. There were moments however when as the fox hunters say, they broke cover, and with such a flash too, as made one start."

Walsh made speeches at the anti-tithe meetings of the County Cork. He used also to write articles for the local journals against tithes (which tithes, by the way, we are still paying under a different name) and made himself so active an agitator as to attract the attention of 'the authorities,' and get himself imprisoned. We wish we had an honest and impartially written history of this Tithe Movement. The determined resistance offered by the people to this monstrous impost—The Government completely baffled in the attempt to collect it—The widow's son shot dead at her feet by the order of a "minister of the Gospel"—The massacre of the police at Carrigshock—and lastly, the shameful surrender and compromise, when success was no longer doubtful.—Alas! for Ireland when it comes to compromising.

"I fear me more their courtly arts than England's hireling swords."—A true and pithy account of this Tithe agitation would be a useful study at the present moment.

A County Cork politician who coveted parliamentary honors, took notice of the young poet agitator, and seeing in him a useful ally, became his patron. This gentleman had his ambition gratified

He entered St. Stephen's as the champion of the people—and (we had almost said, as a matter of course) betrayed them. Happy day for Edward Walsh. He has now a patron with government situations innumerable at his disposal. Let him but hold out his hand now and a shower of treasury gold will be his reward. And how did he act under these circumstances?—this poor young man with the habitual bend, and the black eyes with the remarkably long lashes! Did not the thought of his poverty, his friendliness, his aged parents whose sole support he was, the seductions of aristocratic society—did not the thought of all this make him clutch greedily the proffered bribe? No. He did not even hesitate. He would not be an accomplice in the betrayal of the people. He spurned and denounced the recreant patriot, and stood alone in the world, poor, friendless and unknown. O reader, this young man, with the magnificent brow, and the black eyes with the remarkably long lashes, was he not a hero?

Talk of the blood, and tears, and treasure, it would cost to win our liberty with the sword: There has been a thousand times greater sacrifices of hope and happiness and passion and intellect—and even of money—in those moral force struggles, than would be required to carry on the most protracted war. And if nothing better is to come of them than compromises like this of the tithe question, God grant that you have seen the last of them.

Poor Walsh was now forced to earn his bread as a Schoolmaster. In 1837, and for some years after, we find him teacher of the National School at Toureen in the County Waterford. Here in his cottage by the Blackwater, whose—

“Stream like a maiden,
With love overladen,
Pants wild on each shore,”

he spent the happiest days of his sorrowful life. It was at this time he commenced to write for the Magazines. He used to amuse himself and his friends (like Banim in the streets of Dublin) by guessing at the character and occupation of the people as they passed by his cottage door. His power of reading the human heart through the countenance is said to have been perfectly wonderful. And so great was his own faith in it that he trusted to its guidance in the selection of a wife! He saw her for the first time in the chapel yard on Sunday, they knelt in the same pew during mass. After the ceremony Walsh said to a friend, “I wish the girl I marry may be like that girl.” On the Sunday following they knelt in the same pew again—man and wife! And surely it was Heaven directed him in his choice. Never was there a truer or a better wife. Among the Manuscripts which Mrs. Walsh has placed in our hands, we find some letters addressed to herself from Spike Island. We shall give a few extracts from these letters which will show how well he loved her, and how well she deserved to be loved. And they were happy in that cottage by the Blackwater. And the poor poet's heart overflowed in song:—

My girl, hath ringlets rich and rare,
By Nature's fingers wove,
Lough Carra's swan is not so fair,
As is her breast of love.
And when she moves in Sunday sheen,
Beyond our cottage door,
I'd scorn the high-born Saxon queen,
For Brighedin ban mo stor.

And in the Schoolmaster's cabin, love and peace and happiness, and
every domestic virtue, found an abiding place.

(To be continued.)

DESPONDENCY AND HOPE.

1
God hides his face from us,
The shadow of death has fallen on our land,
There is no cheering voice, no guiding
Wrongs multitudinous, [hand ;
Like a wild dream, come sweeping on,
And the grand vision of our youth is gone.

2
The old familiar dream,
The trampled nation springing up to life,
The battle-cry—the headlong charge—the
strife !

Swords clash and banners gleam—
Young freedom, rising from the dust she
pressed,
Gathering bright robes of glory round her
breast.

3
All that was great and good
Is taken from us : we are pitiful slaves,
Shedding over our martyr's awful graves,
Weak tears instead of blood ;
Wrapped in their bloody shrouds, so
grandly pale,
They scorn our tears and mock our idle
wail.

4
Our bravest and our best, [away
The branded Felons, dragged in chains
Some wander in far distant lands to-day,
Some happier are at rest ;
At rest ; God gave them what the world
denied,
Drew round them glory's mantle and they
died.

5
We cannot see the light ;
Like the blind beggar at the city gate,
We ask the world for alms ; how desolate,
How starless is our night !
Is there no hope, O God ! in earth or sky ?
No hope, no hope, our weary hearts reply.

6
How long, O Lord, how long
Shall we, of thy fierce anger, be the mark ?
Turn to us, we are wandering in the dark,
Confusing right and wrong ;
Light a new star in our blank cheerless
skies,
To guide us where our baby Saviour lies.

It is not that thy smile is sweet,
And soft thy voice of song,
It is not that thou fleest to greet
My comings lone and long,
And that doth rest within thy breast,
A heart of purest core,
Whose pulse is known to me alone,
Mo Brighedin ban mo stor.

7
How long, O Lord, how long ?
Is there no hope ? will thy wrath burn for
ever ?
Shall the attentive angels hearken never
To earth's new morning song ?
With thy own hands, O blessed Lord
above,
Bend over us the rainbow of thy love.

8
O Lord, thy fearful wrath
Hath often fallen upon us, we have seen
Pale famine stalking through our vallies
green,
And misery in his path ;
We've seen a desert where homes smiling
stood,
The child's white feet dipped in its father's
blood !

9
I cannot see the light,
In the mad passions of my heart, I dare
To doubt thy justice, in my wild despair.
I question thee of right,
Unholy thoughts have poisoned heart and
brain,
Give me the light, O give me light again !

10
I bow me to the dust
Under thy hand, blot out my great offence,
Robe me in the white robes of innocence,
In thee is all my trust ;
Forgive, O Lord, these impious prayers
and wild,
I am before thee as a little child.

11
In thine own time thou wilt
Give us this gift of Freedom, roll away
The clouds that intercept the glorious day,
And purge us from our guilt,
All the dark day we've felt thy chastening
hand,
It holds a golden evening for our land.

12
Brothers, no longer roam ;
Into the temple of the soul retire,
Be vestals, cherish Freedom's sacred fire,
Freedom, which is our home !
Guard the pure flame, its lustre seems to
fail,
It will outshine the sun, burn when the
stars grow pale,

THE BATTLE OF FONTENAY.

The following matter of fact official account of the battle of Fontenoy, published in Paris, a few days after the battle, is of even more interest than the more brilliant accounts subsequently given by the eulogisers of the glorious Irish brigade.

Written too, before Voltaire's account (the one generally followed) which damns with faint praise the Irish regiments for the purpose of concealing the fact that it was they who saved the French army from destruction on the occasion, it has all the more interest, from its very dryness of detail.

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, JULY, 1745.

FRENCH ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF FONTENAY.

"Paris May 24th, 1745.—The King " (Lewis 15th) " having learned by a courier, the 7th hour at night, that the enemy were making a motion, in order to march up to us, he left *Douay*, where he had lain and arrived in the army the next morning ; but the news not having been confirmed, his Majesty and the Dauphin returned to the castle of *Chin*, appointed for their quarters during the siege of *Tournay*.

The 9th we heard that the enemy had decamped from *Maubray*, and were marching to us in three columns, coming down towards our right : upon which the King set out immediately, in order to view the ground we occupied from the *Lower Scheld*, where our left was, to *Antoin* on the *Upper Scheld* where our right lay, and judge himself of the dispositions made to receive the enemy on any side they might appear.

By the measures taken for this purpose, the Marquess de *Breze*, Lieutenant General, the Marquess d' *Armentieres*, the Duke *Fitz James* and M. de *Contades*, Major Generals, with 27 battalions and a few regiments of horse, were left to continue the siege and prevent any sallies the enemy might make. M. de *Lowendahl*, with seven battalions and fourteen squadrons was charged to defend that part of the ground from our bridges, a little above Constantine castle, as far as *Trinity Mount*, on which the regiment of *Beausobre*, Hussars, was posted.

M. de *Beranger*, with two brigades of foot, was charg'd to defend the ground that lies between *Trinity Mount* and the road from *Tournay* to *Louze* over against the castle of *Bourgen Bray*.

This part being quite covered with woods, and moreover, very uneven by reason of the ravines in it, (Hollows naturally form'd by the settling of the waters after heavy rains) required but few men to defend it ; and besides, the enemy having directed their march towards our right, left us the less uneasiness about those posts.

Besides these precautions, we had parties out, who gave us exact information of the enemy's motions ; and we had likewise, taken care to render the access to our army difficult, by spoiling the Roads in some places, and laying trees across them in others. From the road

of *Leuze* as far as *Antoin*, where our right lay, Marshal *Saxe* had posted the greatest part of our Troops, because the enemy seemed to have a mind to make their greatest effort on that side.

The left of the first line of Infantry lay close to the first houses of the village of *Ramercroix*, and the right to the village of *Fontenoy*, just where the road of *Mons* crosses the road from the village of *Antoin* to *Gauzin*. In this place two Redoubts had been built, each capable of containing a battalion with some Artillery. The village of *Fontenoy* (into which the brigade of *Dauphin* was put, under the command of M. D. *Vauguyon*) and the Borough of *Antoin*, were both entrenched, and furnished with Artillery. Behind this first Line of Infantry there were two of Cavalry, which were backed by a line in the form of a Gibbet, made up of four regiments of Dragoons, and continued as far as the village of *Antoin* by a Brigade of Infantry.

Such was the general disposition, until we could more positively know the enemy's real plan for the attack. When the King arrived at the right, we saw distinctly several parts of the enemy's camp, the left of which was at the village of *Maubray*, and the right running along the hills of *Vezon*, was hid from us by the Woods of *Barry*.

The same evening some musket shot was exchanged between the enemy's Hussars and our Grassins, who did wonders all those days.

As it was late we contented ourselves with keeping in readiness in the night, and left the regiment of Grassins at a distance from the camp towards the enemy. We cannot too often repeat how serviceable that regiment was.

The King passed the *Scheld* about nine o'clock in the evening, on another bridge, built within half a league of *Tourney*, on the side of the citadel, and, with the Dauphin, lay at a sorry house in the village of *Callonne*, where every body else pass'd the night upon straw.

The next day, being the 10th, the King got up at half an hour after three in the morning, and dined at eight o'clock; but hearing that the enemy had made no movement, he did not get on horseback till half an hour past twelve, in order to go and view their situation again.

His Majesty having rode out, as he did the day before, as far as the most advanced guards, he was eye witness to a skirmish between our light troops and the enemy's, after which he continued his tour of the posts of the camp. Just as his Majesty was coming into his tent, he saw some foragers pass by who were returning to their camp, on the noise of an alarm that had been given at the right. We perceived at the same time some houses on fire in the village of *Fontenoy*, and which were ordered to be burnt as soon as the enemy should march up to attack that entrenched village.

This circumstance which was not an equivocal signal, determined the King to make the troops run to arms, which was executed with uncommon diligence. His Majesty went directly to the head of the camp, where Marshal *Saxe* appeared at the same time, and drew up the army in the following order of battle.

The Brigade of *Crillon* was placed on the edge of the Ravine that runs along the right end of the Plain joining to *Antoin*.

We finished three Redoubts and put into them the Brigade of *Bettens, Swiss*.

The Brigade of *Dauphin* remained in Fontenoy. A first line of Infantry was formed with the seven Brigades called the King's, whose right was close to the same village.

The Brigade of *Abuterry* and of the Guards had their left at the first Redoubt made on the road of *Mons*.

THE IRISH BRIGADE occupied the ground between the first Redoubt and the second, their left lying close to the road of *Gauzin*.

In the second line we brought up the Brigades called *Royal Crown, des Vaisseaux* and *Normandy*. The regiment of *Eu* was posted in the two Redoubts. Behind this second line sixty squadrons were drawn up in two lines from *Antoin* to the road of *Mons*.

Marshal *Saxe* posted the Household Troops, the Gendarmerie and the Carbineers at the height of the second line, their right close to the road of *Mons*, and the left stretching into the plain to make a corps of reserve.

We had 110 pieces of cannon, as well in the village and Redoubts as in the front of the line.

As the greatest part of the enemy's troops appeared in full view towards four o'clock in the after noon, being but a quarter of a league from our camp, we judged that they were at last come to a resolution to attack us; and in consequence his Majesty staid on the field of battle all night; but having been informed that the enemy could not then come to an engagement, part of their Artillery having stuck in miry places in the march, the troops remained under arms, the General officers at their posts, and his Majesty went and lay again at his quarters at *Callonne*.

To be Continued.

OUR PRESENT CONDITION.

"At length it is boasted that the national spirit of Ireland is dead," so saith the original prospectus of the Celtic Union. It is true, too true, that the assertion has been made and oft repeated. The saying is trite. Fallen is our country from among the nations—fallen is her name for commerce, trade and enterprise—fallen, deeply fallen, is the spirit of her people. And yet we are those who boast our country to have once excelled in all that can render a nation prosperous, and her people happy. We are those who boast descent from men enshrined by fame, renowned in glory's annals; but at the same time we look upon the present condition of Ireland, prostrate and degraded as she is, with calmness and indifference. We have lost all courage, our national sympathies are extinct, our national spirit is dead. There were times,

however, when it lived in strength, men arose to kindle its flame, glorious deeds were performed that kept it burning brightly. But, because these men have gone, because these deeds have passed away, we are callous, craven and despairing. We are satisfied with our present condition, we quietly keep our necks beneath the yoke—we are still content “to fawn and crouch as suppliants for our right.” Let us go back a few years upon our history. Well do we remember when hope told us that happy days were about to smile upon Ireland, her people were rising fast from “the long night of bondage and mourning,” to behold again the dawning rays of freedom’s light. Discord and disunion had become things not inherent to the soil, and the foul demon of intemperance had fled howling and vanquished before the meek apostle.

It seemed as if Providence were preparing us for some great event; the restitution of those liberties that had been wrung from us by force and fraud, through tears and blood. The great Leader was at his zenith then. O’Connell ruled the day in the then national hall in Saxon Dublin, upon Tara’s Hill of native royal proclamations, upon the Rath of Mullaghmast, the scene of Saxon treachery, amidst the craggs of Clifden, on hill and plain, in North and South, and East and West, he raised his mighty voice in freedom’s name. And manly hearts, with ready hands, in tens of thousands, gathered round him with one great cry for liberty, waiting but his word to act. Behind their own bulwarks, amid their councils, in their very senate he caused our tyrants to fear and tremble. Unable to withstand him in open fight, they spread their wily snares for him, and at last, with a coward’s stroke, in defiance of justice, law and right, they shut him up within the convict’s cell. Oh! that he bided his time so long. Then burst his mighty heart, his hopes were crushed, his spirit fell—after his release, seeking in vain to recover strength amid the balmy air of foreign climes; he died an exile from the land he loved so well. After him arose brave young hearts resolved to attack the tiger in his lair, to rouse him for once to a fair and open contest, to measure strength with him in his own jungle. The spirit that animated those “who at Marathon and Leuctra bled,” that roused the arm of Tell at Kusneith, of Bruce at Bannockburn, the spirit that threw her mantle over Hofer in his mountain home, that in our own country aroused “the brave, the faithful and the few,” that spirit reigned in them. To her inspirations they lent a willing ear. “Deeds, not words,” was their banners’ motto. They tried to scatter throughout the land the flame that burned so vividly within themselves; but alas! for our country, our name, our liberties, it fell upon cold and listless hearts, and their noble efforts failed. A price was set upon their heads. Thwarted, hopeless and forlorn, they succumbed, and a felon’s doom was pronounced upon the brave young patriots. It was not theirs, however, to shed their blood upon the scaffold for Ireland’s sake. Mercy was extended to them, yet the convict ship was ready, the winds arose, its sails were spread and in the midst of a ruffian crew these noble hearts were borne far

away from home and friends, from love and kindred, and far away from "the poor old country." All this while the hand of Providence lay heavily upon us, a way was fully open to our oppressors. It was time to crush "the aliens." There was no refuge from their power, linked as it now was with famine, pestilence, and extermination; yes, famine, ruthless and destroying, stalked throughout the country, not merely in poor and wretched individuals, did it fix its deadly fangs—for they are the every-day victims in Ireland, starving in the midst of plenty, wretched in the midst of Nature's gifts, but whole families hitherto comfortable and well to do, sunk before the destroyer. Their crops had failed, and there was no one to give them bread. The paternal government of the Saxon beheld the starving Celt, we know with what effect, we know the food it gave, the scorpions and the stone, we know how it stunted the succour from pitying nations, we know how it gloated over the Irish going, going with a vengeance. It saw the strong man struck down by the gnawings of hunger, it saw the distracted mother shrieking over her children starved to death, it saw the famished children gathered round the mother's corse crying piteously for food, anon it saw villiages and towns depopulated by the awful pestilence that followed in famine's train, it saw the delirium of the dying, it saw the coffinless dead lying in the fields, the ditches, and on the Queen's highway. All this did it behold without concern, without emotion, with no pitying hand stretched out to succour. They were our rulers who acted thus, and we are now content. To these our miseries, succeeded the exterminator's crimes. The produce of the land having failed, the resources of the people were proportionably drained. But our task-masters took no heed of the former, and rigorously demanded the latter. Whole families and the inhabitants of town-lands, were turned out from homesteads wherein their fathers lived, wherein they themselves were born and hoped to die. They were driven out upon the dreary waste, in the middle of cold dark Winter, no comforts afforded them, no place to shelter them from the piercing wind and pelting rain, no mercy was shown to age or sex, the miserable pallet was torn from under the sick and dying, and they themselves thrust forth by ruffian hands to perish on the road side; no redress did the law afford, no succour would it give, but looked without remorse upon these fell deeds; again, it was our rulers acted thus and we are now content. The tide of emigration began to flow, men chose rather to seek some refuge in a foreign country, than to die like dogs upon their native soil. The land of freedom invited them to her bosom, they obeyed the call, leaving behind them the sorrows of the past, and with bright hopes for the future they parted from old Ireland, to rear up new homes in the land of the west, where vile oppression shall never more reach them. The census came, one-third of our people were gone! Here let us pause, and ask, how came this? who is to blame? yet we are content; a little prosperity has smiled upon us. It is said that we have plenty, it may be true, the victims

of starvation, pestilence, and extermination, near three millions, are wanting to us, and so many mouths are not to be filled. We are thankful to those who would prevent all aid from us, we fawn upon them, we lick their hands, and wait their convenience to grant us some thing, we have forgotten their former conduct in our regard, we remember not how they treated us in our struggles for our liberties; we have forgotten their ruffian jests upon our miseries, the ribald taunts of their vile press, the press of England, that cries to heaven for vengeance on its heartless guilt; we think no more on our murdered brethren; the smile of power is upon us, and we are spell-bound, we are fallen. Is it "like Lucifer, never to rise again"?

PHILO CELT.

RELICS OF OLD READINGS AND GOSSIPINGS.

No. 4.

BLOODY REPRISALS.

On a Summer's morning in 1798, a troop of mounted Yeomanry went in quest of a united Irishman named Stacre—This Stacre was a noted Rebel, at least so the informer vouched—and moreover somebody else said that some other body saw him burying a corpse among the hills.—This information was too much for loyal endurance—and as the valorous soldiery chatted over the affair between themselves, a spirit of hurt chivalry prompted them to dig the rowels deeper into the flanks of their steeds in order that they might the sooner wreak signal vengeance on the victim of their denunciation.—And who, think you—gentle reader, was this terrible Nana Sahib of '98?—why, no other than an old grey-headed man over sixty years of age—and the tenant of a few acres under the magnanimous chieftain who led the van of the present Scarlet Cohort.—The sheeling of the poor old man stood on the margin of a bog, and under shadow of a sloping hill, one of the long extended tributary sinews of the stupendous Galtees—yes, that terrible abode of treason against King George, was no better than a miserable log-hut, some ten or twelve feet high, with the rain dripping on its hearth-stone and the sunlight struggling in through a small circular hole in the tottering gable—and towards it, the fierce mounted cavalcade now directed their formidable array.—But the wretched inmate somehow got intimation of their approach, and just as they came in sight, dashed open the cabin door, and fled along the hill side. The Yeomen simultaneously stood up in their stirrups, and gave one glorious exultant cheer, at the prospect of the human hunt—the old man promised sport, too, for his flight was wild and precipitous, his lank arms stretched out before him—and his long white locks flowing back behind—he had no covering upon his head, either, and his feet

were stockingless and bare. The hunters jovially remarked 'he looked game,' and with a loud boisterous laugh, and a blasphemous oath, their gallant captain gave the word for pursuit. In that human hunt, on that blessed summer morning—were two young men and their fathers—all, of course, yeomen—young Sheedy whispered to his sire, as they rode along—'Father, I can easily overtake old Stacre—will I do so.'—"Certainly, my boy—spur on to the front—and gain promotion for both of us"—replied the loyal parent.

Young Walsh whispered to his father—"Father, I cannot restrain my mare—the race is maddening her—and I must very soon be up with poor Stacre."—"Run her into the bog, my son"—was the prompt reply;—and so, accordingly—young Walsh's horse was bogged, and his further career effectually evaded—whilst Sheedy plunged a head and very soon came up with the hapless object of their pursuit—'Well done Sheedy'—exclaimed the captain—as the hunting party came up to the captor and the captive.—"Bring him along to the village, and we will deal summarily with him as the law directs"—and so, they drove the old man before them, as one might a wild beast—urging their horses to tread upon his poor naked feet—or striking him on the skull with the flat of their sabres to humour the royal game. At length—the village was reached—and then indeed the chieftain and his men set to work in real earnest, to prove their ultra loyalty to England, by copying her unmercifulness, and rendering themselves expert in the manly art of torturing, and that too—upon the person of a feeble aged fellow-being—and their own countryman.

"Serjeant Dawson" cried out his honour, the captain; "up with the triangle—and let us hear the Rebel's confession."—With the speed of magic—the instrument of torture occupied its allotted place—and the victim was put standing within its embraces.

The Yeomen gathered round to see the fun—except Walsh and his son—who stood aloof, apparently busily engaged with the trappings of their horses. The captain then advanced, holding in his hand a pencil and pocket-book.—"Stacre," said he, menacingly, "tell us the names of the united Irishmen in your neighbourhood!—out with them at once;—every one of them;—without reserve or hesitation—or up you go—and no mercy!"—"I have no information to give," replied Stacre," solemnly and slowly." "Is that your answer?" "That is my answer." "Tie him up—and do not dare to spare him—or you take his place yourself."

Stacre took a round leaden bullet from his pocket and put it into his mouth—the next instant, his hands were tied up to the triangle—his naked body bared to the noon-day—the long lashes whirring through the air, at first, dry and huskily—but anon—heavily and blood red, as stroke after stroke descended furiously on the writhing flesh; sending a sprinkling of the hot current into the faces of the gloating spectators.

"Will you inform?" enquired the brutal Captain—"No!" groaned Stacre; repressing a cry of agony by chewing furiously at the bullet between his teeth.

"Go on!" was the callous order—and the torturing went on anew—and the flesh blackened and ridged between the poor old sufferer's shoulders—and the blood spurted no more, but only welled from the cruel stripes, and kept dripping dripping down upon the ground.

"Will you inform?" "No!"—"Go on!" and the mangling and murdering proceeded—and the heroic old rebel spat the flattened bullet from his mouth—he had crushed it together in his hideous agonies—and now he ground his poor old teeth together, as the torturing went on, and until England's paid official once more demanded "Will you inform?" There was no reply—the old man had fainted. He was now unbound from the triangle, and restoratives administered to him, until he fully recovered his consciousness, and opened his eyes once more upon his relentless murderers. A new scene was now prepared, a butcher's block was brought from a house near hand, and with it the cleaver used by the butcher in chopping meat—up to this new instrument of horror, was Stacre conducted—the yeomen still surrounding, but no longer hilarious or noisy—they seemed now to be more in earnest about the proceedings, and to be undergoing a sort of morbid silent gratification in the witnessing of this fascinating exhibition of steaming blood.

"Will you inform?" "No!" said Stacre stoutly—

"Out with his hand upon the block and chop it off at the wrist—if he dares to repeat the refusal—"

"No!"—bang went the sharp axe—and the severed hand quivered through all its torn sinews.

"Will you inform?"—"No!" "Cleave him from the elbow," exclaimed the exasperated Captain—another heavy dull blow—and the bloody arm lay upon the block. The old man was rapidly bleeding to death—but they held him up. "Will you inform now?" roared the savage yeoman. The sufferer's lips moved, no word came, but he turned his head away. "Off with it from the shoulder!" shouted the bloody tiger. Another heavy well aimed blow, and the remnant of the mutilated limb lay with its fellows. The scene now became hellish and frantically exciting. It seemed the orgies of devils—what else was it? "Behead him whilst he lives!" yelled out the Master Demon. That was the finish—the work was done and King George and his merciful laws duly propitiated!!! The good people of the County Limerick were so impressed at the time, with the peculiarity of this mode of English legislature, that they have preserved the traditional remembrance of it, by transmitting it, generation after generation to the present time, for our edification, as well as for those, who write and think, and speak of atrocities in those other nations that attempt to repudiate the mildness of British sway.

Only a short time passed over, after the perpetration of the infamies already described—when one evening as the yeoman Walsh was returning home along the high road—he was overtaken by a decent looking farming man, who, after looking at him sharply, stopped, and asked—

"Do you remember Stacre?"—"I do!" replied the yeoman starting, as if a viper stung him—as the fearful vision of the old man's murder recurred to his mind. "I do remember him—I wish to heaven I could forget him, although I took no part in it!"—"I know it"—returned the interrogator; "and I know," he continued, "that it was Sheedy and his son that informed on him, and afterwards took him prisoner—well—when you get back to Limerick, yeoman Walsh, you will hear how the two informers fared—and, if I mistake not, you are not the man that will take it much to heart neither—good evening—yeoman Walsh." When Walsh reached home, his first and anxious enquiries were, of course, about the Sheedys, and whether anything had happened to them. The account he received was as follows.

That very morning at dawn, a party of armed men surrounded the house of the Sheedys, and one man, thundering at the door, ordered it to be opened forthwith, or that it would be burst in about the floor—or else the roof fired over their heads.—There was no mistaking the visitants or their purpose—the father, mother and son were within—and they knew their fate was sealed. Terrified almost to death—they made no answer to the awful summons—but grouping together in a dark corner of the room, kept a horrid silence—a furious blow of a sledge was the next intimation vouchsafed to them—and several men rushed in through the shattered doorway.

"Are you here, Sheedy?"—"I am," replied the terror-stricken yeoman; "Well, come out here to the light, we want to speak to you."—"Here I am"—and he slowly walked out into the dawning morning—"Did you know Stacre?"—"O God—I did—have mercy on me!" "The mercy you showed Stacre"—was the stern retort—"For the Lord's sake—give me time to say a prayer!" "What time did you give Stacre?—kneel down!" Twenty pikes were buried in the hapless wretch's body. "Young Sheedy!—come out here you—now!" and forth came the doomed victim. "Did you know Stacre?" "Mercy!" "Yes! the mercy that Stacre got!" "Murder!" "Pooh! only child's play to poor Stacre's mangling!" The pikes again did their work, and the corpses of the father and the son lay side by side in the open day-light—whilst their slayers marched deliberately away.—

However, even this did not terminate this tale of tragedies—Sheedy's wife—whom the visitants did not dream of destroying, watched them narrowly during the murder of her husband and son—and identified, or thought she identified three of them before they left the spot—at any rate she swore point blank against the three men in question, and had the satisfaction, as she termed it, of seeing them hanging together on one gallows and before her own door, where the crimes were committed—We wonder which of the parties cited in this sketch of "bloody reprisals" should an English reader be inclined to designate as kin to the so called atrocious Sepoys?—In Ireland, we know, our readers will at once point to the hybrid-yeomanry whom this country disowns.

CAROLAN.

THE IDIOT BOY.

"Be quiet, child—be quiet!
Or I'll give you to the yeos,
The men with feathers in their caps,
And blood upon their clothes"—
2

"Be quiet"—lo! a yeoman
Walked in upon the floor,
He took the idiot by the arm,
And led him to the door—
3

"Good mother—I'll advise him,
I see he's rude and wild,
I have a school in Aherlow,*
A teacher for your child."
4

The idiot and the yeoman
Walked down into the glen—
There was a gallows standing there
Mid many armed men.
5

"This lad is wild and tameless,
And so his mother says,
And whilst she chides him sharply,
She cries out in our praise."
6

"Be quiet, child—be quiet!
Or I'll give you to the yeos!
The men with feathers in their caps,
And blood upon their clothes!"
7

"Ho! ho!"—laughed out the yeomen,
"Is that the game to be?
Well, we will make him quiet—
Go! bring her here to see!"
8

"Good mother, I advised him—
And now he's meek and mild—
Come to our school in Aherlow,
And see your model child."
9

The mother hurried down the glen
The promised sight to see—
The yeomen had her idiot son
Dead on the gallows-tree!

CAROLAN.

R A C E .

(Continued.)

We have said that there is no natural antagonism between races, and that the Creator having created only one race, which included the whole brotherhood of mankind, then left them to spread over the Earth, to be operated on by the action of the natural laws, so that they might be fitted for the positions on the globe, which either choice or necessity caused them to occupy.

The laws of nature *never change* from their appointed course of action. The planets roll to-day in the same path as when first they received motion from the Divine Will. The seasons still follow each other in the natural order. It is only man who changes, in consequence of the reason which has been given him, and which distinguishes him, as well as by the possession of an immortal soul, from other animals. But the possession of reason does not deprive man of *instinct* which he possesses in common with the lower animals.

Instinct is natural and does not change, reason is acquired, and consequently subject to various modifications. If there be anything in the theory which assigns to the various races of mankind peculiar

* Aherlow is situate and in the midst of the Galtee and Ardglasse mountains, the most beautiful vale in Ireland, seven miles long and a mile and a-half wide. The incident is a strictly true one, and still traditionally preserved amongst the peasantry.

characteristics fitting them for a particular destiny, most assuredly we must look to what the instinctive character of the race is to account for its peculiarities.

Ethnologists have divided mankind unto five principle races, placing the Caucasian at their head. These divisions have been subdivided again into various varieties: Physical traits generally having been taken to mark the distinctions, for when we consider that the same physical traits exist in people whose languages bear no affinity, we must infer that the race notwithstanding is the same. Language accordingly is rejected as a means of ascertaining race.

The five principal races, the Caucasian, the Mongol, the Malay, the American, Indian, and the Negro, whose languages appear to interweave with each other, when classed into vocabularies, and critically examined, are each separated by strong lines of physical demarcation, evinced by their craniological formations, and in a more particular manner by the colour and texture of their hair and skins.

(To be Continued.)

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

Here is an admirable advice—

UNION.

When we stood together,
We formed a gallant band;
When we were united,
We held our native land;
When we separated,
We threw our strength away!
When we were divided—
The lion seized its prey.
Till we end contention,
And sect with sect agree;

Till we stifle discord,
The same will always be;
Till we act in concert,
The faults of each forgive,
Till then, and never sooner,
Will Erin breathe and live.
Yes—breathe the air of freedom,
In act and not in trope—
Yes—live the life of nations,
In fact and not in hope.

J. A. B.

The lines by a "STUDENT, NOT YET FIFTEEN YEARS OF AGE," contain much of promise, but he will have to persevere.

"SON OF ERIN," it is too elaborate a subject to be disposed of on two pages of note paper.

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The Celt.

"THE WISE MAN GATHERETH KNOWLEDGE, AND RULETH HIS OWN HOUSE."—*Old Celtic Proverb.*

No. 20, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1857. [ONE PENNY.

EDWARD WALSH.

II.

Yes, he was happy in that cottage by the Blackwater. And the dark eyes flashed out from under the remarkably long lashes oftener than they used to do. And when the "woodlands green" were bathed in the mellow light of evening, and the red clouds were reflected in the gentle Avonmore, and Cnoc-Maol-Donn was crowned with a purple glory—the bent figure of the poet might be seen, after the day's drudgery, dreamily wending his way towards his own "leafy screen." We can imagine him, on those occasions, repeating the words of the dramatist:—

How near am I now to happiness,
That earth exceeds not! not another like it,
The treasures of the deep are not so precious,
As are the unseen comforts of a man
Locked up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings, when I come but near the house,
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!
The violet bed's not sweeter.

Here his life might have glided on as peacefully as the river; but it was not to be. The painfully sensitive nature of the poet could not brook the dictatorship of a certain official of the Board of Education. This incarnation of pompous dullness worried poor Walsh till he could endure it no longer. He resigned his situation of national school teacher. Alluding to his tormentor, he says in a letter to a friend; "your hints about the "A.B." have wakened in my mind a painful memory of his "strut and stare and a' that." Mr. Duffy, who was ever ready with a helping hand for the unlucky child of genius, now came to his relief—but we shall let him tell his own story.

"When I left, or rather was driven from my rural bower at Toureen, I procured, through the influence of Mr. Duffy of the *Nation*, the situation of sub-editor to the "Monitor." I did not like the employment and quitted it—got then to vary my life, a severe bilious fever, induced by mental suffering. When I could crawl abroad I procured employment at that great vortex of agitation, the Corn Exchange

Rooms, where I am engaged in a purely literary capacity, and am treated with respect. I know it will gratify you to learn, that change from the influence at the anti-national board has tended to my advantage. I have a very pretty cottage of my own. I am almost entirely my own master at the Corn Exchange, and am engaged in translating during my leisure moments, "Jacobite Poetry," which is being published by Mr. Daly of Kilkenny. You must have seen the very favorable notice I have had from the newspaper Press."

Yet the bird of the greenwood and the mountain will pine and droop in the crowded city. A few months after this he writes:

"If I could make out a school under some gentleman I would accept it, but your parish school in a country district would be the death of my delicate over-wrought frame. I sigh for the fresh pure air of the fields, and the song of the birds, and the gentle sickly primrose, and all the glories of the joyous spring!"

Poor fellow! one cannot suppress a sigh at the thought that he was never to enjoy them more.

The only one of O'Connell's sons he had a high opinion of was Maurice. He looked upon John with contempt, even when that gentleman "was his father's favorite," "the young liberator," the hope &c. &c. &c.—As another proof of Walsh's correct perception of character, the following anecdote is worth repeating. Mr. J. O'Connell (Walsh when speaking of him used to call him "Johnny") rushed up in a flurry to the desk where Walsh was writing, and called, in a hasty imperious manner, for "ink, ink." Walsh scarcely lifting his head, said quietly, "porter, get Mr. O'Connell ink." The little great man did not like him after.

He was proud of Gavan Duffy's friendship, and often alluded to it in his correspondence. But the instinct, if we may call it so, by which he allowed himself to be guided in his likings and his antipathies, did assuredly mislead him, in one remarkable instance. When we come to mention the name of one man who was disliked by Edward Walsh, the reader will receive the announcement with profound astonishment. To us at all events, it is utterly incomprehensible. History is fruitful in instances (nor is our own day wanting in them) of those anomalous antipathies between men, whose hopes and aspirations, and tastes, appear to be identical. However, we shall defer further allusions to this circumstance, till we reach a more advanced stage in our hurried and necessarily imperfect memoir. We do so in the hope of having some more light thrown upon the mystery; and also in order that our readers may have as perfect an idea as we can give them, of the sterling stuff of which this poor poet was made up.

His intercourse with men of literary tastes and pursuits, tended greatly to reconcile him to Dublin, and helped to counteract his yearnings for a quiet country home. No man was ever more susceptible to the enjoyments of home than poor Walsh. His love for his wife and children was almost morbidly intense. He could hardly bear to

have them out of his sight. Mrs. Walsh, with some of her children, being on a visit with her sister at Cappoquin, for the benefit of her health, he writes to his brother-in-law:—

"I knew Brighid would get over the illness. I'm a capital judge of a sick girl's pulse. I've sometimes felt our Joe. Mary is a good child—all goes on well—but I am fidgety and lonesome when I look about and miss those to whom my affections cling, green and youthful, tho' my head is grey."

In one of the letters from Spike Island, which it is our intention to place before the reader, he breaks out into the exclamation (which sounds like a cry of anguish). "What is life to me without you and my children!" And here we cannot resist copying the entire of the song "Mo Chraoibhin Cno," which was addressed to his wife; he being in Dublin at the time, and she in their old home on the banks of the Blackwater. In our judgment it is a perfect lyric. Along with a harmony and an appropriateness of epithet, with which the ear is charmed, it breathes a genial tenderness that comes home to the heart; add to those the glimpses of scenery called up before the mind's eye, and we have in this simple song, a blending, as it were, of the pleasures derivable from music, poetry and painting, for the imagination to rest upon.

MO CHRAOIBHIN CNO.[†]

Air—"The days are gone."

1.
My heart is far from Liffey's tide
And Dublin Town :
It strays beyond the Southern side
Of Cnoc Maol Donn :
Where Cappoquin bath Woodland green
Where Amhan Mhor's† waters flow ;
Where dwells unsung, unsought, unseen,
Mo Chraoibhin Cno,
Low clustering in her leafy screen,
Mo Chraoibhin Cno.

2.
The high bred dames of Dublin Town
Are rich and fair,
With wavy plumes and silken gown
And stately air—
Can plumes compare thy dark brown hair.
Can silks thy neck of snow ?
Or measured pace thine artless grace ?
Mo Chraoibhin Cno.
When harebells scarcely show thy trace—
Mo Chraoibhin Cno.

3.
I've heard the songs by Liffey's wave
That madden sung,
They sung their land the Saxon slave
In Saxon tongue :
Oh bring me here the Gaelic dear,
Which cursed the Saxon foe
When thou didst charm the raptured ear
Mo Chraoibhin Cno,
And none but God's good Angels near,
Mo Chraoibhin Cno.

I've wandered by the rolling Sea
And Lene's green bowers ;
I've seen the Shannon's wide spread sea,
And Limerick's Towers,
And Liffey's tide whose walls of pride
Frown o'er the flood below—
My wild heart strays to Amh-mhore's side,
Mo Chraoibhin Cno.
With love and thee for aye to bide,
Mo Chraoibhin Cno.

Walsh never actually belonged to the "Young Ireland" party, though his heart was always with them. In the following extract from one of his letters—dated 19th July, 1846—we have the first indication of the open rupture between Young and Old Ireland. That the secession

* Pronounced *Creeveen Kno*. The phrase is figuratively applied to a person with brown hair.

† Pronounced in two syllables, *Oun-Vore*, "the great river," the Blackwater.

was precipitated by men like this Mr. Charles O'Connell there can be very little doubt.

"I am not sorry that I had not time on Friday to reply to your letter, as I have some political information to send you, which has not yet reached the Dublin papers. At a *soiree* at Kilrush, in reply to some severe remarks of Mr. Charles O'Connell—a gentleman of Clare and a friend of O'Connell's—upon "Young Ireland", Smith O'Brien declared that there were at present three repeal parties in Ireland, each pursuing its own particular views—O'Connell and his sons, the priests, and, lastly, the people. He also loudly condemned the policy of the committee respecting Dungarvan. His language has caused a strange sensation in the Corn Exchange Rooms, and is wholly unaccountable. We may know more after to-morrow's meeting."

Though tempted to do so we shall not here enter upon the discussion of this important subject.

Let us follow poor Edward Walsh—*where* does the reader think?—to the convict depot at Spike Island! Unmerciful disasters followed fast and faster, until he was obliged to accept the situation of schoolmaster in this den of misery and crime. Here, separated from all he loved, he passed some wretched months. But in the broken down frame of the poor schoolmaster, there was a spirit that could *not* be broken. His meeting with John Mitchell, whom he gloried in, will prove this. The remaining portion of our sketch will be almost entirely auto-biographical. His letters to his wife—that true and most excellent wife—will place the character of Edward Walsh in more vivid colours before the reader, than any words of ours could do.

(*To be continued.*)

IRELAND'S TEMPTATIONS, FAILINGS AND VICES.

In the 10th, 12th and 13th numbers of the Celt, we endeavoured to show some of the evils resulting to Ireland from patronage and influence used as a means of corruption; and exercised as bribery, either direct or indirect. We examined how it acted on the aristocracy and the commons, and from them down to the constituencies, where the merchant and the shopkeeper were brought under its range for the use of those above them, while they in their turn will use it upon each other. We have now arrived at the precise point where the evil make its greatest amount of crime. A sound middle class may check the crimes of the upper classes, and will elevate by their example those lower in the social scale, but a corrupt middle class are fit only to be the tools of tyrants, and cannot either by action or example do aught but mischief to the class beneath them.

There is great reason to dread that the middle classes in Ireland are not only losing their nationality, but are in too many instances, losing

the public virtue and the public integrity, becoming men avowedly christian and aspiring to be freemen. This is a bold assertion even if it be true ; it would be a foul assertion were it false. We make it advisedly, and we would not make it at all, for to make it pains us to the soul, did we not feel that the best interests of the country demand at our hands that the truth be outspoken as necessary information for true men, and as a warning to criminal ones.

In our last paper upon this distressingly painful subject, we had arrived at the point where commercial men, merchants or traders having influence in towns in Ireland, make parliamentary representation subservient to their trade, and use their trade influence to send into parliament as representatives men who can be useful to them in their business, and who will be the merest utensils in the hands of the merchant who could say to them, "my influence put you in and can put you out, and therefore you must do this thing for me," but never does say this, because the representative knows his obligation and must obey, and is thenceforth the very dutiful servant of the great merchant, whose power he will dread vastly more than public opinion, as he happens to know that public opinion in the town he represents is the mere will and wish of the patron who rules it and elects him.

Now, in every town of moderate size, towns averaging from ten to twenty thousand inhabitants, one leading merchant, or it may be two or three of them, united in opinion, and using combined influence, rules or rule the bulk of the small dealers and tradesmen of the town. It matters not whether the merchant be a woollen, a cotton, or a linen manufacturer, a distiller, a brewer, or a snuff-man, he drives a trade of one or two hundred thousand a year, he employs a great many men, some hundreds ; he expends in his own person and upon his own household a large annual income, and his business and his people's business, apart from his own family influence, and the influence of the families he employs, is a great power, which, whether he be base enough to use it, or magnanimous enough not to use it, will of itself work for him, and be a corrupting influence too frequently overcoming the conscience and the love of country, or of creatures who look up to him for employment. Thus his wish becomes a law to the haberdasher and the tailor, the hatter and the bootmaker, the upholsterer and the hard-ware man, the grocer and the wine-merchant, the confectioner and stationer, the physician, the apothecary and the attorney, the butcher, baker and dairy-man, whom he employs ; and who cannot afford, or fear they cannot afford to lose his business and the countenance of his people ; and then comes another series of the same class, the men following all these pursuits, who have had only a *little* of his patronage and hope for more ; they sell themselves for the very prospect of a business they hunger after. When we come to add to this large class, the number of persons who hang on as expectants of contracts with grand juries, with boards of guardians, and other public institutions, where the voice and smile of the employer is all-powerful, and add to those, the number of situations in these esta-

blishments where his countenance must be of great advantage, there is a catalogue which spreads the deadly evil out into wider circles still.

Then comes into play new influences in futurity, *his* nominee made member, and *his* power with him, when member, to procure situations in the excise, and in the revenue, and to aid promotions in situations already filled.

One can see at a glance what an amount of public virtue will be needed to counterbalance such a power, and to resist the corrupt influences of such a man, and if he stoops to use the weight his position gives him, by insinuation and threat, as we have known it to be used, either directly from his own lips, or from that of members of his family, or of people in his employment, if he has it communicated to his tailor, "his business will be withdrawn from you;" to his hair-dresser, "another hair-cutter must be had here;" or less directly, by calling at a shopman's door, known to hesitate as to how he will vote, and asking for his account; alas! how the stern necessities of many an honest man, will make him yield against his conscience,

"my poverty and not my will consents."

Thus it is, that corruption, like a poisonous river, flows from the poisoned springs of patronage at the seat of Government, and it distils leprous streams into all circles and to all classes; the aristocrat is corrupted because the Government has something to bestow, the commoner from a like cause, the merchant wants something too, and he corrupts those behind him, and around that he may be enabled to have his corrupting reward too. It is hard to resist or encounter such evils, but there is yet a power in the land which can do much, the public opinion of the democracy; to it we will address ourselves at a future day.

THE CAILLEACH RUADH,

A TRADITION OF KILKENNY CITY.

I.

With helmet and corselet and glittering glaive,
And all the grim trappings that harness the slave—
A troop of the Pale's-men rode fast by the Nore,
And by the lone homes of its desolate shore—
They were doing the work of their Mistress—the Queen,
And their bearing was daring, and fierce to be seen!

II.

In the midst of them, haggard, and bleeding, and old,
A victim the wolves had but torn from the fold,
Was a captive, a-foot, and so wounded and sore,
That his feet mark'd the mire of the roadway with gore.
And they dragged him along with such base-born speed,
That his limbs were oft scored by the tramp of the steed;
For, the Cailleach of England had good men and true,
Such hell-born deeds, as the present to do!

III.

And who was the captive those warriors had made,
Those warriors, in cold iron armour arrayed?

Oh! a foe to the queen! to the gaunt Cailleach Ruadh!
His blood was a treat to those good men and true!
A Priest? noble Saxons! a Priest of the Lord?
He's a foe worth the edge of your conquering sword!!

IV.

They dragged him along on the hard flinty road,
With sword-belt and buckle, and merciless goad,
And never spared spur till they topp'd the hill's crown,
That shewed the broad Nore sailing thro' the old town;
And the shrines of St. Canice, and abbey, and wall,
And the quaint Celtic gables, so spacious and tall,
Here they halted, and here then the old priest knelt down,
To drain out his blood for a heavenly crown.
But loudly they laughed, as they dragged him again,
With the same bloody speed, on his pathway of pain.

V.

They entered the town, and they tramped thro' each street—
Nor Burgher, nor maiden, nor child did they meet—
No—the day, and the time, and the tide were their own,
And they worshipped with blood at the Gaunt Cailleach's throne.
They tramped thro' the streets in the glare of the day,
With their poor fainting victim, all gory and grey,
'Till they came to a broad green,* without the town-wall,
And then the brass trump, blew the hoarse halting call.

VI.

"Come, men;" quoth their Captain, "you know what to do!"
"Plunge down in this soft earth your lances of yew!"
"And rear a stout gibbet, six feet high at least,
"Twill take that I reckon to strangle our priest!"
It was spoken and done, in the pass of a breath,
For a pastime and pleasure were murder and death;
And the Saxons could toss up a scaffolding tall,
As if the whole nation were Skibbioghs all!!

VII.

Well, the warriors of England hung up the blessed priest,
A victim to gladden queen Cailleach the chaste—
And they mocked at his agonies, valiantly too,
As became those brave soldiers, so loyal and true!
When lo! whilst their ribaldry sickened the air,
A trooper, a youth, whose thin light curling hair,
And bright eye, and fair face, so comely to view,
Made marvel, how came he with such a vile crew?
Stepped forth from the ranks, and flung down his long sword
By the gibbet where struggled the priest of the Lord—
Then his helmet and corselet he dashed to the earth—
And the Skibbioghs paused in the midst of their mirth—
Then he rent from his bosom the red Saxon vest,
And in black garb, stepped out there, a Saggarth confess'd!

VIII.

"I too, am a priest! ruthless Saxons!" he cried,
"Put me there, in God's name, by this meek martyr's side!"
"For his spirit invokes me, and troubles my mind,
"And my soul fears within me, to tarry behind!"

IX.

With a fresh cry of vengeance, the young Saint they grasp'd,
And with broad strap and sword-belt, his light limbs they clasp'd,
And tore bare his white neck, and broke his fair throat,
'Midst the joy-clash of steel, and the wild bugle note!

X.

And there swung the martyrs, the young and the old—
Bright censers, more precious than diamonds or gold—

* "John's Green."

Bright censers, whose life-light went out at the shrine,
 As the stars seem to die, when the white sunrays shine
 But the Lord did not let the wild winds of the night,
 Nor the rains, nor the fogs, in their fetterless might,
 Rudely grasp those pale forms, or mar their cold clay,
 For the scorn of red fiends to point out in the day,
 For, late in the moonlight, the burghers crept out,
 When the air was at rest from the loud murder-shout,
 And they cut down the bodies, and bore them with care,
 To a ruined old Church-yard,* with wailing and pray'r,
 And amongst the lone homes of the poor and the blest,
 They laid down the two holy martyrs to rest.

CAROLAN.

* Maudlin-street grave-yard.

RACE.

(Continued.)

The Germanic branch of the Caucasian race is distinguished from all the other divisions of that race by light hair and fair skins. The Saxons were of the Germanic branch. We clip from a provincial paper* an extract bearing on this subject, of some interest. "Until the argument be decided which Lord Monboddo raised, as to whether Adam was a white man or a black, it will be difficult to determine what the prevailing colour of the hair and skin was with the primitive race of man; but this we know, that the more a people depart from what Europeans consider the standard of physical perfection, the greater uniformity is there in the colour of their skins, passing through the various stages of yellow in the Mongol and Malay, to red in the American Indian, and black in the negro, with the colour, but not the texture, of the hair the same in all cases; climate has no effect on the colour of the hair. The Esquimaux of a high northern latitude have black hair in common with the inhabitants of the hottest regions of the earth. There is another departure from the European standard of human perfection equally decided with that of the negro, and that is in those cases where the skin and hair are of a dead white colour, as in the case of Albinos, who are as decidedly a distinct race as the negroes are, though, from their being objects of compassion wherever they exist, in consequence of their wretched intellectual condition, they have never been allowed to increase to such an extent as to be classed as a distinct variety. The decided inferiority of the races which have either extremely dark or extremely light hair and complexions, leads one to think that those people who have olive complexions and dark brown hair are the true type of man as he was created, and that every departure from that type is a deterioration of the human race, whether it be to jet black as through the Mongol and American

* The Munster News.

Indian to the negro, or to pure white, as through many of the people of Germany, from the Saxons to the Albinos.—The negro on the one side and the Albino on the other, forming the extreme points of divergence, from the pure original type, on either side. History points out the inferiority of the extremely dark and extremely fair races, which have both been always subject to the energetic olive complexioned race, which has given nobles to every country in Europe where the majority of the people have light hair and complexions. The inferiority of the people so distinguished causes them to be mere serfs—contrasting strongly with the Greeks, the Italians and Spaniards, who never submitting without resistance, even when vanquished, have never ceased to struggle for what they consider freedom, and in so doing have made theirs the lands of poetry and romance. Whereas the light-haired Germans and Anglo Saxons have always had their destiny decided by the issue of a single battle, and when vanquished always made the best of a bad bargain, and set their minds to lightening their misfortunes by increasing their material comforts.”

“The few Israelite families now in Jerusalem are remarkable for the majority having red hair, which may be considered as a proof of their degenerating, from their long continued sufferings. Red is probably the transition colour from black to light hair, and the change first visible in a people who are deteriorating. The Celts of Ireland at the arrival of the Normans were a dark-haired and olive-complexioned race, but during the many centuries of misgovernment they have since gone through, in many districts of the country, particularly those in which it was hardest to obtain a subsistence, along with other marks of degeneracy red hair became common.” This extract indicates the manner in which, by slight modifications of physical character a people gradually come to assume some peculiarity of form or colour which justifies their being classed as a distinct race created by nature. The Celts are a primitive race, owing nothing to any other people, while they have given much which no other people possessed. An eloquent writer says of them, “some call them Phœnicians; some the Japhetic race, but the Greeks, the great nomenclators, called them Celts. The Grecian Celts were encyclopædists and mythologists. They peopled Heaven with their beliefs and fancies; and the stars this night wear their Greek names over the forest trees of America, and are hailed by them from ships sailing on the southern seas.”

“The Roman Celts, or Romans, founded a great city they called Eternal. They took up literary and architectural civilization when Greece laid it down. They borrowed masters, and weapons, and manuscripts from Athens. Then Rome shifted into the foreground of the world's stage. But the Romans aspired to Universal Empire and carried their eagles after the sun. They made Britain their final battlefield, and there they met the freer Celts of Ireland and Scotland. For who were the Picts and Scots that the walls were built, and the two dikes dug against?—Who were they that Agricola, and Severus, and Aurelius tried in vain to crush? Celts of the West.”

"In Spain the Celts founded municipal government and responsible administration. It was they who made their kings with this fierce formula—'We who are as much as you, and are worth more than you, we choose you for our lord, on condition that you will respect our laws—if not—not!' Before the centralisation of power under Ferdinand, the Spanish townsmen were the freest people in Europe. The laws of what are called the Goths of Spain are, as a monument of municipal legislation, second only to the Roman; and these laws are Celtic in origin."

"The Celts of France were early overcome by the Northern Franks, who parcelled out their lands amongst themselves, and divided Gaul into several kingdoms. But the aborigines from time to time extorted 'rights' from their masters, until after the consolidation of power they came to have but one master—the King. They, too, have done liberty some service. Now, the Irish Celts are the kinsmen of those Greeks, Romans, Spaniards and French.—They have all the family failings and the family virtues. The same deep passions—the same ideality—marks the whole race." These deep passions and this ideality is the instinct of the race, which in accordance with the natural laws of all animal nature must continue (as long as the race exists) to exercise the same influence for the future that it has done in the past; for all who are brought within the sphere of this natural law of instinct form but the one race.

Madame de Stael was right when she said that English literature owed its superiority over the colder and more classically correct literatures of continental Europe, to the poems attributed to Ossian having influenced the feelings of the people, and gave them a greater admiration of the heroic and romantic, than of the tamer and more correct styles which grew out of a fondness for imitating the models of classical antiquity. That is, she was right in principle, though not to the letter. The spirit of English literature is essentially Celtic. The works of Shakespeare have all the extravagancies—so to say, which find an echo only in poetic and imaginative temperaments, and which could only exact the qualified praise that he was an "inspired barbarian," from Voltaire, who measured genius with a foot rule. Shakespeare found the subjects of his greatest dramas in the old chronicles which told of Lear's sorrows and Macbeth's crimes, and recorded the events of the Celtic poetic history of these Islands. These plays went to the national heart, not because of their subjects, but because of their accordance with the instinctive feelings of the people which were moved with the innumerable touches of sympathetic nature they discovered in them. The more artificial style of literature which subsequently grew up and was for a time admired as a fashionable thing, has been forgotten while the Celticisms of Shakespeare will ever live. Stupid sneers, therefore, on the score of race, should not excite anger for in reality there is but the one race in these countries, and that is the Celtic. National

reflections we Irishmen may tolerate, because doubtless at some period we may be able to pay them back with interest, and without having many words about it either. It is a false issue to raise between this country and England, to place our differences to the score of race. Celts have before now taken a prominent part at each side of every question. The founders of the Covenanters in Scotland were Celts, as were their bitterest opponents. Celts fought with equal vigour both for and against James and his son and grandson. Here too were they to be found arrayed against each other on the most important questions, and at every period of our history influencing it in a remarkable manner. Therefore and as there must be two parties to make a quarrel, let us not fall out about race. We have quite sufficient real causes for our differences with our Celtic brethren of England, without getting up an imaginary one, though certainly if the quarrel continues on that score, we will not be the aggressors. We would wish to be *Irishmen*, let those who will be Celts or Saxons—or even if it please them better “Anglo Saxons,” and let it be in Ireland as it was in times gone by when—

“Here came the brown Phœnician,
The man of trade and toil;
Here came the proud Milesian.”

Who settling down as *countrymen*, after a time, all united to make up a people possessing those characteristics known as those of “the Irish Celt.”

BRUCE'S GRAVE.

On a hill in Uriel
Stands a ruin crumbling fast,
And an ancient tree beside it,
Sways before the eastern blast.

All around the dead are lying
'Neath the tangled weeds and grass,
And above, the sea birds flying,
Caoine* the sleepers as they pass.

Twisted hawthorns, old and broken,
Girt, they say, with fairy spell,
Hung with many a pilgrim token,
Shade St. Bridget's holy well.

Saving nature's voices only,
All is silent, all is still;
Desolation bare and lonely
Reigns upon that ancient hill.

Yet the red blood poured as water—
Fiercely rose the clash of war,
When, upon yon plain of slaughter
Sank the Bruce's fiery star.

I can picture in my dreaming
How he fought by yonder mound,
Where the English helms were gleaming—
Where the swords flashed death around.

Where the warriors of our island
Sank amid the crimsoned fern;
Thinking of his native highland,
And of glorious Bannockburn.

I can see the clansmen crushing
Round him in a serricd ring,
As the Sassenach come rushing
On to slay their crowned king.

* *Caoine*, i. e., weeping or crying, or lamenting the dead.

But in vain, the danger braving,
Dash those gallant kerns before—
For his eagle plume is waving
To the mountain breeze no more.

And de Bermingham's fierce joying
O'er the fallen chief, I see,
'Mid the rout and the destroying
Of another Athenree.

• • • • •

Yonder mound, 'tis whispered, keepeth
Many an ancient helm and sword;

And within the churchyard sleepeth
Erin's king and Carrick's lord.

For they bore the dead and dying
Hither when the fight was done,
And the Scottish knight is lying
Underneath an old grey stone.

Lying by the ruin lonely
Upon that historic hill,
Where, save nature's voices only,
All is silent now, and still.

ETERN.

Edward Bruce, to whom Donald O'Neill had transferred his rights of sovereignty, and who had been crowned King of Ireland, was slain in the battle of Faughart, A.D. 1317. According to Lingard, his body was quartered as a traitor, and sent to the four chief towns, but the tradition of the country assigns him a grave in the old burying ground near his last battle field. Faughart is in the County Louth, within two miles of Dundalk, in which town Bruce was crowned King of Ireland. It is also the birth-place of St. Bridget.

THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

(Concluded.)

"The 11th," May 1745 "the king rose before four o'clock in the morning, mounted his horse at five, passed the Scheld, and stopped a little on this side *Notre Dame de Bois*, that he might see himself whether the enemy had made any motion. The cannonading began soon after on both sides, and it was by one of the first volleys from the enemy that the duke *de Grammont* had his thighs shot off, of which he died in an hour after."

"The king hastened to the field of battle, where he was told that the enemy were marching up to us in three columns. The first column, which was cavalry, coming on by the road of *Mons*, along the village of *Vexon*; the second being infantry, marching through the village of *Vexon*; and the third stretching into the plain between *Fontenoy* and *Antoin*."

"These three columns drew up and formed themselves very slowly; because, though they made a very brisk fire to sustain their motions, our cannon annoyed them exceedingly."

"The cannonading lasted till nine o'clock, when they moved forward to charge us. They began by attempting two attacks successively upon the village of *Fontenoy* where *M. de Vauguyon* repulsed them vigorously."

"In the meanwhile the cavalry of their left wing began to move forward, in order to attack the cavalry of our right; but they had been so terribly galled all the morning by the cannon we had at *Fontenoy* and *Antoin*, and by the battery planted at the mill of *Callonne* on the left side of the *Scheld*, which took them in flank, that they retired in great disorder, at the first motion the chevalier *d'Apscher* made towards them with his cavalry."

"They rallied afterwards, in order to penetrate at the centre of our line of foot, AND SUCCEEDED IN THEIR ATTEMPT; for their line of infantry which had been drawn up very thick, BROKE AT THE SECOND CHARGE, THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS WHO FELL BACK ON THE REGIMENTS OF CLARE AND ROTHÉ, IRISH. Our cavalry, who immediately advanced towards them, was not able to stand the dreadful fire of that line of infantry; so that for above an hour they had a very visible advantage over us. Several of our Squadrons rallied notwithstanding, BUT WERE AGAIN FORCED TO GIVE GROUND BY THE PRODIGIOUS FIRE OF THE ENEMY'S INFANTRY."

"To remedy this disorder, his majesty then caused his household troops to advance, followed by the infantry, that in the first disposition backed the left, and had been immediately replaced by the infantry posted on *Trinity Mount*. This body of Infantry took with them several pieces of cannon, to silence the enemy's artillery, which greatly annoyed the household troops."

This new disposition soon produced the effect which the King had expected from it, for this movement checked their infantry (of which they had formed a sort of column, or a square battalion, but not hollow in the centre) and gave leisure to the IRISH BRIGADE, and that of *Vaisseaux* to form themselves."

"The six Irish Regiments* sustained by those of *Normandy* and *Vaisseaux* being thus drawn up, THEY MARCHED TO THE ENEMY WITHOUT FIRING, AND BROKE THEM WITH THEIR BAYONETS FIXED TO THEIR PIECES, while the Carbineers charged them in flank."

"In fine, the Artillery charged with cartridge shot, playing then upon that English Infantry, began to stagger them, and the Household Troops charged at the same time so vigorously and so opportunely, that all the valour of the English column could not bear up against it. They were repulsed with considerable loss—a great way beyond the field of battle even to the Rivulet of *Vexon*"*

"During this attack the enemies that came back towards *Antoin* to form themselves in two lines of infantry and cavalry, between the redoubts occupied by the Brigade of *Bettens* and that of *Grillon*, a battalion of which lay before the redoubt on the right hand, were so terribly galled, only by the cannon in those redoubts, that they retreated with precipitation, abandoning their artillery, which was taken by the brigade of *Crillon*."

"THE SECOND REGIMENT OF ENGLISH FOOT GUARDS, WHO HAD BUCKLEY'S IRISH REGIMENT TO DEAL WITH, MUST BE ALMOST DESTROYED. THE LATTER TOOK FROM THEM A PAIR OF COLOURS, AND TWO PIECES OF CANNON† WITH THE HORSES BELONGING TO THEM, WHICH WERE BEFORE THE BATTALIONS!"

* Clare's, Scully's Dillon's, Berwick's Roth's and Buckley's Regiments with Fitzjames' horse, formed the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy.

† In those times the flank companies of infantry regiments were provided with cannon, which made up the artillery of an army.

As the great fatigue the troops had gone through in the day of battle, did not permit us to follow the enemy immediately through an uneven country, full of hedges, besides woods where the cavalry could not have acted to advantage, the army of the Allies, who returned to their camp in great disorder, quitted it the same day (May 11th) at eleven o'clock at night, and marched directly to *Aeth* without stopping."

"We had about 520 officers and 4000 private men killed and wounded."

As for the Allies their loss amounts to 15,000 men killed, wounded and deserted; which together with the loss of almost all their field pieces, whereof we took nearly 50, must disable them from undertaking anything of consequence for this campaign. .

The 15th we sung *Te Deum* in the camp under a triple discharge of 160 pieces of cannon and 40 mortars against the citadel of *Tournay*, as likewise three discharges from the small arms of the whole army."

The English account says. "It was then resolved to retire. General Howard's regiment and the Highlanders were ordered to post themselves, the first in the churchyard of Vezon, and the other in the hedges where they had been posted the day before."

The Highlanders here mentioned were the famous "Black Watch" continued as the 42nd Highlanders, in the English army.

The Black Watch was originally formed as a militia, to preserve the peace of the Highlands. Some time after their formation they were entrapped up to London on the pretence of being reviewed by the king, but in reality that they might be, in violation of the terms under which they bore arms, shipped off to the "Plantations," as the American colonies were then called. Exasperated at this breach of faith, they determined to return to Scotland in a body. Accordingly, assembling on a common near Highgate, they commenced their march to the north; they had reached a wood in Northamptonshire, when they were overtaken by a large body of troops commanded by General Blakeney who induced them to surrender unconditionally. He conveyed them prisoners back to London, where they were tried by court martial, and all sentenced to be shot. Three of them, however, were only executed. They were shot at the tower on the 20th of July, 1743. After this they were sent to Flanders, and at Fontenoy covered the retreat of the English army, while flying before their Celtic kinsmen of the Irish Brigade. The Duke of Cumberland was so pleased with their conduct, that he told them, that any reasonable request of theirs would be granted. With real Celtic kindness they only asked that one of their comrades who lay under a severe sentence, for letting a prisoner escape, should be pardoned. At Fontenoy they lost in killed Captain John Campbell, Ensign Lachlan Campbell and 30 private men; in wounded Captain Robert Campbell, Ensigns Rannald Campbell and James Campbell, two sergeants and 86 private men; while there were one sergeant and 12 men missing.

Truly Fontenoy was a glorious day for the Celtic Race, whether serving with their friends the French or their enemies the English." O'.

A TRUE TALE.

"No news from the distant land," she said,

"No news from the distant land for me!
Mo bhròn!—I fear that my child is dead,
Drowned in the waves of the stormy sea.

She left me when the spring was green,
With many a tear and many a prayer;
You mind her, Bryan—the gay cailín
Of the heartsome smile and shining hair.

I'm weary watching all the day—
I sigh all night till the morning's dawn;
Seven long months since she sailed away,
And no word yet from my inghean ban!

When Shane went out from his father's door
I sorely missed him and sadly pined—
I had little call to grieve, for sure
My own sweet Rose was left behind.

She wrought for us with a willing hand,
Her work was hard, but her gains were few;
And *he* found friends in the stranger land,
As ever the good and brave will do.

'Twas then he wrote with his words of cheer:—
"This noble country is fair and free,
If my darling sister once was here,
She would find a happy home with me.

Her toil is weary, her gain is small—
Poverty keeps the strong heart low;
I cannot yet have a place for all,
But I pray you, bless her, and let her go.

I will send ye help—ye shall never lack,
My heart has courage—my arm is strong,
And may be soon ye will see us back,
When the bright day dawns that we wait so long."

And Rose said:—"Oh that the day were come!"

Her face grew white like the mountain snow,
"I love ye both, and I love my home,
But Shane says truth—it were best to go.

For better sure I can serve ye there,
My parents dear, than I now can do;
He says that the land is free and fair,
And I will seek it to work for you.

Why should your fond hearts fear for me,
The angry wind or the waves' wild roar?
Sure God is there on the stormy sea,
'Tis as near to Heaven as the quiet shore."

And so she sailed when the spring was young,
Mo leanann ban, a mhuire a's truaigh!
The cheerful words were on her tongue,
The grief was in her heart I knew.

She hardly was a week on sea
When from some kindly stranger hand
Came sad and burning news to me,
My boy was dead in the distant land!

I thought the life had left my breast—
But I was wakened back once more
To think of Shane in his lonely rest,
And friendless Rose on a foreign shore.

To watch for letters all the day,
To sigh all night till the morning's dawn:
Seven long months since she sailed away,
And no word yet from my inghean ban.

She promised it when she turned to part,
And if she lived she would keep her vow;
Oh neighbours, pity my breaking heart!
I fear, I fear, I am childless now."

ETERNAL.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

"LATINIST."—The paper you enquire about will be completed.

"CASTLECOMER."—We have heard the story just as you describe it, but it was after the battle, and on lifeless corpses that he mockingly used his sword cutting crosses on the dead bodies. It is a singular fact, it may have been accident, or it may have been God's justice that achieved retributive punishment; misfortunes and poverty follow quick upon him and his, and now with sixty years since that battle, his very name has died out, there is no living representative of it, and a new race live upon his land.

"NIMROD."—We are no admirers of the tastes displayed by our young men of business for the chase—it idles them, spoils them, takes away their thoughts from business pursuits, teaches them to ape the airs of the aristocracy, makes toadies of them, unnationalises them. In a word, it is not a pursuit suited to them, or they to it; therefore we decline your article. We, of the Committee, may one day write about it, but not in praise of it as a thing commendable for young Irishmen of the middle classes.

"CELT."—The number of parties who take your view, quite decides us.

We would answer the warm letter of "PETER FINNERTY," Sheffield, if he would send us his precise address.

"ENQUIRER."—The back numbers of the "CELT" will be reprinted immediately; parties desiring to have them will please send their orders at once to the publisher.

After the first of January the CELT will be conducted as a MONTHLY, and no longer as a weekly periodical, but the entire of the weekly numbers for the five months, ending December the 26th, will be bound up in a volume with title-page and index complete. Booksellers and others desirous to get copies of it will please apply at once, as the number of the reprint will be very limited.

All our correspondents with whom we are in arrear will be repaid to within the month, either thus or by letter.

The Address of the Committee upon the subject of the change from a Weekly to a Monthly will appear in our next.

No. 5. of "Relics of Old Readings and Gossipings," in our next.

"E. C."—Genuine in spirit, but imperfect in execution.

The warm and expressive little essay on "Home," is unsuited to our pages.

DUBLIN:

PUBLISHED FOR THE CELTIC UNION,

By JOHN O'DALY, 9, ANGLESEA-STREET.

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Country Orders for each ensuing Saturday's number must be on the previous Wednesday with the Publisher.

The Celt.

"THE WISE MAN GATHERETH KNOWLEDGE, AND RULETH HIS OWN HOUSE."—*Old Celtic Proverb.*

No. 21, VOL. I.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1857. [ONE PENNY

EDWARD WALSH.

III.

*Spike Island, Convict Depot,
Sunday Night.*

MY DEAR LOVE—I sit down to write to you, and the more readily, as the fierce storm that is raging here, at eight o'clock at night, is tremendous; this storm of the elements inclines my heart and its faculties to you, my beloved, and our dear little ones, with a prayer that God may protect you, till you all come to my longing embrace. How awfully it blows! Adam [his son] who is now reading some ballad, has started suddenly exclaiming—"is not that the cry of some one in great pain?" The island is very high, and the winds seize upon it fearfully. I went at three o'clock to look out upon the harbour from the ramparts, and was forced to lie down in the blast. However, we have a warm room with solid stone walls, and a bomb-proof roof over our heads, and are very snug.

We have a Rev. Mr. Walsh here, who comes every Sunday to give Mass—to-day I went to Communion. It gives me great hardship to do every little turn of the place, and also attend to Adam, and my public duties, which are now commencing. I am awake every morning at five o'clock, and up at six. I have not had, since I left Dublin, those deep and dreamless slumbers which I always had, as a portion of my existence, when you were near me. But they will come again, and you and my children shall yet make my heart leap at the joy of your presence. I have got your parcel in Cork. Why did you not tell me the particular things you sent? I found some coffee and brown sugar in the keg, and some cheese, also a scarf and trowsers. I think we'd be very happy here till the children would be grown, did they permit you to reside with me. I'd have great leisure, the school business won't be more than four hours a day. Good bye, dear Brighid, I must get Adam his coffee, and put him to bed.

Monday Night.

MY DEAR LOVE—Adam and I are just sitting down to our supper of boiled bread and milk. We have both to spare, as the storm did not

permit the milkman to land in the morning, and we have now a double portion. Adam says, "Mamma will be in great glee when she comes here, to find such lots of boiled bread and milk." I am annoyed from all the little turns I am forced to do about myself and Adam. Fancy me cooking ham and cabbage, and cleaning up the crockery! Let me know, my love, when you would be allowed by the doctor to go into the country, that moment you must come down to Cove or Ring for your health's sake. You would wonder how well Adam reads, and his general knowledge is entirely beyond the "Auld farren wean" in the beautiful Scotch song. I have 300 persons here to whom I have given books, &c., before the school regularly opens. Most of the convicts are persons of the south and west, who were driven by hunger to acts of plunder and violence. I wept to-day in one of the wards, when some of the people of Skull and Skibbereen told me the harrowing tale of their sufferings from famine, and the deaths, the fearful deaths of their wives and little ones. How *we* should thank the Lord! Let me know, love, particularly how you are and how are the children. I hope Fanny will mind Mary and Edward. I hope you won't make yourself vexed or uneasy about that work which always injured your health. Will you promise me now? if you don't I'll take Fanny and Mary into the island and leave you and Edward outside. I am very lonely here, and don't read nor write, and have scarcely leisure, and no inclination to amuse myself without you and the dear little ones. Adam sends his love to Mamma and Edward first, to Fanny next, to scratch-face Mary last. I send love to Brighid, my own dear Brighid first, to the little poet and sisters second and alike.

EDWARD WALSH.

Is it possible to read that letter unmoved? Is it possible to read it without pity and admiration for him who wrote it, and for the devoted woman, for whose loving eyes alone it was intended? Here we can read the inmost heart of Edward Walsh. We see him, while the fierce storm moans along the dismal corridors, and howls and rages outside, till the massive prison walls seem to tremble in its fury: in the midst of this appalling war of the elements, we see him sit down in his lonely room to commune with the absent wife of his bosom and his idolized little ones. We see him kneeling before the altar of the Most High, to partake of the bread which—"whoso eateth, shall live for ever." We see the tall figure—ah! the habitual bend has become a confirmed stoop, the hair like the raven's wing is flecked with the snows that, not age but sorrow, had shaken upon it; the dark eyes, that used to flash from under the remarkably long lashes, can do nothing now but drop tears of compassion, as he moves, like a pitying angel, among the poor, poor victims of that blood-stained government, which turned our fair island into a charnel-house and a grave.

A few extracts from one or two more of these letters—cannot fail to be interesting.

Convict Depot, Spike Island.

Nov. 10th '47.

My Dear Love—I received your kind letter yesterday with the enclosed pound and the receipt for 10s. from the Celtic Society. You will send no more money till I ask for it. I got some beef and groceries in Cork on my word, but have touched none of them yet—I have been living upon your welcome presents. I did not pay for Adam's "bluchers" yet, but now have money to do so, thanks to my own dear Brigid. I trust they will restrain him like a pair of convict's ankle rings—you see I take my figures from native scenery.—Need I say how your last letter made my heart glad? you know how I felt for your illness, and how I must rejoice at your restoration to health. Nothing that could befall me on earth would give me such sincere joy as to see you well and happy.

* * * * *

Now with regard to your question whether I would wish you to stay in Dublin until your work ceases—I say that I do not choose that you should stay a moment longer than the doctor holds necessary for the thorough cure of your complaint. When he says you should get a change of air, you must come down to Cove at least, which is a beautiful place, or to some neighbouring village. I don't think there is a decent room in this whole Island. But if you were permitted here you could have nice apartments, coals and candles, and 2lb of bread each day, *gratis*; and then the salary would leave us enough for minor wants. We shall try. At all hazards you will leave Dublin, that, at all events, I may see you and the children; for I would die of grief if I did not at least occasionally behold you. What is life to me without you and my children?—I am rather concerned that you should have sent away a clean good servant to recall an idle dirty gawkey. 'Tis a strange want of good sense in one who is so clever in other ways. I shall now say no more than to express a hope that the minds of the little girls will not be polluted with such filthy songs and sayings as poor Adam is every night repeating, and which he says he learned from——. He says the other night, "Eliza was very good, she never taught me blackguarding." I am really astonished at the songs and sayings he has. Now that I have scolded you, I have to say that in coming down I would not like you'd come by the steamer, the weather is so stormy. It blew a fierce gale to-day (Wednesday) and the night is now very wild, though yesterday was mild and beautiful.—I have no milk for our coffee, the storm prevented the milk-man from coming to-day. Good bye, Love.

E. WALSH.

To the Inspectors General of Prisons.

Nov. 18th, 1847.

My own Love—I have no sheet but this, so I trust you will excuse

me for sending it—'tis not you see a "virgin page."—How your letter of Monday and Tuesday relieved my wretched heart, thanks to the Almighty disposer of life and death! You who know my tender love for the children will understand the boundless gratitude of that heart for such mercy. It is curious that even after reading your letter announcing his illness and up to the receipt of your last, I had a strong presentiment that the child would not die!—There is no lodging to be got in any of the miserable cabins of the Island.

* * * * *

As I feel a wrong so do I cherish the memory of a good deed done to me or mine. Give my best and most grateful thanks to Dr. McSweeny, who on another occasion acted as my friend. Tell him how I loved my boy and then he'll conceive my overflowing gratitude; tell Miss Murray's family also how deeply I feel their kindness. God bless and prosper them through life. Write, dear Brighid, at once and let me know if Edward Walsh the younger is well and kicking. Let me know if Fan is minding all the house and playing with Mary and Edward. Tell Fan and "*mine mouse*" that I'll soon be kissing them. 'Tis now very late at night, for I put Adam to bed and mended his cloths before I set to this. Make haste to me—you have asked me to pray for you; don't you know, love, that twice every day since you became my wife, a prayer for your welfare has gone to the throne of Heaven, from the unworthy but fervent heart of your fond husband and truest friend—Edward Walsh.

You had no occasion, my dear beloved, to detail the items of your expenses. The few pounds remaining are for you and the little ones. I would pledge my clothes if needful to procure my dear wife the food and comforts necessary to her present weak condition. Spare no cost till you are perfectly restored to me in health and spirits * * * * * Tell little Mary how I love her, and tell Fan to mind her sister and little brother as she is the eldest, and kiss her for me. Your account of Edward's beauty delights me; my young poet must have a better requited trade than that which sent E. W. to the convict depot (but to this I am perfectly resigned.)—Your last letter was so gentle and kind that if your tongue, my fair Brighid (how sweetly that pretty name suits my notion of you!) wagged as tenderly at all times as your pen, your voice would be as balm to my bruised and broken spirit; and I would fly to hush, in the white bosom of my gentle dove, all my sorrows for ever!

Reader, this is not a chapter in a novel, nor the sentimentality of a love-sick boy. These letters are the out-pourings of a man's heart; a heart, too, chastened and purified by long suffering, and the sickness of "hope deferred." We have said that they were meant for the eyes and heart of that miracle of self-sacrificing devotedness, a true Irish wife. But we were wrong in saying that they were meant for her *only*. Fan and little Mary were to have a share in them, and "*mine mouse*" brightened at the thought that "papa would soon be kissing

her," and Fan set about "minding a'l the house, as she was the eldest," and put on quite a serious look, becoming one who had so much of the cares of the world to attend to. Poor child! we are not sorry that your pure spirit has taken wing, and flown beyond the reach of the griefs and temptations that would now be gathering round your dawning womanhood. It was with a sigh of relief, rather than of pain, that we learned you were sleeping in the same grave with him who was so solicitous lest your childish mind should be sullied by "the songs and sayings" which he was so concerned to hear "poor Adam repeating."

While Mitchel was in Spike Island, awaiting the "black ship" that was to bear him away from "the sea and soil and sky that he loved," he was told a person wished to speak with him. The proud Felon rose up haughtily to receive the intruder. He did not know him at first, but soon recognized in the prematurely old man who stood before him, dressed in a threadbare suit of black, "the author of *Craoibhin Chno*, and other sweet songs, whom he knew in Dublin." "I am sorry," said Mitchel, "to see you in a position which must be distasteful to you, and which is so unworthy of you. However, he added, you are better off than I am."—The bowed figure stood erect, the dark eyes, (for the last time,) kindled and flashed, till the guards, and spies, and gaolers, were startled at the transfiguration, and the subdued voice rung out clearly through the prison cell, as he declared that Mitchel "was to be envied; that his position was the proudest that man could occupy." Whereupon they shook hands, and parted. Did we not say truly, that in the broken down frame of the poor school-master, there was a spirit that could not be broken?

The spirit of patriotism has ever evinced itself in two distinct forms in Ireland. The one sobs, the other strives. The one seems, like the harp of Erin, created but to "mourn o'er freedom's grave."—the other never mourns at all, but strives on to the end: in the dock, in the dungeon, in exile, on the red battle field, from the scaffold itself; it sees a torn flag and a prostrate tyrant, and hears a shout from a million throats proclaiming to the world that a grand old nation has risen from the grave: and so strives on to the end.

Curran, on the last night of the Irish Parliament, hissing into the ear of the United Irish leader—"where are your 300,000 men *now*," and again, in the midst of a brilliant company, at Moore's table in London, with a broken constitution, and a broken heart, bursting into tears, when the name of Ireland was mentioned. Curran was the type of a class, a dreamy passionate despairing class. We have representations of the sterner spirit too, we have our Hugh O'Neales and Wolfe Tones. These two spirits met in that dismal cell in Spike Island, they met, and shook hands, and parted; one was left at home to die, the other was dragged away in chains, to be carried to the end of the earth; to be watched and guarded, and shut in from the intercourse of man; to break away and soar out into the free air of Heaven again; to be hailed and welcomed, and find protection and a resting place under the proudest flag the sun shines upon, to wait and watch for a

day of reckoning, and so, to strive on to the end! Thus, these two spirits, so like, and yet so unlike, shook hands and parted in the convict depot of Spike Island.

MAY IT BE AN OMEN!

(*To be continued.*)

LOVE IN THE COUNTRY.

A CAROL.

I.

Have you seen my sweetheart
Passing on the way?
Like a hill-side sun-gleam,
On a harvest day.
Such fine eyes of hazel!
Such dark flowing hair!
Like a graceful cloud-wreath
Leaning on the air.

II.

Saw you the white foam-hill
Sailing down the Nore?
How amid the rushes
Flowering near the shore,
In, it steers and nestles—
Takes its downy rest:—
So my sweetheart's bosom
Hides beneath her vest.

III.

Saw you the wild mushroom
As you slowly pass—
Like a pearly dawning,
Bedded in the grass?
So in her dark buskin,
Lies my sweetheart's foot,

Locked up, like the kernel
In the tuckered nut!

IV.

Have you seen my sweetheart
When she speaks or sings?
Lo! the bird of Eden
With uplifted wings!
Warm—bright—and rosy—
Dazzling white beneath,
Like her lips of crimson
O'er their ivory wreath.

V.

Have you seen my sweetheart,
Blushing when we meet?
Looking mild and gentle,
Speaking kind and sweet.
Earth were sad without her—
Time no joy could bring—
Bright is all about her,
Like one fairy ring.
Bless her eyes of hazel!
Bless her flowing hair!
Like a graceful cloud-wreath
Leaning on the air!

CAROLAN.

THE ENGLISH VICEROY IN 1745, AND IN 1857.

Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, notwithstanding the somewhat evil fame attached to him for the maxims set forth in his well-known letters to his son, and also by his cold treatment of brave old Samuel Johnson, when patronage would have been of use to the rugged philosopher in his poverty, and which was so nobly refused when tendered, when the clouds of penury began to dissipate—notwithstanding these things, the Earl of Chesterfield does not appear to have been a greater rascal than the most of his contemporaries. He was clear-headed, far-seeing and sagacious, with an abundance of worldly wisdom, and few prejudices, either national, political or religious. Indeed of the latter he retained none, but thought that Protestantism was an excellent political engine, admirably adapted for the circumstances of the times, as they were, in England.

His "principles of politeness" taught him so to act to each individual with whom he came into contact as to make him conduce in the utmost degree to his own personal ease. Accordingly he was as much at home in a *conversazione* among French Abbés in Paris as among a lot of claret-drinking, no-popery ascendancy Parsons in Dublin Castle. In fact he was your true Whig "representative man," who having no fixed principle of his own, endeavoured to get through the world by a system of compromises; and as "the pleasure is as great of being cheated as to cheat," succeeded admirably.

The brave clans were again in arms for the Stuart, and the pibroch rung through every glen, sounds which recalled to the Highland ear the many occasions when the pock pudding Saxons of the Lowlands and of England had shewn an extraordinary alacrity in getting out of sound of the Celtic music. Charlie had at last come over the water, and there was to be another blow struck against the Hanoverian tyrant for liberty.

Alas! for Ireland, her fighting men were beyond the seas, along the banks of the Scheld, or the Rhine, serving France, while their own Shan-non and Suir and Nore lay unguarded.

As now, old men and boys only were in the country, yet still England felt insecure, for she knew she had been unjust; and as it did not accord with her policy, while the Highlanders and Jacobites were up in arms, to impose the utmost rigour of the Penal Laws, then in force in Ireland on the people, Lord Chesterfield, the *insouciant* man of fashion, was sent over to be "the popular viceroy" of the day.

It would be doing him, however, an injustice to merely consider him in the light of a trifier. He was really an astute clever politician, who could throw out a bait, or blow soap bubbles for the unwary, as well as any man who succeeded him as Irish viceroy, our present one not excepted. It was indeed a model viceroy who could give advice such as this, "Some time or other, (though God knows when,) it will be found out in Ireland, that the Popish religion and influence cannot be subdued by force, *but may be undermined and destroyed by art.*—Tie them," (the Catholics,) "down to the government. Use those who come over to you, though perhaps only seemingly at first, well and kindly, instead of looking for their cloven feet and their tails, as you do now. Increase both your care, and the number of the Protestant charter schools. Make your penal laws extremely mild, and then put them strictly into execution."*

While the poor Irish were dying of famine his lordship blandly looked on, and advised them to redouble their endeavours to make "fine writing paper," for it must be observed that each new Viceroy has a favourite panacea. With some it takes the form of coercion bills, with others shins of beef, while now stall feeding and the rearing of breeding sows is recommended! Surely it is heaven which

* The letters of Lord Chesterfield, edited by Lord Mahon.

sends such men! Lord Chesterfield we are assured saved Ireland from the evils of a Jacobite insurrection, and he himself in a fine spirit of humbug worthy of more modern times said, "I would much rather be remembered as the Irish Lord Lieutenant than as the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland!" And was there no protest against the rule of this man? There was, and uttered too by the poor Celtic men of the land, for we are told that "on the 24th December, 1745, William Branagan stood in the pillory in Stephen's-green for uttering treasonable expressions against his Majesty." Where was thy son, Branagan? lying perhaps in a newly made grave on the glorious field of Fontenoy! Great numbers too of Irish flocked over to Scotland to join the Jacobite rebels, and at the siege of Edinburgh Castle the attacking party was exclusively composed of them. In the same month of December "one Corbett, a popish priest, taken on board a Spanish ship was brought to Dublin and lodged in the Castle. Did you ever regain your peaceful community in Salamanca, poor Father Corbett, or did you find your way as a slave to the American plantations?"

On the 31st October, of the same year, W. and J. Murtagh, two brothers, are tried and found guilty of carrying arms, *being Papists*, and were fined each of them £30, and are to be imprisoned for one year; while Patrick Campbell, a proclaimed Tory, who has been very troublesome of late in the Counties of Louth and Meath, was taken near Dunleer, on the 14th February, 1746, by one of Mr. Johnson's of the Few's men, with the assistance of four stout fellows!! Thy career as an enlister of "wild geese," was over at last, poor Patrick Campbell! and no doubt the polite lord at "the castle" signed your death warrant with great pleasure indeed, for were you not a troublesome Tory.

The truth is, there is nothing in all this which might not be, *and is not* news of the day at present. O'.

RELICS OF OLD READINGS AND GOSSIPINGS.

No. 5.

"RETRIBUTION"—OR "PRIEST-WORRYING."

About the year 1760 was a time when insurrections and Popish rebellions overspread all Ireland, according to the account of the oppressors of the people.—Those outbreaks, however, were nothing more than agrarian explosions resulting from the merciless measures taken to collect exorbitant rents—from the exaction of tithes, and the conversion of the small holdings of the peasantry into pastures. The landlords who thus ground the faces of the poor, at first gave them the right to graze their cattle upon the commonages adjoining their farms,—which privilege partially enabled the poor struggling occupants to meet the enormous demands upon them—but after a time their unfeeling masters proceeded to enclose even these waste lands

and include them in the acreage. To remedy this cruel injustice, the oppressed tenantry assembled at midnight and levelled the new encroachments—hence were they called levellers—and again, as fresher modes of persecution were directed against them—and as they assembled in greater and more formidable numbers—and began to take the law (which was no law for them) into their own hands, and inflict signal vengeance on their unsparing tyrants—they were then called white-boys—from the fact of their wearing shirts over their clothes, the better to keep together in the night time.—

At the time we write of, a Roman Catholic Clergyman, named father Nicholas Sheehy of Clogheen, a gentleman of unblemished character—honored for his piety, and the memory of whose virtues, even to this day, is held in the highest veneration in the place where he was most foully murdered,* and the name of the law desecrated by the formal sanction of his death—this worthy priest was the first victim upon whom the government officials of the day fixed their blood-thirsty gaze. His crime was one which the landlords deemed treason to their class—he interfered between them and their victims, when they were driven from their lands and unmercifully dealt with—he condemned church rates in the parish of Newcastle—where there were no parishioners—and was suspected of holding seditious opinions with respect to the divine right of a clergy to the tenth part of the property of a half-starved people, whose souls they had no cure of. By the way, from his time—no church rates were ever more collected in the above named parish. For these offences, they persecuted to the death a minister of the gospel, who had neither offended against its law, nor against the laws of his country.

The magistrates who made themselves prominently conspicuous during this persecution, and ever after, were John Bagwell, Thomas Maude and the Rev. J. Hewetson.—The first indictment against Father Sheehy charged him with acting as a leader in a treasonable conspiracy—exercising men under arms—swearing them to allegiance to the French king, and inciting them to rebellion—and combining with four French Officers who landed in the west, in a plot for the massacre of all the Protestants.

The good priest saw clearly the odious conspiracy that was laid for his destruction—he also knew right well that if he was apprehended and tried in Clonmel, his conviction and death were certain. So he forthwith concealed himself from his enemies for a time, through the kind assistance of two Protestant gentlemen, his long tried and steadfast friends. At last there was a reward of £300 offered for his apprehension, in which bulletin he was described as a fugitive from justice, and charged with high treason. Father Sheehy† was no sooner assured of this proclamation than he wrote to Mr. Secretary Waite, acquainting him “that he would save the government the reward

* Madden—Amyas Griffith.

† Madden—Amyas Griffith.

offered for taking him, by surrendering himself out of hand, to be tried for any crime he was accused of, not at Clonmel, (where he feared the power and malice of his enemies were too prevalent for justice) but in the Court of King's Bench in Dublin," and accordingly, he delivered himself up to Cornelius O'Callaghan, Esq., of whom the present Lord Lismore is the grand nephew. The trial took place on the 10th February, 1766, in the Court of King's Bench, and was impartially conducted; the conduct of the *managers*, who got up the evidence, at every turn of the testimony, bore on its face the evident marks of subornation of perjury. The vile witnesses broke down, and after a trial of fourteen hours duration, the persecuted priest was honourably acquitted. But no sooner was the verdict pronounced than the faith of government was broken with him. The unfortunate man was informed by the Chief Justice that a charge of murder was brought against him, and on this charge he must be committed to Newgate. He was accordingly taken from the dock—removed to the prison, and, after two or three days' confinement, was put into the hands of his merciless persecutors, to be forthwith conveyed to Clonmel, whither he was brought on horseback, under a strong military escort, his arms pinioned, and his feet tied under the horse's belly.

While in the jail of Clonmel, he was double bolted, and treated in every respect with the greatest rigour. The man whom the poor priest was accused of having murdered, was named John Bridge, and was long afterwards seen by many persons in Newfoundland. However, his disappearance at the critical time afforded a pretext to his enemies, of which they gladly availed themselves, hoping with the assistance of well tried and trained informers, to shed the innocent blood of their devoted victim. The first of those vile, hired perjured prosecutors was named John Toohy, who had been in chains for a month in Kilkenny Jail for horse stealing, when he heard of the reward for good swearers, and having little hopes of life as there were home proofs against him, he said he knew a great deal relative to Father Sheehy. This soon reached the ears of Bagwell, Maude, and Lord Carrick, who visited him. He was soon removed to Clonmel, soon after allowed to walk about the streets, with a lock upon one of his legs, very soon after dressed up in tip top style—and at last perfectly tutored and instructed in his lesson of blood. In the course of the trial he was asked who gave him the new clothes. He answered, his uncle—who being in court, was examined and denied it on oath. This wretch afterwards died of glanders, a horrible loathsome disease, but not before his good friends had the mortification to hear a judge on the bench (Mr. Prime Sergeant) pronounce him perjured, and desired the jury to give no credit to his evidence. This saved the life of a relative of Father Sheehy, who stood indicted for high treason.*

The next witness against the priest was Mary Dunlea, alias, Brady

* Anyas Griffith.

—a common prostitute—and a woman of a most infamous character—she was kept in the barracks of Clonmel, for some time previous to the trial, where she was well attended. She got elegant clothes, and her table was furnished from the first tavern in the town—the ‘Spread Eagle,’ kept at that time by the widow Corbett. While in the barracks, one of the light horse-men took up with her—but after the trial, she forsook him for the more enchanting Toohy; but the vengeance of God pursued her for the perjuries she had been guilty of, and she actually died in a ditch in Kilkenny—adjoining Walkin’s Lough.*

The third evidence was a boy who went by the name of Lonergan, but his true name was Guynan, and was the natural son of a poor man of that name who lived in Clogheen. This was an accomplished young vagabond and seemed to be born for the gallows—therefore his services were secured for the present occasion. He was kept in the barracks with Mary Dunlea, and was genteelly dressed up preparatory to the trial. In some time after the trial, this abandoned wretch came to Dublin. He took up his quarters in a cellar in Barrack-street, where the arm of the Lord smote him, and he was a mass of foul ulcers from the top of his head to the soles of his feet. Mr. Terence McMahon, Apothecary, of Aungier-street, was employed to attend him. This gentleman has often declared he never visited such a miserable object in his life. He covered his body with plaisters to no purpose; the wretch died, and Mr. McMahon received for his trouble (I won’t say from whom) twenty guineas. As soon as he received it, he took it to his wife—telling her the state of the wretch for whose attendance it was the remuneration—and that he believed that God visited him with the horrid filthy plague as a judgment for having sworn away the life of his innocent priest. His wife was shocked, and exclaimed, “by no means pocket a half-penny of it—lay it out for some article of plate” he accordingly went out and bought two cups for the twenty guineas, which are, at present, in the possession of his brother and successor, Mr. McMahon of Aungier-street.† Such were the persons whose evidence committed the ill-fated Father Sheehy into the hands of an executioner, which legal functionary vengeance seems also to have pursued, which we will show presently.—Well, gentle reader—the good

* William Sheehy—a relation of the priest—Farrel and Buckstone were brought to trial soon after the execution of Father Nicholas Sheehy. Moll Dunlea was the principal witness against them. The sister of William Sheehy paid great court to Moll, calling her sister, and treating her to every dainty both in meat, drink, and dress which she in anywise coveted—in gratitude for which (for there is sometimes such a thing even amongst the most depraved), Moll swore she knew nothing of William Sheehy, even from his boyhood, but what was peaceable, just, and creditable, and so Farrell and Buckstone were sworn to death, and Sheehy was acquitted.

When the trial was over, Moll accosted Sheehy’s sister as usual with their common term of endearment, but much to her chagrin, was instantly repulsed with the hottest expressions of derision and disgust, “Devil mend me”! exclaimed Moll, “Devil mend me! that when I had the hammer in my hand, I did not clinch the nail I was driving.”

† Amyas Griffith.

priest was brought to trial, and summarily convicted on the sworn testimony of the infamous creatures whom we have just slightly sketched—and he was not only executed but afterwards drawn, quartered and beheaded—and his head fixed on a spike, and placed over the porch of the old jail in Clonmel, where it was allowed to remain for upwards of twenty years, till at length, his sister, Mrs. Burke, was permitted to take it away and bury it with his remains at Shandraghan.

Beside the ruins of the old church of Shandraghan, the grave of Father Sheehy is distinguished by the beaten path, which reminds us of the hold which his memory has, to this day, on the affections of the people. The inscriptions on the adjoining tombs are effaced by the footsteps of the pilgrims who stand over his grave, not rarely, or at stated festivals, but day after day, while the neglected tomb of the ancestors of the proud persecutor, William Bagwell, lies at a little distance unhonoured and unnoticed by them. The extraordinary judgment which fell on the persons who were instrumental to the death of Father Sheehy are still fresh in the memory of the inhabitants of Clonmel and Clogheen; several of the jury met with violent deaths—some dragged out a miserable existence, stricken with loathsome and excruciating maladies; madness was the fate of one—beggary the lot of another—recklessness of life, and remorse may be said with truth to have pursued the majority of them.* Sir Thomas Maud was the man who impannelled the jury—well how did he die? His eyes dropped out of their sockets—execrations poured from his mouth—the stench in his room was insupportable. Bagwell, of Killmore, was reduced to a state of fatuity for some time before his death—his eldest son shot himself in a packet going over to England—his property became involved, and a miserable remnant of the wreck of it is all that is now left to one of his descendants, living in a foreign land. Jonathan Willington, of Castle Willington, one of the petit jurors, dropped dead in a privy. Sandy Hoops,* another, was drowned in a ford. Robert Going died suddenly. Edward Dawson was killed by his horse. Dumville was thrown by his horse, and dragged dead into the town of

* Madden.

† Tradition relates that Sandy Hoops swore that he would *eat his boots for tripes*, or hang Father Sheehy. He was a bullock-drover; and met his death while pursuing his avocations. Crossing a ford of the river Bride, a bullock was carried down by the current; Sandy swam his horse after the beast until he was caught in a strong eddy and upset into the water—the ford was not very deep but it was choked up with soft mud, into which Sandy found himself sinking and sinking as he endeavoured to stand upright. “My boots are fastened in the mud,” he cried out to his helper. “*Eat them for tripes*” replied the man, walking away and leaving him to his fate. Next day Sandy’s remains were carried through Mitchelstown, but a poor woman raised the cry of “Father Sheehy, Father Sheehy,” and instantly the coffin and its bearers were violently assaulted with all sorts of missiles. A friend of the deceased residing in the town, incensed at these insults, loaded his gun and swore that the first person who dared to throw another stone should receive the contents of his weapon, whereupon an old woman knocked him down with a blow of a house brick. The crowd then pursued the coffin and its bearers along the high road until they came to a bridge spanning the Funcheon, where it passes by Lord Kingston’s domain, and into that river they flung the coffin and corpse of the wretched Sandy Hoops.

Nenagh, dreadfully disfigured. Tuthill cut his throat—Shaw was choked. The last survivor of them was shot by Mr. Sheehy Keating in Rehill-wood, accidentally, on a sporting excursion—Ferris died mad—One of them dropped dead at his own door—Minchin was reduced to beggary*—and, to close the scene with the meanest instrument of all, Darby Brahan, the hangman, met his fate under the following circumstances, which, as they are peculiar and singular, and still traditionally well known, we wish to relate, both for the remarkable singularity of the events connected with them, as well as that they have not as yet found their way into print. Darby Brahan was the executioner of Father Sheehy, and after that bloody ceremony, he came to perform a cast of his office on Farrell and Buckstone, the confederates of William Sheehy, who were tried and condemned immediately after the fate of the priest. Darby had just hanged Farrell, and cut him down whilst yet alive and warm, to draw and quarter him, when he perceived that his hapless victim wore an elegant green silk vest; the wretch was separating the head from the body, when the tempting garment caught his attention, but finding that the blood, spurting from the severed arteries, was beginning to sprinkle and stain the peerless silk, in his hurry and anxiety to save it, he put the bloody knife, with which he was officiating, *across his mouth*, and thus proceeded to disrobe the corpse.

A man named John Cleary who was perched up on a lamp post over the heads of the crowd, witnessed this horrid spectacle, and felt so desperately exasperated at the reckless infamy of the act, that he called to one of the men under him to hand up a stone, and being quickly supplied with the missile, he aimed it so well at Darby's skull that he struck him with so great a violence as to render him at once utterly insensible—then dropping down from the post, Cleary mingled with the crowd—and was never after discovered.

Darby Brahan had to be removed from the scene of his labours and borne away to the hospital in Clonmel, where he lay in a wretched state for a very considerable time. At last, he was discharged, but in what way—and in what condition? They were obliged to remove him on a hand-barrow, for the wound in his head had produced paralysis of all his limbs, his legs were useless—his arms stiffened back behind his body—and his head and neck were awry. In this terrible state, he presented himself once more to the world—and took up his abode in the village of Kilbenny—(so called, it is said, from a church and castle built therein by a lady named Behiny O'Brien—) Here, Darby made his resting place—seated on his handbarrow, and appealing to the peasantry to lift him about from neighbour to neighbour, to beg such alms and assistance as would keep his miserable soul and body together. And yet those people knew he was the executioner of the priest—and that the blood of the minister of God was deliberately

* Madden and Amyas Griffith.

shed by those withered arms. They even said that the three red marks on the wretch's forehead—some crimson nœvi—were the drops of Father Sheehy's blood. They marked his cadaverous soapy face—his deep-sunk piggish eyes—his long black and yellow teeth—the filthy red shock hair that grew down upon his forehead—covered by the fragments of a battered old hat, they saw the children of the village often lift it from his brow to see the three red drops, and to ask him "where was Moll Dunlea?" They heard his horrible blasphemies in reply—and marked the writhing of the mutilated impenitent cripple as his breast heaved and his mouth foamed with rage and exasperation—whilst heavy curses and maledictions poured from his hideous mouth. They marked the devil venom corroding his very features by the incessant workings of skin and muscle—and they ever saw the brutal thanklessness with which he received even the greatest acts of undeserved favour and kindness—yet, after all—and notwithstanding the hideousness of the loathsome object—there seemed to be in the whole village but one unanimous opinion about the blasphemer on the barrow—and that was that the Almighty had stricken him and marked him—and that vengeance was his.

The Irish people, every where, and under all circumstances, forbear to taunt the creature that God has visited with any affliction; if the victim be virtuous, they respect and reverence him; if he be wicked, they ever treat him with consideration and forbearance. No Irish peasant was ever known to raise a rough hand, or say a harsh word to a poor cripple—God help him. So it was too, with Darby Braham; he was carried about from house to house, received help and charity everywhere, and although he only gave blasphemies and maledictions in return, still nobody ever dreamt of retorting upon him, or refusing him a place or a corner for a night's rest. After a time, Darby removed to the little hamlet of Anglesborough, and here his days were fated to draw to a close, for, on an occasion, when he wished to be moved to another townland in the district, he secured the assistance of two men to bear him along on his barrow, which they did indeed with right good will until they came to the bridge of Beal-ath-na-Mihane, which crosses a ravine bounded on all sides by hills and mountains, and is the channel for furious floods in autumn and winter. On the battlements of this bridge, they set down Darby's barrow, to rest themselves, and to have a chat with the old sinner. They began to banter the wretch upon the events of his past life, and as he began to foam and swear, and toss his mutilated body about in his rising rage, the men persisted in railing at him the more, until at last, they upbraided him with the hanging and beheading of the priest, and his companionship with the infamous Moll Dunlea, with the blood marks on his forehead, and the retribution that befell him by the paralysis of his limbs, with his hardened and vile impenitence—and at last, declared—in the face of a torrent of blasphemies from his reeking lips—that they would carry him no further, but leave him to cool himself for the evening on the top of

the battlements. At this announcement the ex-hangman lost all control over the fearful passion of his dark soul—he writhed—and swore and blasphemed—and foamed and hissed like a very demon—until with his untiring contortions—and to the horror of the two retreating men, the barrow tottered on its narrow landing—swayed for a moment to and fro—and as the devoted wretch swore one tremendous and ringing oath up into the face of Heaven—it toppled over, and he was precipitated into the furious and foaming waters beneath. Some filthy gorge must have swallowed him—for his hideous remains were never after discovered.

CAROLAN.

END OF THE JUST.

I.

By a garden full of roses
Never doomed to drear decay,
Flows a river, near which dozes
A harper old, long gone away,
From his country and his home,
From his friends and from his home,
From the toils which life bestow
As rewards on all below.

II.

In this garden bright and lovely,
Little folks are known to dwell,
Singing songs of heaven's own melody
Which that harper knows right well;
And in mournful mood he ever,
Tunes that harp, which death can never
From his hand, now weak with care,
Tear its chords of music rare.

III.

The little band within do sing
And raise their voices to give God glory,
Whilst the minstrel grey, again
Upon his harp relates his story.
Oh! ye winds, come tell me tales
Of my native hills and dales.

IV.

Bring me tidings from the vales
Where youth and beauty on me smiled,
Oh! is my love swept by the gales
Of death in its dominions wild?
Or, gentle winds, is she still there
Living happy, fresh and fair?

V.

"Dead," said the winds, the little band
Took up the chorus then within,
Dead, old man, dead, long left the land,
That wilderness of shame and sin,
And rests in silence far away,
In the cold and dismal day.

VI.

And my children, said the man,
Oh! ye winds, say where are they?
Oh! ye angel bands who fan
This land of roses, bright and gay,

Are my children, tell me, tell,
Living happy, hale, and well?

VII.

Thy children, said the winds of even,
Thy children, sang the angel band,
Who raised their voices now to heaven,
Poor man, long have left that land,
And thy friends and kindred all
Are now sleeping 'neath death's pall.

VIII.

How many years, said the minstrel grey,
As the tear came trickling from his eye,
Ye winds, Oh! happy angels say,
How many years do they now lie
Beneath the sod of dismal clay,
And o'er the mountains far away?

IX.

A thousand summer suns have shone,
A thousand winters too have rolled,
Since they passed from earth along,
From the land you loved of old,
And in a happier, now they sing
The praises of the Eternal King.

X.

The angels then did ope the gates
And said, old minstrel now come in,
For your sorrows end their dates,
And your children are within,
Here they come to welcome you,
Your happy wife and children too.

XI.

Six angel seraphs clad in gold,
With beaming harps of music rare,
That minstrel's children who of old
Lived with him happy, free from care,
Now that his sufferings are all o'er,
Said, Father come for evermore.

XII.

They raised him on their little hands
And to their lovely garden bore him,
Where he joined the angel bands,
And his wife who went before him,
And in heaven they now enjoy
One happy life above the sky.

THE LITTLE FOLKS STORY TELLER.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

THE "BRIDAL OF DEATH" has been placed amongst the Manuscript for the January number of the Monthly Series.

"OLD '98"—We have received your communication and would like greatly to see these songs and ballads of the latter half of the 18th century collected and published; some of them were full of power, and breathed an amount of true national poetry rarely met with in modern peasant songs and ballads. We remember to have once heard a peasant in a tent at a pattern sing the burning verses, "Curses on Ballyragget," and the memory of it was burned into our very soul; he sang it half English half Irish, beating time to it with his clenched hand on the table; a large circle surrounded him of peasant boys and girls, who had seated themselves that the piper's fingers and their own legs might have some rest from a recent jig. How their merry laughter had sunk into subdued silence, while all eyes were fixed upon him as he described in a declamatory song the murder of the Whiteboys for which Ballyragget and its castle won fame, while the wild and simple imagery that pictured the fish fleeing along the waters before the streams of Irish blood which coloured the previously pure liquid, and how the sun never shines since that awful morning, but a cloud hides its rays from the accursed village, Could any one supply us with that Whiteboy song?

The songs of '98 are equally scarce. We remember a verse of one we heard sung in our boyhood, having reference to the latter period of the insurrection, when the Orange yeomanry were aiding England—

"The Lion of England advances apace,
Go Orange and meet his fraternal embrace,
But pray be not angry should he scratch your jaws,
You hindered the croppies from clipping his claws."

And another written in reply to the Orange song of "Croppies lie down." Of this too we but remember three verses, and we give them in the hope that some one may supply the deficiency.

"Perhaps my Lord Jack in full confidence dare
Resolve by a song for to lengthen our hair.

Ye crops who're determined to smile at the spleen,
Excited in hacks by the sight of what's green,
Join with me in the laugh at those pimps of a crown
Who think they have talents for putting us down,
But up—we croppies get up.

Till virtue is treason—fidelity a crime—
The crops must despise the Orangemen's rhyme,
E'en drink to the dregs of misery's cup
Ere they cease to be faithful, or cease to be up,
Up, up—croppies get up

Then croppies, "though scoundrels," oppose your design,
With truth for your leader, success shall be thine;
Oppression and tyranny shortly must stop,
And when these are down we will surely be up,
Up, up—then croppies get up.

We will be thankful for any shred in this direction.

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The Celt.

"THE WISE MAN GATHERETH KNOWLEDGE, AND RULETH HIS OWN HOUSE."—*Old Celtic Proverb.*

No. 22, Vol. I.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1857. [ONE PENNY.

EDWARD WALSH.

IV.

In this sketch of Edward Walsh, it has been our intention from the beginning, to give the reader an insight into the character of the *man*, of the *poet* the Irish public will, we trust, shortly have an opportunity of judging. We have also endeavoured, as often as we could do so, to let the man speak for himself; in pursuance of this plan we proceed with our extracts from his private correspondence. His letters are now dated not "Convict Depot, Spike Island," but "Cork Union Workhouse." It is hard to say which post was the more revolting to him; however, in Cork he had his wife and children with him, and that to a nature like his was everything. The following letters were written to an old and unwavering friend of the poet, whose name, at his own request, we withhold:—

*Cork Union Workhouse,
September, 9th, '49.*

My dear Friend,

I have received your's of the 6th instant; you and Mrs. C—— will be glad to learn that my poor wife is past all danger from her late sickness. I brought her home from the hospital on last Monday, after lying there four weeks. Her's was the worst case of brain fever at the hospital for the last two years. However, she has been out walking to-day, and is in excellent spirits, considering her previous sufferings. She has been to-day regretting her fine profuse hair, which the nurse-tenders cut off and sold, those,

"Ringlets rich and rare,
By nature's fingers wove,"

which I once celebrated. I need not say how delighted she is at your present prospects, and how she hugs the hope of soon seeing Mrs. C—— in Cork. By the way, I was not prepared for some of the revelations in your letter. Keegan is dead,—let me know when and of what he died. He had more *natural* talent than all "Young Ireland," to say nothing of the *ould* section. Tell me, like a good fellow, (I did not miscall you there,) did the biting rhyme of the *Mail* or Terry O'Driscoll of the *Warder*, say nothing of the Queen's smiting with her royal sword the shoulder of Sir Tim, the Lord Mayor and M.P. for Cashel? It was a fertile subject. I am worked here from 6 in the morning till 8 at night, and always have to get a pass from the master to go for an instant beyond the gate.

October, 11th, '49

The hint you furnished me of looking for some situation in the College is a good one, a change to such a place would be a great relief and mercy to me. How greatly I could be delighted to be near you, to hear your friendly voice and look into your benevolent eyes. I hope and pray that God may grant me such a lot. I never made many friends. I have had through life some inborn intuitive perception of the man whom I would and could love; and the number of them I found to be remarkably few. I am writing this at 5½ in the evening, with the dull twilight of the school-room closing upon me, and the noise of a hundred pair of iron-bound clogs over my head. Do you not pity your poor sensitive friend, dear C—, in this most uncongenial place. My best regards to you and yours, my own dear friend. EDWARD WALSH.

The last of these letters is dated February, 1850; he had rallied after an attack of the illness, (disease of the heart,) which carried him off in the Autumn of the same year. He requests his friend to send him some of the literary gossip of Dublin, "how does O'Daly's book sell?" &c., &c., "you and Father O'Connor," he concludes, "are the only men living with whom I have the slightest friendly intercourse."

Poor Walsh's over sensitiveness was the plague of his life. He was painfully alive to even the shadow of neglect on the part of his friends. So has it been with Burns, and Gerald Griffin, and with almost every one whom in addition to an independent spirit,

"Phœbus in his ire,
Hath blasted with poetic fire."

There is a certain jealousy and fretfulness, created in the breast of the *independent* man of genius, by the consciousness of poverty and its sordid causes. When Edward Walsh thought himself forgotten by every one, he had the sympathy of the best spirits in Ireland. Gavan Duffy went to the very gate of the "palace of poverty," where he was immured, but fearing that this meeting would be a painful one to the dying bard, Mr. Duffy checked the anxious desire he had to see him, and left Cork without carrying out his intention of visiting Edward Walsh. It is as well to mention here, that the poor poet's widow declares that if it was not for Mr. Duffy, she would have been obliged to go into the poor-house long ago. She also expresses herself deeply grateful to Mr. Hoey. And poor Maurice Leyne flew to her rescue, and was about preparing a volume of Walsh's poetry for the press, when he himself was snatched away in the bloom of his manhood.

* * * * *

Come we now to the death bed of Edward Walsh. It is the autumn of the year. Spring put forth its buds, and the birds sang, and the white-thorn blossomed, and the voice of the cuckoo was heard in the woods. But he pined away amid the dust and buzzard worry of that workhouse schoolroom; and never once looked upon the gentle sickly primrose, nor felt the balmy air of the fields upon his cheek. Summer came with its blue skies and dewy evenings, and still:—

" Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
Or the water-woosing willows ;
Where in laughing and in sobbing
Glide the streams away,"

he gasped through the live long day at his wearying monotonous toil. And now the merry harvest time is at hand ; and these poor pauper children are thinking of the stooks in the corn-fields, and of the happy homes they were driven from by the cruel landlord. Some of them who are old and strong enough will sally forth to seek employment. God help them ! and God help Ireland ! But the tall schoolmaster with the mournful eyes, whom they saw wasting away since the springtime, is not there now. They had learned to love him ; and they wonder what has happened to him, or whether he will come back any more. They looked upon him with awe, too, for some of the bigger and more intelligent boys had found out that he made a book himself ! and was a great poet. They remember how sometimes he used to forget the lessons altogether, and remain with his forehead resting on the desk for a long while ; and once or twice they were frightened to see tears dropping upon the book before him. But then he would recover himself, and motion to them so gently, with his white hand, to go on, and stroke the little boys' heads, and draw them close to him—they could not choose but love him. But his last day's drudgery is done. The struggle with poverty and humiliation is over. The craving for sympathy (which is the very sunlight of genius) is felt no more. Forgotten and neglected as he thought himself, he awaits calmly and with resignation the approach of death. But there is one heart whose truth he never doubts, and whose affection for him shone the brighter for his misfortunes. The tried love of the peasant girl has expanded into heroism. She is with him—and he feels it would be agony to miss her, even for an instant, from his bedside. The priest has entered and beckoned to the weeping children (whom their dying father has over and over blessed) and they leave the room. That pale woman too, makes a movement to withdraw, but he holds her hand. The priest stoops down to catch his voice. What does he say ? " He had little to conceal from her during life, and now that he is dying he has nothing ! " So the clergyman desires her to remain, and having administered the last rites of the church to the dying man, he retires noiselessly from the room. They are alone now—these two whom God joined long ago in the little chapel by the Blackwater. His lips move—what does he say ? " Pray." And she does pray, and with her prayer the soul of Edward Walsh is borne upwards to the throne of light. The bruised and broken heart has ceased to beat. All is over ! Poor bereaved mourner, you may withdraw your hand, he will not miss it now. We draw a veil over your sorrow, yet, remembering his last words, we say, be comforted. You have fulfilled your mission. What a testimony of your truth—what a world of trust and undying love is contained in that little sentence, " I had little to conceal from her during life, and now that I am dying

I have nothing." In all your trials (and up to this they have been many and severe) let these last words be your consolation, till you and he meet again, where friends are never parted, and sorrow is unknown.

While we write we have received a letter from a friend in Dublin, an extract from which we beg to call the reader's attention to. His is no begging advertisement. The poet's widow could not beg, yet surely there are Irishwomen in Dublin whose hearts will prompt them to devise some means of assisting her. Our friend, who belongs to the medical profession, writes:—"I saw your friend Mrs. Walsh several times last week. Her little daughter, a most interesting child of twelve, being ill I volunteered my services, and as the poor woman was unable to pay a doctor, and too proud to apply for relief at the dispensary, she intrusted her to my care. It is lamentable to see a woman of such a soul and such a heart suffering so much privation. She is dependent on her needle alone for the daily sustenance of herself and two children; and though an experienced workwoman her poverty debars her from profitable employment. Few indeed would wish to be seen walking in the streets where she is compelled to drag on life. Her lodging is the "wretched garret of a wretched locality." Are there no friends of Edward Walsh to undertake the publication (it could be done by subscription) of a volume of his poems and legends, in order to rescue her whose love was the sunshine of his existence, from a fate like this? As if there should be no circumstance wanting to awake sympathy for the widow of Edward Walsh, his eldest son, "poor Adam," is a sailor boy!

The publisher has just informed us that this week's Celt must be in the hands of the printer earlier than usual. We regret this as we have promises of whole bundles of the poet's correspondence. Amongst the rest a batch of interesting letters, written (while translating the "Jacobite Relics!") to Mr. O'Daly himself; and another batch of his letters to his good friend Father O'Connor. We request all our friends to forward whatever manuscripts they may have to the Honorary Secretary of the Celtic Union; this hasty memoir is not *the* biography of Edward Walsh. We are glad to see that we have succeeded in our object of awakening an interest for the poet's memory. We trust the result will be the publication of a creditable volume of his works.

There is one point upon which—pressed as we are for time—we must satisfy the reader's curiosity. *The man* whom Edward Walsh disliked was Thomas Davis! Thomas Davis:—

"The kingliest king that ever dear Ireland saw"—

round whose early grave a nation gathered in speechless woe; Thomas Davis, whose heart leaped for very joy at every gleam of talent that shot from the soul of the Old Land, and at the mention of whose name our hearts, to this day, will swell into our throats! 'Tis strange—'tis passing strange.

In the misunderstanding of those two men (albeit one of them was no leader) there is, youth of Ireland! a lesson for you. Men may differ, and talk, and write bitterly of one another, and be good men all the

time. And if those whom you look up to as your prophets and your guides should happen to quarrel, do not you therefore split up into factions; and if an unkind feeling against your brother, should have taken root in your hearts, think of the graves of Thomas Davis and Edward Walsh—and pluck it out. Be tolerant of one another's opinions, Agree upon the one main point and it is enough. Do this and you will be prepared to turn to good account the OPPORTUNITY, which God, in his own good time, will send to this long oppressed land.

EXILES.

J.

"Cælum non animam mutant."

They say—who deal in *fairy* lore,
That many years ago;
Some date it back to the black plague,
And some, to the "great snow."
Those merry elves forsook our land,
And 'neath a southern sun,
Forsook their names and natures, too,
And dwindled one by one
Into the beauteous humming-birds
That wile the sunny hour,
A diving in the nectaries
Of golden bud and flow'r;
And heedless of the land they left,
Give all their hearts away,
To the bright drop of the honey dew
That oozes night and day.

They say—who deal in *human* lore,
In proud days gulphed by fate—
Some date them back to the "Brigade,"
And some to "forty-eight."
That stalwarth men left Ireland,
As men will leave the field,
When the last banner quits the sky,
To pall the prostrate shield.
Tribe after tribe left Ireland—
The sickles and the ploughs—
The valleys where the labour-drops
Oft trickled from their brows.
The graves of their lost kindred—
The hearths where they were bred—
The angle-nooks where they were born,
The shrines where they were wed.
Those men must still be Irish,
By nature and by name,
They have not changed by exile yet,
To their poor country's shame;
Their land of promise years here,
A night-harp in the foam
Of the sad tides of the old land,
Singing mournfully of home;
Of home—and of a Christmas time,
When kith and kin oft met,
When hands were clasped in a loving grasp,
And eyes, with joy were wet.
Those men sit now by foreign hearths,
And at this holy time,
Wend by the mighty rivers,
When Christmas joybells chime.

Ah! then may they remember
The night-harp in the foam
Of the sad tides of the dear old land,
Singing mournfully of home.
Remember roof-trees wrecking,
And, shivering in the snow,
The squalid homeless peasant groups,
Whom once they loved to know.
Remember the poor Cottier,
With his worn heart and hand,
Urging his very life beneath
The over-delved land
Think of the surly *Bodagh*,
The slaver of the poor,
Who, like the fiend of famine,
Stands crouching at their door
To blight their coming future,
To claim their sweat and blood—
To seal God's given fountain—
To rob the children's food.
Think of their days of childhood,
Of valley and of glen,
Where round the graves of freedom
Rose myriads of brave men.
Aye—'mid the might of tyrants,
They pledged their patriot vow,
With not one tithe of the sunny hope,
That smiles for the island now.

Ye men who sit by foreign hearths!
Look out upon the sea!
Look out for every ship that sails
From your own long loved country;
And cherish every exile pale
That steps upon the shore—
As vessels of unfailing wrath
To Saxons evermore.
Cherish them—they are the tears
The sad land sweeps away,
The living tears welled from her heart
Through many a bitter day.
Cherish them, for they may be
The seeds of hope to come,
The grains that yet may grow the tree
To shade a Freeman's home.

CAROLAN.

accounts. She, with a woman's keen discernment, saw all this—God bless her for it—and gave me a large fur cloak, and some refreshments. As I am a rather careless unproviding creature, I gladly accepted of them. The ice being broken, we got very smoothly into conversation. I think, that something like what lovers call a mutual attachment, sprung up between us; but, alas! we were young and timid. I was so smitten with my companion, that I forgot every thing else, until the guard called out—she started and said, "I must get down here." She told me her name and address, I looked for my card, but that cursed card-case was in my bag. I had her by the hand, speaking something very soft, no doubt, when puff! puff!! goes the engine, "Take care, Miss," and "keep in, Sir," said the guard, and he ruthlessly shoved us asunder. I forgot name, and all with thinking of her, and was never able to make her out since. But to return to our mail cars. It is now some years since I chanced to travel in one with an English gentleman. He had a respectable dread of robbers in general, and of Tipperary ones in particular. He was coming over to take possession of some property that was bequeathed to him by a friend, his head was full of all kinds of absurd notions about the *Irish*, how they would murder a man for fun, or at the most for some whieakey. He was a very important little man in his own estimation. I wonder that he did not get the Lord Lieutenant to send a detachment of dragoons to escort him, or at least to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act in Tipperary, while he was in it, for I should have told you that our way lay through Tipperary. However, the brave Jack Falstaff Englishman did not require these—for had he, I think they would be granted, but boldly resolved to defy all danger with a nice pair of pistols. The gentleman groaned and railed at our cursed roads and cars, at every heg the old asthmatic coach gave.

I believe that a part of his ill humour was owing to the dislike the English have to everything Irish, except our beef and mutton, our corn and taxes. At length, being tired of grumbling, he with the most patient composure, muffled himself up in his cloak, and drew his cap over his head. After a time, the coach came suddenly to a full stop, "Good God," said the Englishman, starting up, "what is this about? One of their cursed delays, perhaps it is going to be robbed we are." "Well, I don't wonder if we were," said a quiet little gentleman, who occupied a corner. From his great indifference about the matter, I set him down as not having much money, or at least that he was so accustomed to be robbed, that he was quite reconciled to it. "I don't wonder if we were, it's not the first time men were robbed and murdered here." "You don't say so," said the Englishman, with a suppressed groan, "but it is all right now anyway, I see we are moving again." "Indeed I do, though," said the other, not minding the interruption, "it's not six months since a coach was robbed here before." "But, was there any one hurt?" "Only two passengers that were fools enough to make a fuss about their

money; they were found next morning with their pockets and their throats cut." "Well!" "Why nothing more but that the fellows escaped with their booty." "And were they never arrested?" "No, but in searching for them, the police found two or three fellows that were after shooting a landlord, and they were hanged." "Why did they shoot him?" said the other, getting very pale. "Oh! for nothing, he only pulled down the cabins over them, and turned them out of their little farms; there was a young fellow whose old grey-haired father was tossed out of his sick bed on the day of eviction, and left to die under cold and snow in the yard. This young fellow was heard, as he knelt on the snow over the coffin of his father, to swear vengeance on the landlord. This was the chief proof they had against him, it was enough, they hung him though he vowed, with his dying breath, his innocence."

"But was not the houses and lands the landlord's, and why could not he do as he pleased with them? besides it is an improvement to the country that these cabins should be levelled." "So you think, I dare say," said the other with a sneer, "but these misguided people that were left without a roof to cover them thought otherwise: these cabins were their homes and precious to them as his palace to the lord."

"But do you fear any danger now," said the Englishman looking rather nervous. "I do not *fear* it," said the other with emphasis on fear, "but then this road is said to be infested with a gang."

"Now! I am sure I will not give up my money while I have pistols to defend myself;" so saying he cocked and laid them beside him.

"Perhaps not," said the other, "but then it might be better for you to be robbed than killed, for as I was telling you, just at the next hill the coach was robbed and the passengers butchered."

The little gentleman quietly sat back in his seat. The nervous gentleman did the same, inwardly cursing Ireland and the Irish, and wishing himself back in England again. He handed me the pistols, remarking that I was more likely to keep awake than himself. Just as we came to the foot of the hill we heard a cry of murder from the guard, followed by an awful crash. Women and children were in an uproar. "They are at it," said the quiet gentleman without stirring. "We are murdered, spare my life and take my purse!" said the nervous one, almost paralyzed with fear. With that a fellow pops a head black as Lucifer's through the window shouting out, "All right! don't be afraid, keep as you are." "Fire—fire! shoot him!" gasped the nervous gentleman. I being young and thoughtless, and having a few ladies in who kept up the uproar, I looked upon myself as a kind of knight errant, and accordingly blazed away at the poor man's head in the window. Fortunately for him and for me the cap missed. "It is but an accident," said the quiet gentleman, who had his head out in another window all the time. "I'll try another," said I, putting my head out to make sure of my mark. "The coach I mean," said the other. As I cast my eyes along for my victim, to my surprise I saw coach,

cars, and horses stuck together in respectable confusion. After some explanation we learned, to the great joy of the nervous gentleman, that we had stuck in some collier's drays. We had to wait some time for daylight, and then had to walk three miles to the nearest town. The nervous gentleman, quite crest-fallen in valor, vowed that he would not spend one week in Ireland, a vow which he faithfully kept; he felt thankful that he was not shot, and I, that I had not rashly shot another.

AYMER CLAYTON.

THE BATTLE OF THE CURLEW MOUNTAINS.

(*For the Celt.*)

In splendour array'd,
Stern Clifford came forth,
With his host to invade
The green hills of the North.
Oh many a knight,
With high hope in his eyes,
Went forth with delight,
On that bold enterprise.

With a hero's heart swelling,
And bright as a star,
The lordly Dunkellin
Rode on to the war;
And Ratcliffe whose sword
Was tremendous in fight,
A tower and a ford
Was the Chief in his might.

"On, on to the mountain,
Our foes dwelling rude,
Let your swords in a fountain
Of blood be imbrued,
Till their fastness of safety,
With carnage is spread—
And the valleys grow lofty
With piles of their dead."

With cavalry prancing,
Their course they begun,
With helmets all glancing
The rays of the sun;
With burning hearts heaving,
For conquest and spoil,
Were the chieftains when leaving
The borders of Boyle.

With red banners streaming,
The glorious array,
With battle-spears gleaming,
March'd proud on their way;

Thro' the glen's rocky border,
They hurry along,
In close battle order,
Majestic and strong.

As bursts the red thunder,
Fierce, sudden and loud,
Swift tearing asunder,
The dark mountain cloud;
As the tempest's roar swells,
Round the sea-faring crew,
So rang the wild hills,
With "O'Donnell Aboo."

The bagpipes are sounding,
Tyrconnell's dread charge—
The clansmen are bounding,
With war-axe and targe;
From the shade of the fern,
The mountain's deep screen,
The legions of Kern,
All rising are seen.

Like the anger of heaven,
The galloglass poured—
Like a hailstorm driven,
Their bullets they shower'd;
Like a fiery blaze brightning,
The keen-flashing axe,
With the swiftness of lightning,
The foeman attacks.

As a ghost on the wings
Of some wild gloomy night,
The red hero springs,
In the van of the fight:
The leader he singled—
Their weapons are raised,
While around, fiercely mingled,
The battle swords blazed.

As rushes the beagle,
 On Callan's young fawn—
 As sweeps the strong eagle,
 O'er woodland and lawn.
 So to combat they rush'd,
 And their broad swords they drew,
 But Clifford's blood blushed,
 On the steel of Red Hugh.

In bloody profusion,
 The columns are tost,
 Disorder—confusion,
 Environ the host ;
 Like the blast of contagion,
 By Azrael blown,
 So that late splendid legion,
 Lay mangled and strown.

The spears of the warriors
 Are broken like reeds,
 In the mountain's wild barriers,
 The proud stranger bleeds.

The haughty invaders
 Shall ne'er fight again—
 Steeds, riders and leaders
 Lie dead in the glen.

The red tide is swelling
 O'er valley and plain,
 Ratcliff and Dunkellin
 Lie mixed with the slain.
 The eagles are speeding
 To feast on the dead,
 Where still freshly bleeding,
 Their corpses lie spread.

There's harping and feasting
 In Ulster to-night,
 The victors are hast'ning
 To share the delight ;
 The maids of Tyrconnell
 Are chanting a hymn,
 In praise of O'Donnell
 The battle's bright gem.

THOMOND.

A GENTLEMAN OF THE *SMALL SCHOOL*.

Mr. Blank is a rising man. Sprung from ancestors unknown to heraldry, his highest ambition is to be a gentleman ; and this object he steadily keeps in view. He adopts, as far as lies in his power, the habits, the amusements, and the tastes of those whom he has proposed to himself as models ; but is sometimes unfortunate in his selection. He hunts foxes, shoots grouse, patronises grotesque costumes, and is as dangerous an enemy to female-peasant virtue as the very worst of all his betters. His dress is sometimes that of a groom or a game-keeper, and then—to do him justice—he is as like a groom or a game-keeper as nature—we beg pardon, as dress could make him. In conversation he affects the language and accent of a well-bred Englishman, but his success is limited to the patois of a Yorkshire ploughman and a deterioration of the Yankee snuffle. Mr. Blank is still a bachelor ; not because he is a misogynist, far from it—his habits sufficiently prove the contrary—but because no young lady of great personal attractions, unexceptional family, and multitudinous Bank of Irelands, has, up to this, invited him to come, see and conquer ; he must be wooed before he is won, that he must. He is a man of ability ; but his literary qualifications are very limited, being confined to the inditing of a promissory note or a bill at 91 days. He is an extensive land-jobber, a P.L.G., and a “great man's deputy great man.” His votes in the boardroom and at the hustings are given at the beck of the great landowner whose tenant he is, and whom he dared not disobey at the risk of being thrown back a dozen of years in his progress. In

politics he is an ardent supporter of his own individual interests; Independent Opposition, being calculated to promote the public good only, is his special aversion. He does not abhor extermination because it seldom reaches men of his class, but on the contrary affords them opportunities of adding to their already too numerous farms. The driving out upon the world of hundreds of the human occupants of the soil to make room for *his* fellow-creatures, the cattle, gives him far less concern than the price of stock at Ballinasloe. In short, the most contemptible of all Ireland's recreant sons, and the most regardless of her wrongs and sufferings, is the would-be gentleman of the small school.

DUNS SCOTUS.

RELICS OF OLD READINGS AND GOSSIPINGS.

No. 6.

RAGE AND REPENTANCE.

(A Tradition of Munster.)

The night-sky of midsummer looked tranquilly down upon the beautiful glen of Aherlow—there was the flash of waters in the deep shadows, and the tinge of the moon's mellow tintings on the edges of the mountain foliage—the brown eagle slept in his eyrie, and the wind gently swam through the deep, dark passes that led down abruptly to the close and narrow highway. The dew fell heavily upon the toothed fern—and the stealthy footsteps of the prowling animals of the night pattered amongst the fallen leaves as they ventured down the several little secret paths, bowered by the brushwood, which led them into the many coveted angles which they dared not approach in the open glare of mid-day.

In the midst of this gentle, beautiful, and solitary scene, stood a little rude hut, by the side of the road-way, and backed by one of the precipitous sides of the great glen, within which a motley group of peasants were assembled for the night. The owner was an old crone who earned a livelihood by making her house a ready rendezvous for all the wicked and licentious characters of the surrounding localities—men who, taking advantage of the political disturbances of the day, when the United Irishmen were valiantly battling for their own, on the one side, and the truculent stipendiaries of England standing up slavishly for their heartless step-mother on the other, failed not to profit by the many opportunities thus afforded to perpetrate crimes for their own peculiar aggrandisement, which they hoped would be placed at the doors of either of the contending combatants. Midnight fell down upon the glen and upon the infamous house of the old crone, its unscrupulous hostess—but still the abandoned crew within were drinking and carousing. They were closely grouped about a filthy deal

table, upon which the black soot from the wet rafters above dripped and dripped with heaving oozing drops—and a thick foggy atmosphere pervaded the wretched chamber, as well from the breaths of its many occupants as the fume from a huge tallow candle that occupied a grease-encrusted wooden candlestick, standing in the midst. The men were card-playing—some old men too—with their long, lank, bearded faces and red eyes—old reprobates grown grey in sin and hardened in iniquity—and young men with fierce faces and sullen brows, who had evidently but just parted the last links that bound them to honest industry—and some few youths, whose pale and worn cheeks and reckless and insolent bearing told of green brands thrown early and suddenly into the burning. There was an overwhelming heavy-smelling odour of ardent spirits and beer and tobacco-smoke pervading the whole apartment—glasses lay broken upon the reeking board, and bottles and pewter measures flanked it on all sides. As the night waned, the gamblers began to drink deeply and play furiously, swearing at each other and striking the table madly with their clenched fists. Some who were winning wished the game to go on, whilst those who had nearly lost all their ill-acquired gains, were equally zealous to end the night in a furious encounter, in hopes that by such means they might violently recover what was otherwise irrecoverably gone. This consummation was easily attained—one glass the more—one menacing blasphemy—a cry of foul play—a push—a blow—down with the wooden candlestick—out with the light—and the *fracas* commenced.

Then succeeded shout and yell—deep execrations—frantic cries for vengeance—and epithets of infamy and vileness. The pewter vessels did horrid injury, and the glasses and bottles flew about dangerously in the dark, felling the wretched brawlers on every side, and spilling their burning blood in deep gouts on their persons, on the table, and wherever their wet hands grasped for a weapon or a victim in their blind and resistless rage. Whilst this hellish din roared on, the mild and beautiful light of the morning poured into the cursed abode. The old crone opened the hitherto barred-up door, in hopes of saving her vile cabin from utter wreck, and as the full glare of day broke in upon the scene, one of the miserable men lay, apparently a corpse, at the feet of the combatants.

“The man is murdered, ye devil’s imps,” roared out the terrified beldame; “the man is murdered between ye, and ye’ll swing for it, every mother’s son of ye?” This wild announcement caused a sudden lull in the fierce encounter, some seized the prostrate man by the shoulders and shook him, and called to him—some sprinkled him profusely with cold water, whilst an old ruffian—the hoariest of the lot—attempted to pour some whiskey into his throat from a broken black bottle—no, no, it was all of no avail—no sign of returning animation—no breath—no sigh—no sign—he was cold and dead, “Boys,” whispered the old wretch, in a husky tone, “drop your contentions, the man is done for; this is no safe place for anybody to be found now, so,

every man for himself, the woman will be silent for her own sake. Away with ye in different directions, and at once, and keep your own councils. This advice was speedily and expeditiously followed, and in a few moments the wicked old crone was left alone with the corpse, in the midst of the filthy *debris* of the last night's horrible debauch. This, however, was no new occurrence with the vile beldame, nor was she long at a loss how to demean herself under the present unfavourable appearances, for, forthwith, and as if by an impulsive and inherent ingenuity, she betook herself to the door, and clapping her hands and tearing her hair, bellowed aloud for the edification of any who might be passers by, that a band of ruffians had murdered a man in her house, and had made their escape down the glen.

Three labouring men—they were brothers—very soon came the way, proceeding to their daily labour, at that early morning hour, and hearing the frantic cries of the old woman immediately rushed to her assistance. They heard her piteous story, entered the house, took up from the soddened floor the miserable body of the victim, and endeavoured in every way that humanity could suggest, to recover him, but all their efforts were of no avail. the man was dead, irrecoverably dead. The report spread like wildfire through Aherlow that murder had been committed in the little sheebecn house in the Glen, and thither soon crowded a whole concourse of curious inquirers, and amongst them a certain Captain of Yeomanry, being well known in the neighbourhood as an individual ardently zealous in administering English laws after a peculiar fashion of his own, as being a mode most consonant with the state of affairs then existing in Ireland. This gallant functionary questioned the old crone closely about the several visitors who were in her house the preceding night, but could get no satisfactory reply ; in fact it was clear she was resolved not to peach on her very respectable customers and supporters. She knew none of them she protested—not one—nor anybody who resorted her place that night or that morning but the three boys, Doolings, who were there a couple of hours after, trying to recover the corpse. "The Doolings," repeated his worship musingly. "Were these men with you over night," he asked, "No, your honor, they only came in in the morning when they heard me crying out for help and assistance for the dying sinner within."

No matter, thought the yeoman, those three fellows are noted United Irishmen, and this will serve as an admirable opportunity to put an end to their rebellious career. The dead man was removed and buried, and there was nothing further about the matter for a few days, when, suddenly, the three Doolings were arrested for the murder, on the evidence of a notorious informer, and were instantly put into durance vile.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ORIGINAL FABLE.

An old and experienced duck that had brought forth many healthy and happy clutches, and prided herself supremely on her superior qualifications as a mother and wet nurse, was sadly puzzled one day by the vagrant humour of a small, beautiful and favourite duckling which was really the offspring of a wild duck's egg. "Stay at home," gabbled the old and experienced duck, sagely bobbing her head downwards in order to lend emphasis to the sagacity of her apostrophe, "stay at home, stay at home," she quacked, "don't be a fool : stay at home, here's oats" (old experienced ducks I may remark prefer short sentences, as they suit the idiomatic elegancies of the wide spread language of the web-footed people) "here's oats ; good duck meat, good duck meat mantles the adjacent pond : stay at home, stay at home : don't be a fool." "Ah! mother, mother!" sighed the tameless offspring of unreclaimed and unsubduable duckicity, flapping her sides in an erect attitude with the ragged stumps of her mutilated wings in a fit of passionate violence, "mother! mother!" She cast as she spoke a longing glance at the azure vault of the limitless skies, that seemed to smile through all its extent at this ingenuous parley, "it is impossible. See how serenely the beautiful sky opens its azure bosom to receive me. Oh that I were up there! What lakes I should behold ; what marshes I should perceive, what rivers, streams and sloppery pools! Oh! that I were up there, free and on the wing." Here the speaker bounced violently from the ground flew out of the farm yard (in spite of the ejaculations of her distracted and afflicted mother, who harshly creaked a grating remonstrance) the young duck rose with a strenuous effort mounting to a considerable height in the air. But at this moment the sharp detonation of a fowling piece levelled by a passing sportsman brought the quacking fugitive bleeding to the ground, where, dabbled with blood, lamenting her fatal disobedience—her irretrievable fault—the young victim of a vagrant disposition gasped out her life, and was lifted by the yellow legs and with dangling head which swagged from side to side, borne away by the rough hand of the ruthless sportsman, never, never more to mingle over a muddy pool in loud and convivial garrulity with her quacking congeners, or rejoice with outspread pinions at the genial rain drops, or gobble black oats blended with broken potatoes in the unctuous precincts of a platter, in that well stocked farm yard which she in an evil hour foolishly despised.

Moral—"Citizens are happier, and live longer than soldiers."

C. M. O'KEEFFE.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

THE "PEASANT TRADITIONS OF '98" have not enough of incidents to make them of the interest they might afford, if each was dealt with separately, as the writer is well able to do, and wound up with story as are the "Relics of Old Readings," which have been appearing in our pages, they might then be made useful.

"OSSIAN'S POEM OF PROPHECY" thankfully declined, as is also "I. A. B."

"CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS"—a subject not within the range of the Celt's duties,

We cannot reprint old "ADDRESSES," which were published in their day, and no doubt of interest and importance then—but the interest has died out with the events and the agitation which called them forth.

"ACCURACY OF LANGUAGE"—Too important a subject to be disposed of on a page of blotted and crossed writing. It were very desirable if writers for the press would at least write carefully and without pen and ink erasures which must puzzle any printer. Again, we would ask our correspondents to write on only one side of the leaf of paper.

THE WEEKLY CELT.

THE WEEKLY CELT will cease with the close of the year; within the ensuing week a Supplement will be published, bearing date, Dec., 31st 1857, containing the conclusion of articles not yet completed, some articles which had been promised, and have not yet appeared—together with a title-page and full index, so that the WEEKLY CELT may be bound up as a volume perfect in itself. Parties wanting odd numbers, or parts to complete sets, can have them by an early application to the publisher. Meantime, the Celt continues its existence in a more permanent and enlarged shape, merely altering the period of its visits to its numerous friends, who, henceforward, instead of seeing it weekly, will receive it as

THE MONTHLY CELT—

in which form its Editors hope to make it as acceptable to Irishmen as it has been in its weekly issue, while there will be more room, and greater facilities for dealing with questions and subjects of importance to the country than there was in the weekly numbers, where important articles had to be broken up into several parts. It is scarcely necessary to add that its tone shall continue to be as unequivocally *Irish, Celtic, and Catholic*, as it has proved itself during the past five months.

THE MONTHLY CELT will appear about the middle of January. Contributors desirous to appear in its first number will please forward their manuscript within the current week.

THE WEEKLY CELT contained many typographical and other errors, arising from the hurry, consequent upon the publication of a Weekly, printed in the metropolis, and edited in a provincial town, errors sometimes arising from the hurry in the printing office, and sometimes from the want of time to have a proper revise—those errors will be avoided in the Monthly, when more time will be had, and more care shall be observed.

AN "ERRATA" will be included in the Supplement—contributors who have noticed errors in their essays or poems, will please write about them at once.

THE MONTHLY CELT will be published by the same publisher as the Weekly was, and will appear at the same rate of price, sixpence per part. Its type and paper will be so arranged, that it will be transmissible by post for a single stamp, making the cost seven pence, when so transmitted.

All literary communications will be addressed as usual to the PRESIDENT, OR HONORARY SECRETARY AT KILKENNY. All trade communications to the Publisher, John O'Daly, Anglesea street, Dublin.

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Country Orders for each ensuing Saturday's number must be on the previous Wednesday with the Publisher.

The Celt.

"THE WISE MAN GATHERETH KNOWLEDGE, AND RULETH HIS OWN HOUSE."—*Old Celtic Proverb.*

SUPPLEMENT.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1857. [ONE PENNY.

RELICS OF OLD READINGS AND GOSSIPINGS.

No. 6.

RAGE AND REPENTANCE.—*Concluded.*

(*A Tradition of Munster.*)

In those days, (as we have had frequently before occasion to remark) arrest, imprisonment, trial, and condemnation, hurried so closely on the heels of each other, that they were all looked upon as links of one simultaneous event—and thus was it with the Doolings on the present occasion—the three hapless, innocent men, were, in a few days more, ordered for execution—and now comes on the truly tragic part of this most bitter narrative. The condemned men were the sons of a poor widow, whose support they were, and whose comfort and happiness they so sedulously studied, that her old days knew no want, and her humble home was one of unbroken quiet, and uninterrupted repose. Judge then, gentle reader, what a terrible reverse suddenly overwhelmed her when her fine manly sons were mercilessly seized upon, torn from under her tranquil roof, thrust into a foul prison, dragged into an open court, manacled, and guarded—charged with the foul crime of murder, condemned on the evidence of a suborned informer, in the face of innumerable noon-day proofs of their innocence and humanity—and to crown the bloody drama, sentenced to be hanged on a gibbet before that poor bereaved mother's door!! Her three children to be hanged before her eyes, and before the happy home of their childhood!! The Lord help poor Ireland, and the Irish! how little reason have they ever had to hold in their hearts a single hour's good will towards the laws or the lawgivers who could leave such reminiscences as these to mark their cruel sway in the land—and to show how the founts of justice may be muddled, when merciless oppression becomes the order of the day; however—so it was—but our peasant tradition does not end here, Oh! no—alas!—the saddest part of the story is yet to come—so sad indeed, that we face it with reluctance, and think of it with a shudder.

A summer morn saluted the beauteous glen of Aherlow. The sun shone brightly on a thousand tiny cascades, making the sprayey waters appear an aggregation of pearls and diamonds; the lark carolled in the

heavens, and the solitary goatherd kept his flocks together by the well-known notes of his rustic flute; the wild flowers carpeted the great valley, and the golden bees pored about them, emptying their brimming nectaries and leaving them to be again replenished for them by the warm sunrays and the secret water springs—the big yellow blossoms of the gorse-clumps looked gorgeous in the opening morn, and an orchestra of a myriad plumed poets of the air, lent a fairy fascination to the scene. But what cavalcade is this that comes so rapidly and so boisterously along the vallied way? Here they come!—let us look on.

There was a troop of mounted yeomen, in the midst of their ranks a common country horse and car—and in it, flung on a heap of straw, three peasants, hand-cuffed and heavily ironed—at either side of this well-guarded vehicle rode a drummer and a fife, who played away the well-known tune of “Croppies lie down,” for the bare life—but in truth, we must add, that this loyal tune was not so much intended to insult the manacled prisoners, as to drown the shrill and tremulous voice of a poor old wretched woman who sang a wild *caoine* of sorrow to the winds—interrupting it now and then with fearful maledictions on the head of the captain of the band, who kept in advance of his men, and appeared to care very little indeed for anything but the completion of the work at present on hands. We need scarcely inform the reader that the three men were the Doolings, and the wailing old woman, their poor heart-broken mother. The whole party soon reached the place of execution, it was a little angle off the road, shaded by a few drooping fir trees, and opposite the door of a low humble cabin—the home of the doomed men. Two yeomen were there before them, and for some time, too, as was evident from the amount of manual labour accomplished by them: they had a large gibbet fully erected, with three strong ropes dangling from its transverse beam, and an old car with the body of it boarded over, lying beneath it. The yeomen of those days, indeed, had a marked taste for gibbet-making, and were to a man, yea to a boy, *au fait* at a triangle; they could slay, or flay, or strangle, bless you, so very—very effectively, so very expeditiously, that the professional skibbiogh was almost entirely superseded.

The party stopped before the place of death, and the two yeomen of the gibbet, forthwith seized their victims, and proceeded to drag them, inhumanly, one by one, over to the car under the swinging ropes—here, the cries and maledictions of the poor mother were frantic and ungovernable—so much so, indeed, that the yeoman captain was again constrained to order the fife and drum to be put once more into requisition—but above drum and fife and every martial uproar, rang the wild *caoine* and the wilder curses of the woman, which the peasantry, now assembled in great numbers, heartily chimed in with.

In vain the miserable culprits, as they now stood with the ropes round their necks, called out to their poor mother to cease her useless maledictions, and to pray to the Great God for their souls.

Their voices seemed to smite her brain for a moment, but the next instant she cried out, "My boys! my children! tell the Lord of Heaven did ye do the murder!"

"No! mother—no! by neither hand, act or part!" replied the three men simultaneously.

"Neighbours! do ye hear that?" she screamed with an unearthly cry. "We do! we do! *a charra-ma-chree*," responded the sympathising crowd. "Mother! Mother!" remonstrated the hapless victims, as the poor woman poured out again a torrent of the bitterest curses upon the captain and his yeomen—"Mother! Mother! Mother!" The car was dragged from under their feet, and the three bodies swung heavily against one another and writhed agonisingly in their death throes—a long protracted wail from the people, and a wild rush of the frantic mother through the yeomen and towards the gibbet—and all was over with the murdered Doolings!

The next day their bodies were taken down, at the instance of a Protestant clergyman in the neighbourhood, and the mother was permitted to take them away and to wake them.

There they lay upon the floor of their old home, cold, stark and dead, with broken necks and distorted features—the neighbours weeping and shuddering about them—and the decrepit mother shouting out her untiring *caoine*, and hurling the direst denunciations against the author of their dissolution. The people began to think the poor old creature insane—and so indeed she was, and no wonder.

One other day, and the corpses were buried in the little churchyard of Aherlow, the humble funeral being attended by the whole country's side, and still followed by the sad maniac, who made the wide valley re-echo with her painful laments, and ring again with her unceasing imaledictions on the hated captain and his myrmidons.

Well, the grave was dug, wide and deep, the clay and the tears were shoveled in upon the coffins, the priest and the people prayed silently over the poor mangled remains, the sad ceremonies were over, and the multitude moved away, each to their several homes, whilst the immediate neighbours took charge of the bereaved widow, and brought her back to her lonely cabin in the bowery angle off the road, and shaded by the green fir trees.

The night of that same day, the inmates of the yeoman magistrate's mansion were suddenly disturbed from their slumbers by the baying of the watch dog, and the loud and menacing cries of a single human voice. *His honour* was the first to spring from his couch—and after cautiously undoing the window-shutter of his bed room—to peep out into the spacious lawn before his door. (It was a bright moon-light night—as bright as day)—he saw, at a glance, that the intruder was a woman, and only a woman—the dogs, too, appeared to have recognised her—for, as she threw them some scraps of brown coarse bread—they fawned at her feet—and were silent. The captain—encouraged by the sight, and assured after a long pause—that there was neither

trap or danger in the way—boldly opened the window outright—and in a voice of thunder demanded what the old hag wanted—and why she dared come to disturb his house at such an unreasonable hour, or at any hour of the night or day—to this indignant query he added a ferocious threat of shooting her without mercy if she did not immediately decamp.

The woman looked up steadily towards him whilst he continued speaking—but when he ceased, she uttered out upon the quiet night, one long continued howl of hatred and defiance which froze the very marrow in his bones—with her thin lank fingers she trailed back her long dry grey hair from her face, and flinging it over her shoulders—then indeed she commenced in horrid earnest—a *cavine*—so sorrowful and so wild—interrupted now and then by execrations on the yeoman and his people, that it was truly awful to hear.

The magistrate, of course, at once, became aware, that his midnight visitor was no other than the frantic mother of the murdered Doolings; accordingly—he slammed down the window—shut close the shutters and buried himself hurriedly under his bed clothes—there he lay—hour after hour—awake—nervous—and horrified—it was impossible for him to feel otherwise—with the maniac cry of the bereaved mother ringing in his ears—and her fearful imprecations winging up to Heaven for vengeance on his devoted head—crouched under his window, with the excited ban dogs bounding and baying about her—there sate the poor insane widow—there she sate wailing and cursing alternately—hour after hour—until at last the proceeding became so utterly intolerable that some of the servants were obliged to go out and remove her by force.

Another day came—and found the pitiable imbecile at a new employ—it was noon—the hour when she was in the habit of bringing their meals to her poor sons—when they were at labouring work in the neighbourhood—what think you—reader—was the maniac's employ? She was sitting on their grave and calling them by name—over and over, to come to her as usual—a coarse napkin was spread out upon the grass—and upon it placed three plates and mugs—and three equal portions of the common coarse food of the peasantry—steaming hot—as she always prided herself in preserving it. She called—and called—but seeing they did not come, she beat at the grave violently with her hands—beseeching them to hearken to her—at last, she commenced to tear up the green sods with her nails—but the neighbours came upon her—and by long and tender entreaties, and after long expostulation—induced her to go away with them.

But night after night she was always sure to visit the house of the yeoman captain, at midnight, or day-break, in storm or moon-shine, it was always the same, the same wailing and cursing were sure to mingle in with his dreamy slumbers, or to rouse him from his deepest sleep, with their terrible cadence. Many and many a time he had her removed miles away, and watched by vigilant attendants, in order

to prevent making her way to him—but all in vain, by the way-side, amongst the mountain passes, amidst the distant hills, wherever his horse tramped, or his footsteps wandered, she watched him, she tracked him, she rose up suddenly before him, and always to curse and blight him, and invoke the wrath of Heaven upon his guilty soul.

The look of the woman appalled him, even more than her denunciations, her glazing eyes, her long white wiry hair, her foamy mouth, and the boney-withered arms stretched out before his path, both day and night, the sight always unmanned him, paled his cheek, and set his hard heart beating.

On one occasion, he flung her a purse of gold, telling her to go live in comfort, and to haunt him no more. It was instantly flung at his head, and she would have flown upon him and torn him with her nails, if some person had not interfered and secured her.

Sometimes the ruffled yeoman thought of putting her to death, or getting some of his myrmidons to perform that congenial office, but an undefined awe always prevented the deed, and at last, drove it from his mind altogether.

One night he was riding home late and alone, and thinking of mad Mother Dooling, as he called her, and felicitating himself too, on a new plan which he intended to adopt to be rid of her incessant annoyances, when lo! as he entered his own avenue and approached his house, he clearly saw in the full moon-light a tall white figure sitting at his door steps—his horse shyed and reared as *his* eye, too, caught the conspicuous object, and the captain jumped from his back and held him firmly by the rein—"how now"! he exclaimed; "whom have we here"?

The figure arose slowly and looking straight into the face of the questioner, merely and solemnly murmured, "thank God! it is you at last."—The moon shone straight down upon the face of the speaker, it was white as the garment that enveloped her, and the astonished yeoman with a little difficulty, but at length, with certainty, recognised the features of his persecutor, the maniac.

The horse backed and struggled in his grasp, and after a little time became so restive that his master loosening his hold, let him free into the lawn. Then, confronting the strangely habited poor creature before him, he said half tremblingly, half menacingly—"listen—now—old-woman, and mind what I tell you—I have this day purchased two ferocious dogs who cannot be bribed like the present ones, and who will tear you limb from limb if you ever appear again on these premises."

"I come here for the last time this night," replied the woman, in a hollow sepulchral voice, "I come here to tell you that God has healed my brain, and warned me, through his priest, that my sorrows on this earth are nearly over. I come from my bed of sickness, from my bed of death, with my winding sheet about me, to tell you, yeoman, that I forgive you, and to pray to heaven and the heavenly King to forgive you too. Good night—you will never be troubled with my presence any more." So saying, she slowly moved away

down the broad avenue, and was soon lost amongst the shadows of the thick elms that enclosed the place on every side. The relieved magistrate looked after her with wonder and amaze—a heavy load was raised from his heart—he walked silently up the steps to his house, and having summoned the servants to look after his straying horse, threw himself into a chair to muse over the extraordinary scene he had just witnessed.

What the poor widow told him was literally true. She had been seized by a violent fit of illness, at the turn of which, it pleased the Lord to restore her to her senses. The priest attended her sick bed—led the poor stricken soul into a mood of resignation and pure Christian charity—induced her to freely and unequivocally forgive her vile oppressor, and left at last so deep an impression upon her mind by his zealous exhortation, that the poor old creature left her last couch enveloped in its coverlets to seek out her unprincipled enemy and to assure him of her forgiveness. She only lived one day after successfully carrying out her pious resolve, and then went to rest for ever, to meet her martyred sons in heaven, and never to know sorrow any more.

CAROLAN.

OUTCASTS.

'Tis home, it is home, they will send us o'er the sea,
Ochon! my heart is sad, and 'tis sadder it will be,
For I am a stranger now, and no shelter can I find;
And the darling of my youth, in his grave, I leave behind.
We came, Oh, we came from the Shannon long ago,
And we spent our strength and youth in the country of the foe—
Now, when youth and strength are gone, and my love is lying dead,
They will send me back to starve, or to beg my children's bread.

In the dark and crowded alley, where sunbeam never alone,
In the mill where ever, ever, the noisy wheels whirl on—
In the dull and smoky town, where we worked for them for years,
I'd stay to be beside him,—I asked their leave with tears;
But they told me "to be silent, and not to importune,"
We were sickly, we were poor, we would be a burden soon—
They talked of "Pauper Irish," and told me sharply, how
My husband's native parish must feed his orphans now.

I asked them for no help, for I knew their hearts were cold,
'Twas little that I thought of their silver and their gold;
I would have laboured here for my children like a slave,
Till I found a welcome rest with their father in his grave.
For I had heard how famine and death were on the blast,
That swept my native Connaught since I looked upon it last—
How all my friends and neighbours that had escaped the blow,
Had sailed for the great country where once we thought to go.

Ochonie, Ochonie!—when I rowed my boat along
The sunny river isles, with a merry Irish song,

And the breeze that could not ruffle my crimson kerchiefed hair,
 Would send a gentle ripple o'er the water lilies there,—
 Did I ever, ever think of the stormy years to come,
 The years when I would wander an exile from my home,
 And then be hunted back with a scalded heart and sore,
 When my people all were gone, and my name was known no more?

'Twas on a summer's evening, just as the shadows fell,
 I broke the ring of troth with a boy that loved me well,
 And proud was I that Shemus, so manly and so tall,
 Should choose me for his bride of the Connaught maidens all.
 The grief, Oh, the grief darkened soon upon our youth,
 But our love was all the same in its tenderness and truth—
 And when poverty and wrong worked against us day by day,
 We left the Shannon side, and we wandered far away.

Oh sorrow on the hour!—'twas a mournful sight to me,
 When Ireland, like a cloud, lay behind us on the sea—
 But he was with me then, and altho' my eyes were dim,
 I would have crossed the world with a willing heart for him—
 For I doted on his smile, and I loved his very tread,
 But he's gone from me now, may the Heavens be his bed!
 They're sending me away like a beggar and a slave,
 And never, never more shall I cry above his grave.!

ETHNE.

DEFENCE OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

There is an article on the internal defence of England in the *United Service Magazine* for 1853, page 405, supposed to be written by an English General, from which I select the following extract:—

"It is quite a delusion to suppose that the character of the general face of the country in England affords peculiar facilities for defence, and particularly for 'harassing an enemy by an armed population and irregulars.' The roads are abundant and good, so that combined movements may be regulated in an infinite variety; the hedge rows, from which so much advantage is expected for defence, afford no real obstacle, but would act as a screen to those movements; all this is decidedly in favour of the well organised army. The columns of the enemy would be brought to bear on the direction that their general thought most desirable, and would penetrate with the greatest ease through the scattered lines of the irregulars. Even supposing that the latter knew where the attack would be made, and accumulated their forces there, the regular troops, in addition to their superiority as soldiers, can, by their compact order, always absolutely bring greater numbers into action, within a limited front, than their opponents;—thus they would make their passage through, and appearing in rear of the broken intervening masses, would throw them into utter panic and confusion—so much for the front:—no subsequent attack upon the flank and rear of disciplined troops, who have been

so far successful, would be possible ; it is some time before the dispersed and alarmed bodies that have had their first confidence and hopes crushed, can be collected for acting in this manner ; flying corps are left to counteract them, in force regulated according to the necessity of the case ; these are supported, from time to time, by the reinforcements on their way to join the army in front, and thus would make effective occasional impression."

The writer of the preceding extract while displaying his total ignorance of guerilla warfare, exhibits an ill-founded contempt for the military powers of the people. I must say that he adduces some facts which cannot be gainsayed. It is true that the roads in England are abundant and good, and if allowed to remain so, would undoubtedly facilitate the advance of the invader, but there is nothing much easier done than to cut them up, compelling the invader to waste his time in repairing them, or to march bag and baggage through the fields, a thing utterly impossible ; and such unforeseen and protracted delay to an invading army would insure its defeat ; should the invader undertake the conquest of the country by two or three armies, each moving by a separate line of operation, hoping to arrive simultaneously at a named point of junction, it is evident that the cutting up of the roads would preclude the possibility of such an object being ever attained, while the progress of the separate armies thus obstructed, (affording time to the country to make disposition for resistance), and exposed in front, flank and rere, could be advantageously opposed and even attacked on all sides, and thereby conquered in detail. With the views of further embarrassing and preventing any retrograde movements of those armies, the roads in their rere as they proceed onwards should be cut up anew by the people of the localities, for the purpose of cutting off their supplies, as well as to prohibit the advance of their reinforcements from the beach. So much for the excellency of the common roads.

The hedge rows of England afford certainly no great obstacles to the columns of the invader, but little as their value is, that little is in favour of the defenders, as affording them successive blinds behind which to screen their numbers and their movements from the advancing enemy, constituting a valuable advantage in defensive warfare. Further than this, little more can be said in favour of the defensive value of the English hedges and ditches, the dykes being so shallow, that the earth or mounds supporting the hedges, afford little or no protection against any description of shot. Bullets can pass through such hedges, killing those behind them, and the enemy can easily pass through them. Of all countries it is only in Ireland that the common ditches, with or without hedges, afford protection from the effects of not only musket shot or rifle bullets, but even from the effects of round shot fired from field artillery, owing to the width and depth of the ditches, and the height, thickness and consequent strength of their mounds, and when these mounds are surmounted by hedges, they present defensive ramparts naturally fringed with the most superb and impenetrable cheval de-frises in the world, and if well garrisoned by brave armed men may well be said to be impregnable.

In consequence of so large a proportion of the people in England residing in towns, and being engaged at sedentary occupations, so vast a number imprisoned in factories, where their constitutions from an early age are undermined and broken, and, in general, the great mass of the inhabitants having, I may say, never evinced any nobler ambition than a base passion for amassing material wealth; owing to these circumstances and peculiarities, the English people really compose the very reverse of a military population. Therefore, the writer of the article in the *United Service Magazine* may be right in assuming, that the columns of an invader would easily penetrate such scattered and panic stricken lines of irregulars as the sickly inhabitants of the towns of England could oppose to an invading force. I do not dispute with him as to the inferiority of the English people for military purposes, nor as to the inadequacy of the superficial conformation of England for internal defence, as I feel in no way concerned about either; it is merely with his erroneous defensive tactics, and his ignorance of the military powers of people in general that I join issue, in order that they may be accepted in Ireland for what they are worth.

Let us suppose the invader in Ireland, his infantry columns advancing through our fields, with the roads cut up, the ditches and hedges prepared for his reception, his cavalry and artillery obliged to remain in the rear, such obsolete paraphernalia of war not being adapted to passing over a military arena so deeply grooved by nature and art. His columns, of course, will be preceded by skirmishers firing as they advance at hedges and ditches, by which means wasting their cartridges, while our skirmishers, posted in security in rear of these ditches and hedges, will be particular in giving them fire, to aim correctly and to kill or, at least, to wing one of the enemy's skirmishers at every shot, taking good care, with a steady hand and sure aim, directed to the centre of their line, to make every bullet tell. The columns will approach the ditch occupied by our first line of skirmishers, who will face outwards, close on the right and left flanks, firing on the enemy while doing so, and retire under cover of the lateral ditches, their rear files still firing on the enemy, and the moment our first line is clear of our second line of skirmishers they will open fire upon the enemy's columns, which by this time will be endeavouring to penetrate the hedged ditch in front. Their pioneers and sappers will be as busy as nailors with bill-hooks and saws, cutting passages in the hedge through which the divisions of the enemy's columns will file, and the fire of our keenest marksmen should now be concentrated upon these pioneers and sappers, and thus delay the enemy's columns under their fire. There is no fire in action so effective as the fire of a line of well posted skirmishers; it gaps and disables a line, it shakes and disorganises a column, and affords its own supports a favourable opportunity for charging the enemy. In this manner the enemy's columns will press forward, and as I have described, our lines of skirmishers will retire from ditch to ditch, from cover to cover, until they satiate themselves with this description of play, and also make the enemy, in all con-

science, heart-sick of it. Now in justice to all parties, the skirmishers will retire to the rere, and the lines of pikemen will now astonish the enemy by favouring him with a new specimen of Irish military tactics. The pikemen's front being clear of our skirmishers, the commander of the first line of pikes, will give the words of caution: "Pikemen, ready, steady." These being only words of caution, the pikemen will not move but still lie close as hares. As soon as the enemy's column or columns arrive within pistol shot range, the chief will give the words: "Pikemen, stand to your arms." At the last sound of the last word the whole line will spring to their feet and stand erect with ordered pikes. The chief posted in rere of the centre and seeing the line ready and steady gives the word, "charge," and at the mandate the whole line moves forward cheering and in double time, throwing forward their pikes into horizontal position to charge the enemy. The rere lines of pikes will now move forward to support the first and to insure the success of the charge. During all this time other divisions of native forces might be profitably occupied in helping themselves to the enemy's artillery, munitions, and commissariat, but nominally guarded in his rere.

In concluding these remarks I may be permitted to say, that I trust I have been sufficiently explicit to have unveiled and refuted the military fallacies contained in the extract herein-before quoted from the *United Service Magazine*; and to have for so far, shown that *no army* would be able to succeed in opposition to people on their own green soil, when properly united and resolved in its defence. C. B.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CELTIC UNION, AND THE SUBSCRIBERS TO, AND READERS OF THE CELT.

The Committee who undertook the duty of editing the *Celt*, and who have carried its weekly issue to a conclusion with that of the year, tender their warmest thanks to all the talented contributors who for the past five months have aided them in their work, and to that portion of the Irish public whose warm approval and smiling countenance cheered them in their labours.

Those labours have been of a weighty and serious character, far more so than some of the Committee had anticipated, but the results have compensated for the toil, and proved, at once, that such an undertaking was needed and wished for in Ireland, that the efforts of the Committee were appreciated, and the results calculated to be of value to the nationalists who still look, it may be, sorrowfully to the past, but yet elated and confidently into the future.

The undertaking was not without its difficulties and annoyances, non-national work in Ireland is. It is not necessary here to explain what they were, because such an explanation would tend to no good, and would but

lead to recrimination and explanations not calculated to cement that union so dearly yearned after by the Celtic Union, and so essential for the real good of the country.

Out of those matters has arisen the necessity for a new arrangement in the mode of issuing the Celt. Henceforward it will cease to appear weekly, but will be continued with the same views and opinions, the same tone and energy, and with far more care and devotion to its literary character, as a monthly periodical.

In that shape all the members of the Celtic Union will continue to receive it free by post.

Much credit is due to the large band of contributors, who although not members of the Celtic Union, have yet vied with those enrolled in its ranks in supplying, without any pecuniary reward, prose and poetic articles, whose excellence and patriotism have so materially aided the objects of the conducting Committee.

That the Committee wish it to be understood that the arrangements of the Monthly will be, as they were in the Weekly, regulated solely by a determination to disseminate sound national literature, "Celtic, Catholic and Progressive," and in a form so cheap as to make it apparent that though there may not be a loss to the Union upon the publication, there shall be no actual profit, the aim and end of the undertaking being wholly—to make Irishmen know themselves and their country—to make them love the land of their birth as Irishmen should do, and for its sake to love and labour after man's holiest earthly aspiration, "LIBERTY"—believing that this can be best done amongst an intellectual class who look back to the past with unmingled feelings of sorrow and of pride, sorrow over the follies and the misfortunes of bye-gone time, pride arising from the knowledge of past greatness and great olden virtues of an ancestry whose devotion to faith and truth and right made a sort of national martyrdom—and thence turning round with a deep and resolute glance into the future, to plan, resolve and act good and great things for Ireland.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

"EDWARD WALSH."—Several correspondents have written to us, earnestly and anxiously, on the subject of some effort being made to publish his works, and aid his widow. A Cork gentleman, G. S., offers some valuable suggestions which the Committee will attend to, and is ready with a subscription of ten shillings; and here is a warm letter from Dublin, from one of our sweetest young poets.

Dublin, December 25th, 1857.

SIR—I have just finished reading the sketch of poor Edward Walsh, and I do not shame to say, the recital of his, and his poor wife's sufferings, have caused the tears to stand in my eyes.

I will cheerfully subscribe for the purpose proposed in the sketch. I am far from being rich, but I would gladly drain my pockets for such an object, for dearly do I love Ireland, and cherish and reverence the memory of all who have loved her and suffered for her sake. Will you kindly give me a hint as to how those matters are managed, and the probable expense?

If I ask too much pray pardon me, as I am entirely ignorant of the arrangement of those matters.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Robert Cane, Esq., M. D., Kilkenny.

A LIMERICK MAN.

The Committee are most desirous to see a proper selection of his poems published, and by such means some honorable aid extended to his widow. They believe that at present this could be best done, and only, by the talented individual who wrote the Memoir of poor Walsh which has recently graced our pages; if he would undertake it, an arrangement might be made between him and Mrs. Walsh for that purpose, and if he will undertake it, the Committee of the Celtic Union will head the subscription list, of a volume of his poems having a life prefixed, by taking from one hundred and fifty to two hundred copies of the work at trade price, and will moreover, place in his hands the two volumes of E. W.'s poems which C. G. Duffy purchased from Mrs. Walsh for the Celtic Union some time since.

We have received the letter signed "JOHN CASEY" having reference to the Memoir of Edward Walsh, to the writer of which it has been forwarded, and who will, no doubt, attend to it in a fuller Memoir of E. Walsh likely to appear within the next year.

"CORMACK'S DREAM"—The matter of the ballad is good, but the metrical version of it is carelessly and inartistically put together.

"J. G." and "A. B." under consideration.

"SKETCHES IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND" stand over for the Monthly.

The "RESCUED HARP" will appear in the January Monthly.

"ROUND TOWERS AND CHURCHES OF HOLY ISLAND" reserved to appear in the Monthly.

"DO YOU MIND THE TIME I MET YOU" is under consideration, as is also "R. FRANCIS."

"THE KNIGHTS OF THE PALE" will be commenced in the first number of the Monthly, and continued on to completion.

"THE ANCIENT DRESS OF THE IRISH," for the Monthly, as is also Carolan's "INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF AN IRISH ARTIST."

"THE HISTORY OF A SINGLE CRIME," the historical romance of "ALICE," "THE WAKE OF THE LEAVES" "PRESENTIMENTS" and "APRIL" are selected for numbers of the Monthly.

We feel we are deeply in arrear with many esteemed correspondents, and under circumstances, in some instances, calculated to create prejudices against us, for want of courtesy, or want of punctuality. Our only, and our last defence is, that the entire Committee is composed of men, all largely engaged in the avocations of active business or professional life, stealing from the pursuits of the world a little leisure to devote to the cause of National Literature and Irish Liberty, while the number of communications which are being addressed to them far exceed the leisure for prompt reply. Yet shall all be answered before the Monthly is permitted out of the press, so that the entire of the correspondence of the Weekly Celt shall be disposed of before its Monthly successor appears. Will our kind countrymen bear with us for a little and make some allowances for the embarrassment of our double position; we throw ourselves upon their mercy.

END OF THE WEEKLY CELT.

The Celt.

MARCH, 1858.

IRELAND UNITED.

TEN years of seeming apathy, but not of repose, have constituted a remarkable phase of quietude in Ireland. A sort of cataleptic or mesmeric sleep in which the national body though breathing and living, yet moved but as its tyrant operator willed. Ireland biologised by England might aptly head the historic chapter which shall yet describe the period which intervened between the years 1848 and 1858.

Ten years ago Ireland held two great National Parties, the one of which aimed at domestic legislation by moral and legislative means only, whilst the other considered the attainment of the boon of self-government as valuable for a nation's blood, and that to spill it in such a cause would be a virtue and not a crime. The end and aim of both parties were nearly allied, the difference lay solely in the mode of conduct and the means of attainment which constituted the discipline and the weapons each was to use.

Those two parties might be said to have constituted a nation, for the voice of an almost unanimous people was with them. Two years anterior to 1848, those two parties, under the guidance of a truly great and able leader, were one, but the great mass shook and severed and fell, and each died of its own fall.

It was a strange result of that severance and fall, that the great bulk of the men who constituted either party fell listlessly back into retirement, and not only lost all confidence in their own political faith, but seemed to lose all hope then and for ever. Was it so? We put it interrogatively, because we do not believe it was so, and yet the conduct of many men leads to such a belief.

We do not mean to analyze the past. We do not intend to open up that bygone quarrel of old and young Ireland. It could tend to no good purpose to re-open the wounds which each gave the other, the wounds which perchance both inflicted upon that parent in whose bosom they quarrelled, and who has paid the penalty inflicted on her by their dissension—the penalty of longer suffering—more wrong at the very moment when, had they been united as her sons should have been, they could have achieved for her happiness and freedom. This is indeed a sorrowful reflection, but it would be a bitter and a vengeful one to use reproaches against either, and would but serve to perpetuate a disastrous quarrel, which must be cemented in friendship and union if either and both value the public good and the prosperity of their country; for until that old quarrel be healed, and the older friendship be renewed, Ireland must remain fallen, debased and enslaved.

We have not taken up this opinion hastily. We held it ten years ago, and the sad time which has since intervened, and the painful events that time has evolved, have strengthened and verified our first opinion.

We will not further dwell upon the past, our business is now with the future. Deep as is the apathy which appears to pervade the country, we know for a verity that it still holds a national heart, that a vital stream still circulates through all its limbs, and that it is but necessary to let in fully the warm rays of hope, the invigorating breeze of truth to set that heart bounding again with a life blood pulsating in every pore.

We do not deny that there are difficulties in the way—the difficulties arising from strong prejudices, angry words, dark antipathies—but we feel assured that there are auxiliaries in aid of a union to be found in old and wise heads, and that patriots who are philosophic thinkers will find their philosophy upon the matter amply aided by the warm enthusiasm of younger nationalists, who will offer up upon the altar of nationality every feeling that could mar a union whose consummation would lead to liberty—and without which liberty never can be won!

No double sacrifices must be made, men must reason upon their differences, and each come prepared to surrender a little; the old matrimonial maxim that each should “bear and forbear” will require to be put into operation, but men with statesmen’s minds, nationalists with true patriot hearts will be ready to act as they should do in a good cause, and under a great emergency.

In the bureau or at the camp table the leader who cannot accommodate himself to changes of circumstances, or who is obstinately unwilling to mould his line of action by such changes, will assuredly be unsuccessful. He will fail utterly if he be alike ignorant how means should be adapted to end, and upon the other hand the end itself fitted to the means. He must be prepared in the midst of an onward movement to turn aside and struggle with small details, to stop short in some measure where an ultimate great result seemed almost within his grasp, but has to be temporarily abandoned. He will require to be ready at all fitting times to pursue and seize the opportunities and the available good results which fall within his grasp. He will need too, where it can be done without dishonour or criminality, to use a great variety of instruments, weapons and means. Steady and resolute, calm yet energetic, attached to country and liberty, venerating honour and truth, practising virtue and of moderate and temperate habits, so that dissipation and extravagance shall not open the avenue to corruption and teach the corruptor how to buy him. Such a man is fit for his work. Fifty such men in Ireland, pledging their faith openly upon the altar of their country, and grasping hands and taking open council together, could achieve the liberties of the country. And are there not fifty such men to be had? Assuredly there are hundreds of them, but the difficulty is in bringing them together, and placing them in such an attitude and under such circumstances, that the country looking to them with confidence shall rally round them with earnestness, listen attentively to their advice and take it for their guide. Such a union of leaders should not be heads solely of any one party—now or recently in Ireland; they should be constituted as the representatives of various shades of nationalists. The absolute repealer, the federalist, the nationalist going further still, the tenant righter, the church establishment reformer, the men who advocate educational progression, poor law amendment, industrial advancement, parliamentary opposition. In fine, all who recog-

nise Ireland's misfortunes, and have devoted themselves to any rational mode of amelioration, not being incompatible with the religion and the honour of the country.

The association of such men together, should be in form and manner strictly open and constitutional. All its rules and arrangements being made in accordance with the ablest legal opinion the land can afford, and utterly beyond the reach of an Anglo-Irish attorney-general.

We know Ireland tolerably well; we know its best and leading men not a little, and did we possess the power to bid them to their places, a band should be now assembled in the metropolis of the country capable of securing its respect, and winning its independence.

We write thus confidently, because we feel we understand the country, the men and the opportunity, and we are the more confident because the idea has not been hastily elaborated, but has been the slow growth of a long life spent in studying men and parties in Ireland, and in carefully analysing for the causes of failure in the various societies and associations which from time to time have sprung up, and then having toiled for a brief period, perished!

The men who would undertake this work must be reasoning men, not unreasoning men wedded solely to some one opinion, and incapable of taking different views upon great questions. They must not be tyrants like Procrustes, with a view so undeviatingly changeless that all men must be shortened or elongated to suit its dimensions. They must be tolerant of differences of opinion, and ready to surrender some of their own opinions for the common good.

It has been well said by a distinguished writer, "Whatever be the cause, whoever be the actors, a certain amount of intelligence, of wisdom, of foresight, of judicious and persevering moderation, is an indispensable condition of success. That condition is as necessary to nations as to sovereigns—to the band of insurgents as to their oppressors: and in all the vicissitudes of public life, sacrifices must be made and conditions accepted in the name of the public interest rightly understood."* Yea, such is the philosophy of a true patriotism, and such are the principles which can lead to a success, sure to be marred if less judiciously managed. A success rarely if ever to be achieved by obstinate perverseness or rash haste.

It is a trite saying in Ireland, that, "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity." We have been listening to it for a life until it rings like a sea murmur in our ears, and like a nursery moral it looses its hold upon our manhood as something too infantile for remembrance, or too puerile to be of importance; yet no man doubts its truth.

Twice within a few brief years England's difficulties culminated to a portentous height; twice then has Ireland's opportunity came, and twice has that opportunity been lost. Why did this happen? How did this happen?

There was no public spirit, no head, no guide in Ireland, our people lay like a mass of ununited sand, from which our masters gathered the best grains to aid in cementing British power in the Crimea, British oppression in India. Will any man hesitate to

say, that had Ireland been united under some public form, in some manner teaching a common line of action, she might not during either of those crises have peaceably and legally achieved great boons for the people. How readily her firm demand would have then been responded to by an honest land bill, or an equally important alteration of the church establishment, or changes of still greater moment might have been effected.

It is almost criminal against the country that those opportunities have been lost, but we do not charge that criminality upon any man or set of men. We know it has no right to be so charged; the misfortune lay in the total prostration of all public spirit, and an apathy which like a sickening plague preyed upon the vitals of the people.

But our business is not with the past, but with the future—the past is all shadow, the future hath many hopes.

The very differences which now exist between Ireland as it is and what it was ten years ago, constitute circumstances favourable to such a re-union. The men of the present day have experiences around them such as did not belong to their predecessors; they know the errors, the mistakes, the quicksands to be avoided. There is, too, a facility of communication now with the metropolis which did not then exist, and which would now secure that no new society should consist of a mere knot of Dublin citizens or unchanging speakers and movers; men can visit the metropolis from all parts of Ireland, as a morning or evening business, and thus display unequivocal evidence of the sympathies of the country in the public weal. An association holding evening meetings, weekly, fortnightly or monthly, doing its business by gas light after the manner of the British Parliament; doing that business in sections, after the manner of the British Association. A section for the land question, another for parliamentary opposition, one for domestic legislation, and one that would take special care of the Irish church establishment. Others could be formed from time to time as needed, such as for fisheries, commerce, education, industrial progression. The working of each of those sections to be by committee pre-arrangement, both as regarded the business to be brought forward and the resolutions to be adopted. Such an association judiciously managed, and kept within the law so that Ireland's enemies should gain no advantage from the hot rashness or indiscretion of individual members, would within a brief period have enrolled within it all that is national, honest, and good within our country. We know that many warm advocates for Ireland's rights, have for some years back contemplated the possibility of such a reunion, and that some good men have even addressed themselves to the public in reference to such a measure, but it would seem the time had not been opportune; old and angry feelings had not slept long enough to have lost the bitterness which has so often alloyed real good in this distracted country.

We know full well that there is still remaining in Ireland a spirit of true patriotism, equal to that in any other country similarly circumstanced. That there is still as genuine a love and attachment for the country's welfare and liberty, as ever actuated Irishmen at any period of our history. But it will not move unless hope and confidence be breathed around it, and it will need that great care, caution,

and honesty of purpose and tact shall be displayed by those who will first unite to gather in, and arrange the "*disjecta membra*." Noise, empty spouting, and idle boast—must be hushed. The quiet and seriousness of management, which ever marks a business in which men are earnest, and which needs no pomp nor parade, must cast a light of genuine sincerity over the first acts of such a reunion. Let it start thus, progress thus, prove its real nature thus. Let its prominent men be men, who have not begged ever for British gold or place. Let them start modestly at first, not promising over much as an immediate result, not over reaching and so less risking a fall. In fine, let them prove themselves by their first acts to be men of common sense and capacity, honourably attached to the country, resolutely firm in their resolve for liberty, and the country will assuredly rally round them, and with them achieve all that can be hoped for, all that has been so long needed, and hitherto so blindly and hopelessly struggled for.

The thing is needed, feasible, practicable, the time is opportune. Who will be first to grasp hands for Ireland ?

ELLIE.

"Whosoever shall receive one such child as this in my name, receiveth me."

MARK ch. ix., v. 36.

WELCOME—welcome—lovely Laragh !
 And thot grand glen of Imael !
 And wild and weirdy Glendalough,
 Whose melancholy vale
 Looks like an open book of time,
 With the grand old names of fame,
 Or the gloomy spectral scenery
 Of a poet's troubled dream—
 And the great black monk-like mountains
 Folded up in awe and gloom,
 As if they died erect in pride,
 Too huge for a cell or tomb.
 Welcome—welcome to the solemn lakes,
 And to the sainted bed,
 Where holy Kevin gave to heaven
 A heart all hallowéd.

Within this grand vale, long ago,
 A shepherd dwelt alone,
 Poor in his garb, but high of heart
 As Emperor on his throne ;
 A fierce—an idol—love had he,
 Adored beyond what life could be,

It was the heart-born ecstasy
 Of liberty—of liberty ! !
 The little lore he learn'd lent fire
 To this kindling keen desire—
 And often to this lonely glen,
 Came fierce and fearless warrior men,
 Whose tales and threats, like lightnings flew
 Into his heart of hearts, anew—
 Flapping the banner at his ear—
 Baring the glory golden spear,
 Crying with breath of bravery,
 For liberty—for liberty ! !

One day, a little gentle girl
 Strayed to this lonely place,
 She was a silent thoughtful child,
 All full of light and grace.
 Some heartless mother left her
 To perish in the wild ;
 But the God who loves young children
 Protected the poor child—
 Ah ! eating the wild berries,
 And straying here and there,
 The shepherd met the fair young fawn
 In the dewy evening air.
 She held out her white hands to him,
 And looked into his face,
 With the angel look of childhood,
 So full of holy grace.

The strong man gazed upon her,
 With a father's loving pride,
 So pure—so sweet—so innocent—
 So helpless by his side.
 So gentle were her saint-like eyes,
 So heavenly, and so mild ;
 He did not dare, with his dark hand,
 To touch the holy child.
 But he guided her before him,
 Where the thorny way was free.
 And he followed the track of her little foot,
 With a still idolatry.

Ah ! Ellie was an angel—
 Ellie, Ely—pale—

If ever angel heaven-led,
 Was lured to lone Imael.
 This dreamer about freedom
 Had a something, now, to love—
 'Twas the eagle of the mountain,
 Giving shelter to the dove.

And Ellie grew up beautiful,
 In the valley of Imael,
 That moon-like quiet beauty
 Of the blue-eyed and the pale.
 And the poor lone shepherd lov'd her,
 As a something bright and good,
 Sent from above, to fill the void
 Of his weary solitude.

For Ellie was an angel,
 As bright-souled, and as pure,
 As the light that tips its rosie lips
 To the brow of Luganure.
 Soft as the golden flower,
 Was the gloss of her sunny hair,
 And her cheeks, with the tinge of the peerless peach,
 Were, as the white rose, fair.
 Her breath was the may-flower's odour,
 When warm rain falls on the tree,
 And her voice was the musing of summer,
 When Nature's adream on the lea.
 And oft with a wistful thinking,
 When memory stood at her ear,
 She sang a sweet song, like the robin's
 At the late time of the year.

Ah! Ellie was an angel—
 The lily of Imael—
 The little—lonely—gentle one—
 So beautiful and pale!

'Twas strange to see the strong fierce man
 So docile to her sway,
 She had a fairy power to lull—
 To smooth his cares away.
 She won his soul with purity—
 With wonder, and with awe;
 'Twas like the dead unwieldy earth
 Obeying Nature's law.

But the old first-love of liberty
 Was fresh within him still,
 And it met this magic father love,
 As sister spirits will.
 And the spirits twain lived in the glen—
 The grand glen of Imael—
 Like the children of its mysteries—
 The grand glen of Imael!
 To them, the gloomy lakes were dear,
 And the bright-mined Lugunure,
 And Comaderry's vastful bulk
 Grasping the vallied floor.
 And the tall brown tower, the signature
 Of memory's earthly goal—
 The blank remains of tombéd fame—
 A frame—without a soul.

But oftenest by the sullen lake,
 Was wandering Ellie seen,
 Moving in silence, like the shade
 Of legend-loved Kathleen.
 The shepherd wove her a rushy chair,
 To sit in the evening's glow,
 And a garland for her golden hair,
 Of the timid flowers, so few and rare,
 Nooked 'mid the silent mountains bare,
 By lonely Anamoe.

And there it was, on one calm eve,
 That a devil-soldier came—
 And met the lily of Imael,
 Like the fiend of a dark dream—
 He crimsoned her with hellish stare,
 He tore her tender bosom bare—
 Ah! one so young—so pure—so fair—
 Could ill brook looks so wild!
 She shrieked, till her little heart nigh broke—
 The grand glen to the echoes spoke,
 And then the pitying heavens awoke,
 A saviour for the child!
 The shepherd heard her cries—he came,
 As with the winds, a cloud of flame—
 And there was *that* in his fierce eye,
 That *dared* the Sagum Dearth to fly;
 The child lay at their feet—the men

Looked rapidly along the glen—
 They were alone, with the mountains high,
 And the sulky lake, and the moody sky,
 And the poor child moaning on the ground ;
 Else there was never a stir or sound.

Oh ! but it was a fearful strife—
 That blood-red rage of life or life !
 And nightfall fell, as yell with yell,
 Mingled in echo-strife as well ;
 Whilst the poor helpless infant lay,
 Moaning away—moaning away.
 At length, the Saxon drooped his head
 On his rift chest—and he was dead.
 Upon that melancholy night,
 Ellie's hurted brain,
 The silky reins of reason lost,
 And like a weak bird storm-tost,
 The beauteous child gave up the ghost,
 And never moved again.

* * * * *

Outbroke the days of " ninety-eight—"
 The ruthless days of ire ;
 The warrior-man shook off his griefs,
 Like sparks of burning fire :
 He had no heart for human thing,
 For it was buried deep
 Under a tree, Ellie—Ellie—
 With your cold corpse asleep.
 He met the Saxon soldier,
 As furnace may meet flax,
 And clove his heart with burning ball,
 And with the glittering axe,
 And none dared stem his vengeance,
 When the thirsty steel was bare,
 For his grief had outflown mercy,
 On its wild way to despair.
 He had no heart for human thing,
 For it was buried deep
 Under a tree, Ellie—Ellie—
 With your cold corpse asleep ;
 They dogged him with black treachery,
 The life-long day and night—

They offered for his gory head,
 Five hundred pieces bright,
 And like the white wolves hunted him,
 From rocky hold to hold ;
 The coward pack hung on his track,
 Poisoning the way with gold.
 But rare staunch hearts 'rose 'round him,
 With the old land's spirit-cry ;
 And the night stars saw the outlaw
 Girt with Erin's chivalry.
 They dogged him with black treachery ;
 But 'spite of all their might,
 His spirit-cry spread terror, on
 The wild wings of the night.
 He felled the foeman in his wrath—
 The traitor in his sin—
 And dragged him to the hungry lake,
 And plunged the Judas in.
 Ah ! he had no heart for human thing,
 For it was buried deep
 Under a tree, Ellie—Ellie—
 With your cold corpse asleep.

• • • • •

At length, a calm stole on his soul,
 And his vow of vengeance slept,
 The silent vow he deeply made,
 When over the dead he wept ;
 The light of grace broke in on him,
 Like sunlight into gloom ;
 His vengeance-vow, he left with Him
 Who sees beyond the tomb.
 He planted flowers o'er Ellie's bed,
 And there wept hours away ;
 'Twas a strange sight, thro' the day and night,
 To see the strong man pray.
 At last, he could no longer bear
 The grief of that young grave ;
 And O'Dwyer—The Desperado,
 Sailed on the Atlantic wave !

CAROLAN.

THE ROUND TOWER AND CHURCHES OF HOLY ISLAND.*

It was a lovely evening about the end of June, when we landed on Holy Island. The setting sun was just visible above the dark outline of the Baughta Mountains. A magnificent sheet of water, gemmed with some half dozen beautiful islands, extended for miles all round. Southward the rugged breast of one of the Ara Mountains reflected back from its shelving quarries of slate, the departing rays of the sun; and as it swept down into a well cultivated country, it assumed a rich drapery of chestnut and oak, which dipped their over hanging branches in the clear water beneath. The Clare coast too was finely wooded; while here and there along its borders, the dilapidated remains of a few dismantled castles, (once the stronghold of a powerful sept of the M'Namara's), told of the ravages which fire and sword; or the no less steady advance of time, had wrought upon their solid masonry.

After gazing for some minutes on the splendid prospect we turned towards the ruins on the island. We had not gone more than a few hundred yards, when we were encountered by a tall manly looking peasant, followed by a terrier. He was stoutly built, about forty years of age, and had a fine open Irish countenance, bronzed by many a summer's sun. The fashionable *artiste* who *designs* the elegant costume of the gilded butterfly of the castle, would have smiled superciliously at the patched shorts and flannel waistcoat which were the two most distinguishable articles of dress he wore; but we regarded them with quite a different feeling; we felt how many an honest heart and true, beats under such a garment, aye, perhaps oftener than under the rich cloth and jewellery of the titled aristocrat.

His first salute of "God save ye, gintlemin; comin' to see the island?" placed us at once upon an intimate footing. He informed us that he had been many years employed by the owner of the island to "take care of cattle;" and that his name was Mick Halloran. He immediately proffered his services as Cicerone, which we very gladly accepted.

The Round Tower is among the finest in Ireland. It is 72 feet high, with an internal diameter of 8 feet. A light clothing of ivy reaches half-way down from the top. The pointed roof, which is usual on all these towers, has fallen; but with this exception it is in an excellent state of preservation. Within a few yards of its base, there is a large lime-stone about two or three feet high, with an incision about a foot square on the top of it. "Do ye see that owld stone," says Mick pointing to it. "Why then sir, in the owld times whin they wor buildin this tower they thought to rise it up to the

* Holy Island or Iniscealtra, is situate in Lough Derg, just where the Shannon takes a gentle sweep into Killaloe. It is 6 miles north of the latter, and a mile from the picturesque village of Mount Shannon. The steamers that ply daily between Athlone and Killaloe pass very near. Indeed there is not a much more interesting trip in the south of Ireland, than along the noble Shannon by the above-mentioned route. Let my readers not confound it with the famous northern pilgrimage in Lough Derg.

sky. But one day while they wor working away at it, who should pass by but a little owld hag, in a grey cloak. Well an good sir, but she niver said 'God bless the work,' so they knew she gave 'em the 'bad eye,' and that they could'nt build it any higher. At this, one of 'em got so mad that he shlung his hammer at her and turned her into this very stone; and more by token there is the mark of the blow she got," pointing to the incision. "Now, Mick, I'm sure you don't believe this." "Arrah! then, sir, myself doesn't know," said he with a knowing look, "but sure the owld people towld it to me." It was evident from his manner what degree of credence he gave it.

The door of the tower faces the East, it is some twelve feet from the ground. I was anxious to get into it and after a good deal of scrambling and falling I succeeded. The floor inside reaches up to the door. Two circles of projecting stones would seem to indicate the previous existence of two other floors; however, no other vestige of them remains.

How strange is the fate of those "pillar temples;" they would seem to be possessed of some talisman which completely bewilders the efforts of our antiquaries to discover their origin. Who knows but our fabled ancestors in erecting them (i.e. presupposing the theory which Moore so fondly supports) may have practised some malevolent charms, which were intended to shroud their origin for ever in mystery. If so, let all our antiquaries cease henceforth bothering themselves about such matters. Believe me it was not to little account that the Danian and Firbolg had been initiated into their mystic arts!

Within four or five yards of the round tower stands the church of St. Camin.* He was of the princely family of Hy-Kinselagh, and retired to the island in the early part of the 7th century.† Thither he was followed by a great many religious who were anxious to put themselves under his spiritual direction. These he formed into a community which assumed the habit and rule of the regular canons of St. Augustin.‡

The monastery was plundered by a body of Danes from Limerick in 834,§ and again in 946 by Ivar, a chieftain of another of these Northman hordes.|| In 1027¶ it was re-erected probably in the form in which it exists at present. Finally it shared the fate of the thousands of other monasteries which the reformation suppressed.

Directly opposite the small Gothic door through which we entered St. Camin's Church is the principal entrance. It is a fine Saxon arch, supported by five circular pilasters on either side. A rich festooning of ivy swept across the span of the arch and interlaced its huge trunk with the adjoining pilasters. The Church itself is a rectangle; in its southern wall there is a granite slab with the following inscription:—"Vulneratus non victus." J. A. Grady repaired those churches and monuments, to the grace and glory of God." It is not dated. However, I think it must have been inserted in the last century, especially as it is in English the inscription is written.

* Lanigan vol. 3, p. 11, Eccl. Hist. + Ibid ‡ Ware's Antiq. p. 267.

§ D'Alton's Hist. Ireland, p. 257. || Lanig. Eccl. Hist. vol. 3, p. 422.

¶ Lewis' Topogr. Diction. vid. Holy Island.

Up to a dozen years ago, there used to be a pilgrimage here, twice a year. Hundreds flocked from the neighbouring counties of Tipperary, Clare and Galway to beg the intercession of St. Camin. Thither came the lame, the blind, the child of affliction and sorrow, to offer up the outpourings of a suffering heart to the Almighty, and to beg the prayers of his servant. Here, on this very spot, had the kneeling peasant often offered up the rich gift of an humble heart and confiding faith.

It matters little, after all, how much the spirit of "progress" and "indifferentism" of the present day may smile at this; but there is undoubtedly something pure and exalted in this outpouring of the heart's warmest affections to God, this unlocking of the soul to some of the finest feelings of our nature, which is so seldom appreciated because it does not often find its way beyond the humble homestead of the poor and lowly.

However, owing to some abuses, the "rounds" have been suppressed, chiefly through the instrumentality of the Catholic clergy. On the appointed days, tents used to be set up, and the itinerary squad of "wheel of fortune men," "trick of the loop" &c., who frequent all Irish fairs and "merrymakings," gathered in great numbers to the "island." Potheen flowed in abundance, and the night seldom closed, without the flourishing of black thorns and the cracking of many an unoffending pate.

In the burial ground adjoining St. Camin's church, Mick pointed out to us an old altar stone, from which the plain cross that had been chiseled on it, was almost completely effaced. He told us that some thirty years ago "the Protestants of Killaloe thought to take it away to put it in *their* 'church,' but the d—l a foot farther than the shore it would go with 'em, so they wor obleeged to bring it back again. And what's more, Sir, the bell that used to ring of 'its own accord' in the 'steeple' was never any good since they brought it to Killaloe."

St. Mary's church, which stands on the southern side of the island, is similar in every respect to St. Camin's. In its southern wall there is another slab, with an inscription. Over the inscription is a crest consisting of a hand and dagger and three lions rampant. A good deal of it is so completely effaced that I could not make out the figures on it. The monument was erected in 1640, over "the noble knight Sir Turlough M'O'Brien Ara, who died 1626, and Elizabeth his wife, daughter to Walter, Earl of Ormond who died in 1625. Pray for their souls. *Memento mortis.*"

What a sad period for Ireland, the first quarter of the 17th century. The Irish Catholics had been led to expect much from the son of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, but his earliest acts at once dashed away their long cherished hopes. His reign should be remembered with execration in Ireland. That was the period at which 500,000 acres of land were confiscated in Ulster,* an immense tract† in Connaught, and 400,000 acres in the other provinces;‡ that was the period at which Chichester had trampled on the liberties of the Irish parliament by unconstitutionally creating forty new boroughs; and when the Catholic nobles of the 'Pale' had petitioned and sent an embassy to James, two of their number, Talbot and Luttrell, were im-

* Plowden's History of Ireland, reign of James I., Curry's Ireland.

† Ibid, vide M'Geoghegan, &c. ‡ Ibid.

prisoned* and the petition rejected with contempt : at which St. John and Falkland proved no unworthy successors to the persecuting Chichester. †

Doubtless, it was owing to the sanguinary edicts of some of these deputies, that M'O'Brien Ara, was forced to seek a quiet grave, beneath the hallowed verdure of Holy Island.

I continued rambling among the ruins until the moon was far up in the mid-heaven. It was a glorious night—a glorious prospect—not a single cloud to veil the pale face of the “queen of night,” who sailed majestically along in the blue vault above. Around, the unrolled sheet of water was burnished with a flood of silver light, save where the dim outline of the wooded shore cast its darkening shadow. The ruins themselves, “half in light, half in shade,” seemed, like some fanciful creation of the mind, adapted only for the phantom forms of the other world.

The intrusive footsteps of man excited a hollow echo in the deserted aisles, and seemed to awaken the spirit of saint and sage who had lain buried there for centuries.

On such occasions how completely does the soul identify itself with the past ; with what vividness do the dim facts of history come up before the mind. In this island, in these very churches, had the learning of Corcoran‡ in the 11th century, charmed the youth not only of Erin but of Europe. There, in yon lonely tower, had the anchoriet§ Cosgrath offered up an unbroken orison for a life time. Perhaps too, on many a night like this, ere yet the Northman or Saxon put foot upon our soil, might the hooded monk have wandered forth into the cold moonlight, and how must he have stood spell-bound as the deep tones of the convent choir stole softly on his ear, or the “angelus” from the convent tower rang its silvery tones over the lonely water of Lough Derg.

What a contrast would strike him, were he again to revisit these scenes. Yonder, where the tangled brushwood creeps over that grassy hillock, there stood a church dedicated to St. Patrick. There ! where the rank grass waves o'er the ashes of the dead, was his own cell, in which he had rested his weary frame, after many a midnight vigil. Here ! where this unchiseled head-stone lies, stood the shrine on which he had registered his first vows to heaven. What a scene of desolation for the distant wanderer. And yet all is not a subject of sorrow to him, how does he exult, when he looks round his green Erin, and sees that the faith of Patrick is still as fresh and vigorous as in the sainted days of Malachy and Columkille ; that sacred learning is still as much cultivated as when her schools were thronged with the learned of Europe, that the same spirit which animated Kilian, Gall and Fiachra is still prolific in Irish missionaries, who may be found in every quarter of the globe, from the wild prairies that border the Missouri to the sacred banks of the Ganges.

DALCASSIAN.

* Curry, History of Ireland. † Brennan, Eccles. Hist. Vol. I.

‡ Lewis, Topogr. Diction. Ireland, vide article Holy Island. § Ibid.

THE RESCUED HARP.

Minstrel ! with thy harp of gold
 Lying in these cloisters old,
 Canst thou find no better rest,
 Who should'st be a welcome guest?
 Are not yonder lighted halls
 Gaye than those ivied walls ?
 Hath the murmur of the sea
 Sweeter sound than praise to thee ?
 And the Harper raised his head
 At that voice so low and clear,
 " Songs of mine," he sadly said,
 Charm no more my nation's ear ;
 For one only theme inspires
 My despised—neglected lays,
 And the sons of Irish sires
 Scorn to hear their fathers' praise.

" Who would win the worthless smile
 Of this base degenerate throng,
 Must forget our ancient Isle,
 Tune his harp to alien song,
 Weave, in strains to suit the hour,
 (Would he reap the slave's reward,)
 Tales of England's pride and power,
 Wondrous theme for Irish Bard !

" Often has my willing voice
 Sung of Dathi's fame afar,
 Moran's just and noble choice,—
 Niall, the renowned in war,
 Of the bravest and the best,
 Greatest king among the dead,
 Glory of the weeping west,—
 Erin's shield and Lochlin's dread.

" And of those in later time,
 Now a shining martyr band—
 High in heaven—whose hallowed crime
 Was their love of motherland.

But when I am bid to tell
 Britain's deeds by land and sea,
 Then my heart and lips rebel,—
 What is Briton's fame to me ?
 So from yonder glittering dome
 And its slavish pomp I fled ;
 These lone aisles shall be my home
 Till I number with the dead.

Far from cold and scornful words,
 Hidden from the eye of day,
 Will I rend the golden chords
 From my useless harp away."
 "Bard! thy grief's despairing sighs
 Rise like mist before thine eyes,
 Dimming with a shade of ill
 What remains of beauty still.
 Such, to foil the Spanish host,

Did the weird enchanters throw
 Round the fair inviting coast,
 Of this Island long ago.
 Till each green and lovely glen
 Seemed a wizard's darksome den,
 Mountains, crowned with purple bloom,
 Fearful giants, boding doom.
 But the mariners' belief
 In their prophet and their chief,
 Bore them like an angel's arm
 Through the mist and thro' the storm.
 For, though some in ocean cave
 Found a cold untimely grave,
 Danger's hour was overpast
 And the chieftains moored at last,
 Rescued from the whirling foam,
 Mileadh's children won their home.

"Let the legend preach to thee
 Heir of Erin's minstrelsy!
 Sunlight shines on many a spot
 Tho' thine eye can see it not.
 Darkest is the hour they say
 That precedes the morning ray,
 Take thy harp again and smile,

Think no more of slavish churls,
 Gems lie deep within the Isle
 Fairer than Lough Lena's pearls :

Simple faithful hearts abound,
 Loving Home, and loving Right,
 At thy Clarseach's kindred sound
 They will vibrate with delight.
 Search them out where ere they be
 In their sheelings rude and poor,
 Mille failte wait for thee
 At the peasant's lowly door.
 Thou shalt see his kindling eyes,
 At thy tales of heroes bold,
 Thou shalt see his wrath arise,
 When his country's wrongs are told.
 Strike thy harp to Tara's pride,
 Eager ears shall list thy lay,
 Sing to *him* how Brien died,
 And he will not turn away.
 Tell him of the 'Hand of Red,'
 Tell him of the nameless grave,—
 And when that thou hast sung the dead—
 Sing too, of the *living* brave.
 How in distant hemispheres
 Erin's faithful friends have met,
 How after eight hundred years,
 Brien's blood flows proudly yet,
 'Till, at thy inspiring tales,
 Life shall stir the hills among,
 And the mist clear off the vales
 At the magic of thy song.
 Oh! believe, thy minstrel power—
 May become a priceless dower,
 Glory to the Clarseach clings,
 Break not yet its golden strings."

Half oblivious of his woes,
 Joyfully the Bard uprose,
 As the sweet voice died away,
 'Thro' the cloisters old and grey.
 Had the genius of his land,
 Given him her high command,
 Or some inward voice alone
 Roused him with a spirit's tone?
 Scarcely could the minstrel tell,—
 Yet it broke the dreary spell.
 From the ruined abbey's gloom,
 Like one risen from the tomb,

He his golden harp hath borne,
 Courting hope, and scorning scorn.
 And he wanders thro' the Isle,
 Singing, singing all the while.
 May the glorious sun of day
 Burst upon the Minstrel's way !

ETHNE.

THE FATAL TREASURE.

Stood an Indian Temple shining
 By the Ganges' sacred tide,
 Amber, gold, and gems combining
 Decked it like a Rajah's bride :
 It was in a former day
 When the ancient race had sway.

As the Orient sun was blazing
 Walls and roof gave back his rays,
 Until the beholder gazing
 Scarcely could endure the blaze :
 Fain to turn his aching sight
 From the many colored light.

But as the fierce day grew chiller,
 And the day god's glory dim,
 Every beam from wall and pillar
 Died as 'twere in grief for him,
 Only on the idol shrine
 Still a light was seen to shine.

There the imaged god stood grimly
 When his worshippers were gone :
 Peering into future, dimly,
 One old Brahmin sate alone,
 Suddenly, a starry dart
 Seemed to flash across his heart.

And upon the diamond gleaming
 On the shrine, his vision fell,
 In its lonely beauty seeming
 Like a thing of charm and spell :
 Though the sun was gone, the stone
 Had a splendour of its own.

Whence it came no tongue could utter,
And no sanscrit roll unfold,
Yet would some a legend mutter
Telling how a monarch old—
From a Geni won the gem,
To adorn his diadem.

As the Brahmin gazed, its lustre
Burned into his very soul—
And he strove the thoughts to muster
Then beyond his own control,
For his ties to earth were broke
When with prophet voice he spoke.

“Though thy beam more pure than water
From a Nadi's source appears,
I behold the hue of slaughter
Mingled there with briny tears :
Through thy crystal wall I see
Rapine, death, and misery.

Often shall the never sated
Strive for thee with robber lust,
Knowing not that thou art freighted
With the doom of the unjust,
And art like the torch of fire
Lighting up a funeral pyre.

Proud in empire, rich in treasure,
I behold a mighty lord,—*
Thousands wait upon his pleasure,
Thousands tremble at his word,
He expires—his empire falls,—
Thou art gleaming in his walls.

Woe is in his marble city,
Shrieks are rising in the air,—
Never hath a thought of pity
Moved the iron robbers there,
Well I mark their greedy eyes
Gloating o'er their fairest prize.

* Aurungzete, on whose house, say the Indians, came a curse with the diamond.

Lo! beside a Nadi fountain
 Springing in the wild Cabul,
 There is blood upon the mountain,—
 One that ruled, no more shall rule,
 As he slew, so he is slain,
 All for his unhallowed gain.*

They who late his steps attended
 Share the cursed spoil and flee,
 Shah Douranee's† crown is splendid
 But its radiance comes from thee :
 Vengeance follows guilt apace,—
 Sorrow, ruin, mark his race.

Still the dire charm worketh in thee,
 And the curse shall never pass,
 One by one shall they who win thee
 Wither like the jungle grass,
 While thy cold and careless ray
 Seems to mock at their decay.

Lured by greed of gold and jewel,
 O'er the rich and sunny land,
 Crafty, covetous, and cruel,
 Creeps a northern robber band :
 Former bonds were silken all
 To the pale Feringhee's thrall.

On they glide as serpent glideth,
 Winning more by fraud than war,
 But the mighty Shiva rideth
 Earthward, on his crimson car :
 'Mid their spoil I see thee shine
 Fatal daughter of the mine !

Lo! from every palmy valley,
 With a fury born of wrong,
 Forth the stern avengers sally,
 Steeled by all they bore solong :
 A dark century of woe
 Hurl they back upon the foe.

* Nadir Shah, after the sack of Delhi, was assassinated by his own chiefs on his way back to Persia, among the mountains of Cabul.

† Ahmel Sh ah Douranee, one of the assassins, and first king of Cabul.

Rapine's treasures soon are scattered—
 Ganges' rose hath borne a thorn,—
 And his empire shall be shattered
 By the race he held in scorn ;
 Never may their sway endure
 Who possess the Koh-i-noor."

ETHNE.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE PALE ;
 OR,
 IRELAND FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY C. M. O'KEEFE, ESQ.

" Oh ! reign of magnificence vanished for ever,
 Like music dried up in the bed of the river."

Wilson.

" At bleating of the wild watch fold,
 Thus sang my love, ' Oh come with me,
 Our bark is on the lake ; behold
 Our steeds are fastened to the tree ;
 Come far from Castle Connor's clans !
 Come with thy belted forester,
 And I beside the lake of swans
 Shall hunt for thee the fallow deer.' "

Campbell.

CHAPTER I.

" What black magician conjures up this fiend ?"

Richard III.

'Twas night, and in the "city of the swords," in the "province of the spears,"* the cathedral of the Holy Trinity—no longer resounding to the echoing choir, was sleeping in silent repose. The immense gloom that veiled the interior was broken by a solitary cresset—which, like some pensive star, radiated calmly before the majestic altar. In that altar lay enshrined the staff of many virtues which, blazing with the embellishments of Paradise, had been confided to the hand of Patrick by an angel—Victor by name—with pinions of glory! Those cold and venomous reptiles which anciently crawled over Erin, had been scared from the majestic island—"Einne ardbhíur na n-ísh"—by the intolerable radiance of that shining crozier. But at present the brilliant staff lay veiled within its darkened shrine: Around and above—the drooping banners—the numerous colonnades—the small cloistered galleries—the well carved statues of canonized soldiers—the grand groined and foliated roof—solemn and beautiful, were curtained in the

* Leinster, leabhar na gceart.

enormous shadow of the gigantic edifice. In the veil of that shadow a young man, on the memorable night on which our story commences, stood quite alone, apparently musing on the drapery of gloom that tapestried the vast concavity of the stupendous building; or eyeing the great cathedral window at the extremity of the long drawn nave, through which, at times, a feeble glimmer from the clouded moon faintly struggled in as if to cheer him. Before the great altar and under the cresset, the steps and platform were littered with armour, helmet or salet, breast plate or placard, tuiles and taces, van-brace and cuisses, sword, lance and shield; those instruments of knighthood on which this trusty warrior would fain implore a benison. The solitary candidate, as, thought chased thought through his mind, glowed at times with martial ardour, and at times saddened with misgiving as he gazed on his harness. His heart that had throbbed so feverishly for the loud fragor of crashing lances, shrunk at times as if scared by the purity and splendour of the order he ambitioned. During two-and-twenty hours this postulant had not tasted food, and the depression of mind which long abstinence occasions had gloomed his spirits. Had he indeed—he asked himself—that knightly purity which the warriors of the cross were expected to exhibit? Were there not many and fierce ebullitions of pride, vanity, and black hate with which he could accuse himself? That symbol of purity—the white tunic which draped his person—seemed to question him if he were indeed pure? The crimson surcoat—the emblem of the life blood which the trumpet of the Rear-lorn Hope might in some disastrous battle summon him to shed, made him uneasy. He doubted much, if he really possessed that unflinching fortitude—that lion heart which the mail-clad martyr, pale but bold, should display when, unhorsed, unfriended, he moved to martyrdom, surrounded by flashing eyes and furious faces of sunburnt Paynims screaming for his blood. He almost scorned himself as a hypocrite for thus seeking in this magnificent cathedral, whose multiplied niches were studded with sainted forms, a dignity of which he was unworthy. In the course of these reflections, in an indescribable manner, the postulant, while lost in thought, became aware that he was not alone, that some mysterious visitant in the gloom, then brooding in the aisles, was prowling and perusing him as a marked victim—at least he fancied so; but prolonged abstinence often gives hallucinations to the eye, and this idea might originate in hallucination. But again, he felt—profoundly felt—that the sound of a stealthy step on the flags caught his awakened ear. Nor was this so much to be wondered at; and he crossed himself at the thought: the chancel ground seemed with mouldering tenants, many a good knight lay there, whose sitting ghost might well skulk in the giant shadow of the cathedral arches—Sepulchres too, studded the neighbouring earth which at midnight hour it was believed slowly and horribly yawned to vomit their grisly tenants.

These thoughts produced a cold shudder in the ingenuous nobleman. Gazing into the darkness he became conscious that a moving being whatever it was returned his gaze.. His hair rose on end, and a thrill, icy-cold palsied his heart as he felt the awful conviction that he had not a human, but some supernatural

companion. He suddenly gave expression to these feelings. He roared out, "In the name of God what have we here." The conviction became intensely strong as he uttered these words, that the mysterious being at which his whole nature revolted, was drawing nearer and nearer as if invited by his exclamation—though in that approach its motion was noiseless.

"In the name of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and Jacob, what have we here."

By the way of answer, a hand was laid with a vice like clutch upon his shoulder, and a hairy and horrible visage presented itself inquiringly before his retreating countenance. The nose was large and prominent, the brow low and slanting, the eye shining and inquisitive, and the head—thatched with a dense mass of long disordered hair—resembled a hay-stack. "How now! What make thee here, churl, what profane wretch art thou?" exclaimed the perturbed youth as by a sudden effort he wrested himself from the gripe of his demon-like visitor.

The stranger rather thinking aloud than replying exclaimed—while a low gruff chuckle accompanying his words, "And thou think'st Sir Chitty-face," (and the fellow gave himself a scratch,) "No old hemp is to mallet his craw forsooth? None but gentles shall say their beads? The braycayne's* skillet is not to be scoured. Eh! No bacon to be saved but Sir Friday face's? No other paudreens† my holy lamb."

The stranger while thus speaking contrived to shift his position in order to see what manner of man he had to deal with. For this purpose he managed to turn his back to the light, that the rays of the pendent cresset might fall on the excited visage of our novice in arms, while the shadow veiled his own. By a quick inspection of the youth's countenance, the stranger perceived that the knight was not to be cowed; he dismissed his first intention of bullying him—he resolved to act on his simplicity—for an obvious reason—he could not act on his fears.

The sinewy and bony form which confronted the knight was belted in a girdle of green withes or twisted oziers, from which hung a large straight pointed sword, formed to pierce mail, and sheathed in a brilliant scabbard. In the dim light of the cathedral he appeared—(what he was not)—an extremely tall, raw-boned losel, with an ugly face, and a certain meagre lankness about the waist, which reminded the knight of a greyhound. From his bearing—from the very tones of his voice—it appeared that the stranger had recently passed through scenes of excitement. His right hand grasped that royal weapon, the axe, which half unconsciously he swung to and fro as it were a walking stick. It seemed that while the youth had been indulging in reverie the stranger had glided into the church like a spectre, as if the yielding walls had yawned noiselessly for his admission. Besides he moved over the floor without noise—a circumstance which made the knight doubt if he were human. As a consolation it was popularly [believed in that age—and the knight shared in the popular belief—that demons fork-footed and hueless faced, were vulnerable like men, inasmuch as Michael—that celestial knight—had unhorsed Lucifer in the tourneys of the sky—a recollection which animated the young postulant, with the gallant hope of winning honour

* A mob's-man.

† Chaplets.

from this strange adventure. To solve the mystery he shouted with rather an uncertain voice, "What art thou, felon, and how hast thou found entrance into this Cathedral?"

Looking hard at his questioner from under his beetling brows (to see if he could be duped), the stranger was very slow to answer; he seemed physically deaf, or deeply absorbed in thought. He was really thinking how easily he might—with mortal strength—cleave the youth to the chin, scatter his brains in a shower of blood over the pavement, with his "thin-edged *thooa*." It would be only the work of a minute to brandish it and brain him. While clutching his axe, shortening his sinewy hold of the ashen handle—which had been cut short for close fight—he glared on the youth, as the "lank-sided wolf" glares on its fleecy and innocent victim. He meditated a bound and a blow which, to a master of his weapon, like him, it would be unnecessary to reiterate. At one and the same moment his convulsive gripe was almost crushing the shaft of his axe—his eye was kindling like a ball of fire, and his mind was calculating the consequences, the profit and loss of homicide. At last—after a long pause—by way of answer the intruder, without moving the fixed and searching eyes with which he perused the ingenuous visage of the youth, pointed carelessly to a lofty and half-ruined aperture in the highest part of the edifice, through which a gleam of moonlight happened at that moment to penetrate. His skinny lips were curled by a sneer of mockery, as if the villain were amused at the frank amazement of his astonished companion, as the youth faltered out, "What, fellow, hath made thee run so dreadful peril?" Another pause ensued: "A trifle," replied the sallow intruder, at length, quickening the pendulous motion of his axe, or *thooa*, which he swung to and fro, as much as to say, "This is the cause." Ere he could espy a favorable opportunity to accomplish the murderous purpose that lurked deep in his atrocious mind, and gleamed in his savage eye; or ere he could shake himself free from the clutch of the tempter urging him almost irresistibly to the commission of crime, at what he deemed an inauspicious moment—while his mind was like a field of battle—he was startled, (as it were with a trumpet), by an event which far from allowing him thought, or time, or breath to menace the safety of others, made him fly in terror to secure his own.

At this moment he listened—he started—he turned as ghastly white as a corpse—made a few hasty steps as if preparing to fly, and again palpitatingly pausing he eagerly and breathlessly listened. A remote bellow faintly reverberating from some street—far off—caught his strained hearing. He seemed to analyse the sounds as if he could learn by the clamours by what lips they were uttered. The sounds were plainly nearing the cathedral. It seemed as if a human and speaking tide—a vast surge of men—was flowing and roaring towards the cathedral. Hostile screams—accents of exasperation and grief and fury rose clamoring from every side, and were fast and audibly converging towards the church. He seemed at his wit's end—he seemed alternately vigilant and stupified,—he seemed to shrink into himself as he stared with pale looks as if tremblingly craving security from the massive structure around him. His agitation cannot

be described, as the swelling roar of the external tumult—the thickening and terrible hubbub came like a bursting flood that breaks on a craggy sea coast—surging and rioting round the building. Soon the redoubled thunderings of a screaming multitude—a shower of blows rained fiercely on the resounding panels—the pounding and clattering of clubs and quarter-staffs re-echoed dully and solemnly through the vast cathedral, rendering it perfectly obvious that the sanctuary was beleaguered by an irreverent and exasperated multitude—furiously eager to break in. Meantime, the terrible tumult that reverberated and clamoured through the rocking city had startled the Reverend Canons and gownsmen of the church from their pallets, who pale and full of solicitude came in confused and terrified groups—streaming to where the knight was watching his arms. In a moment clambering up the walls some of them were clinging to emblazoned windows while screaming out their observations, and gazing at the huddled crowd which rose and roared and struggled to beat its way—with main force—in among them. Soon the universal out roar of the exasperated citizens of “Send him forth,” “Send him forth,” a thousand times repeated, was answered by the mellow tones of a gigantic bell, whose iron tongue was moved by the agitated hand of a half-frenzied friar. The alarming intelligence wafted by the bell from that lofty turret called up a chorus of responsive sounds, stroke following stroke, from all the steeple towers of the metropolis, and soon the sonorous bell of the red cross knights of St. John, louder than them all, was

“Swinging slow with sullen roar.”

The knights of St. John were astir, and the atmosphere of Dublin was soon alive with the breath of trumpets, the neighing of chargers, and the echo of war cries.

CHAPTER II.

“Denn nicht geheur ist's hier; ein böses wesen
Hat seinen wohnsitz unter diesem baum
Schon seit der alten, grauen heidenzeit.”

Schiller.

Having described the candidate for knighthood, who, in the dusky aisles of the vaulted church, was watching his arms preparatory to inauguration the following day, and having described the murderer dripping with blood, who—battle-axe in hand—took refuge in the church to escape the rage and fury of the people; we shall now, with the reader's permission, issue from the consecrated edifice, and mingling with the exasperated multitude learn from their brawling how this “savage from the mountains,” as they termed him, the “wild Irishman” whom they had hunted through their streets, had incurred their “mortal dislike.”

Lighted by pious hands, and placed in the public street, a lamp was blazing at the feet of a stiff and clumsy image of the Virgin, in the immediate vicinity of the venerable church in which the Dollaher, for such was his name, was safely skulking. The light of the lamp fell on a hirsute and vociferous group, who heedless of the holy figure overhead, were earnestly discussing the history of the refugee.

"Did you ever hear what he did at the Castle of Turvey?" jabbered a bleary-eyed *jongleur*, as the English termed him—a *ṛeap ṇa tzeb*, as the Irish termed him—who harmoniously blended with the profession of a harper the avocation of a news gossip. He had lanthorn jaws, flabby hollow cheeks, and a thin grey beard; his red eyes peered obliquely through his bleared eyelids, while his bushy eyebrows hung above them like the bristles of a boar. Fuvroac (such was his name,) stooped under the burden of his well worn *ṛṇuṛṇ* or harp, which was secured to his shoulders by a greasy strap of ill-tanned deer skin. Years which had enfeebled his limbs had augmented the volubility of his tongue. His physical powers, like a vanquished army retreating before the inroads of conquering time, were concentrated in his organs of speech. He seemed the incarnation of impotent garrulity, and as fatuous in mind as he was feeble in body. When allowed to choose his subject the fairies were his favorite theme. He had lived in their caverned hills, had seen them often, and knew them all even by name. It was said indeed that he was slightly addled in the brain or "bird-witted," in consequence of a *ṛṇḃe Ṣaoṛṇe* or magic wind—a fairy breeze which sighed over him while asleep of a summer's day upon the green grass and wafted away his intellect. But this perhaps was scandal.

"Did you ever hear what he did at the castle of Turvey?"

"No," exclaimed several at once animated by a devouring appetite for news, an article which Fuvroac delighted to supply. He was a vocal newspaper—a reporter whose memory was his note book—his tales, though sometimes deficient in truth, were rarely wanting in interest.

"I'll tell you—I'll tell you," crowed out Fuvroac, apprehensive apparently of being forestalled; "he was confined with seven chains,—*seven chains*, in the upper chamber of a tower two hundred feet high—one chain round the villain's neck—two round his legs—four on his arms and three round his waist. That's seven!"

"That's more than seven," gruffly observed an arithmetician who happened to join the crowd.

"What matter? what matter?" exclaimed the crowd goodnaturedly; eager to hear the tale even though alloyed by a tincture of untruth.

"That's seven," reiterated the waspish old minstrel, raising his voice, and emphasizing his words and nettled by the uncalled for remark of this impertinent censor.

"Is it one on his neck, and four on his legs, and five round his waist? Is that what you call seven?" asked the amazed arithmetician.

"Ah! what matter, man?" "never mind" "go on, go on," exclaimed several of the by-standers, justly vexed at this vain-glorious display of superfluous accomplishment.

"Well," resumed the minstrel—"well, as I was saying, one day he was visited by three boys, the sons of Lord Barnewall and two striplings besides, six boys in all. One was the son of the lord of the castle, and the remainder his two grandsons, being there for education, and who applied to the captive robber for

arrows with which he was wont to supply them. One day this villain being at the request of the children, brought forth from his dungeon, took advantage of the absence of the janitor, and locked himself up with the boys. A great clamour instantly arose as well from the boys within as from the gathering servitors without; the boys screaming because as they said, he was killing them, and the men at arms roaring because they could not hinder them from being killed, though they heard the blows he gave the screaming lads, nor did he cease with an uplifted axe to threaten the lives of the children, until indemnity and security were assured him in the most sure manner."

"I am told," exclaimed another, a massive gallowglass or heavy armed soldier, brawny and brown, with ruddy health crimsoning his plump cheek which resembled an apple. He was a bulky, stalwart, massive man—having foxy mustachios and goat's eyes; hence he was nicknamed *ṛúil ḡabhāin*. The Irish were wont to estimate the mental qualifications by the colour of the eye. Thus *ṛúil ḡabhāin* (goat's eyes,) is a term which indicates that such a person was of a wild lascivious nature—warm and choleric, but not malignant, or vicious. *ṛúil ḡabhāin* as they termed him, had a gilly or servant, (St. Antony's pig—as he nicknamed the lad) perpetually dogging his heels, bearing his basinet and shirt of mail.

"I am told that his mother openly avowed what he is."

"What's that?"

"And being interrogated earnestly who he was, and put to the question before the chief justiciary, he confessed himself that he was the son of the wife of a Broohy,* his father being a demon in the form of her husband!"†

"Oh! Father of mercies!" exclaimed a fourth crossing himself, "was ever anything like that?"

The crowd for a minute or two, as if digesting the important information, was mute

"Hearken to me, good christians," exclaimed an old, man with a single eye and double complement of sharkish teeth, which obtruded from his lips, "I heard him avow what he is." "You did?" inquired several in the shrill tone of fear. "I did." Here the old man dropped his voice, and his eager and silent auditors huddled nearer to him, and to one another. "It happened one day when he was living in his doobie,‡ the subject of conversation was—praises to his name—the incarnation of Him that saved us, and he said—in the hearing of myself and three men besides, what may shew you what he is if you are not deaf to reason, before our Divine Redeemer assumed human nature, said one of the three men, the Demons had great power. They had indeed great power says he—quite melancholy, which at His coming was much diminished, says he, interrupting us inasmuch that we were dispersed on every side, says he; some threw themselves into the sea, says he, others hid themselves in old trees, or cugged into rocky nooks, and for my part, says he, mark the words—these were the very words—I leaped into a well, says he, on which he blushed crimson for shame, and was gone in a whiff—he disappeared from before us."

"He did?"

* A peasant.

† Vide *Cambrensis*.

‡ Dukdom district.

"He did," repeated the one-eyed speaker, beating the earth with his stick, while the knot of men crossed themselves slowly and reverentially. "Lord keep us," slowly repeated one, a man with a cheese complexion,—as if recovering his breath—drawing nearer at the same time to the preceding speaker, "He's not a man."

"He's not a man," repeated the old fellow, striking his *pleafz* or staff, triumphantly against the ground; "He's a pale, lean, carcass, quickened by a fiend."

"Do you not wonder," asked a small black fellow, whose countenance was blank with amazement, "how he can have power to go into the Church, and the blessed staff in it besides?" The speaker was a *deafthoiff* by profession, i.e.—he vaticinated the future, by inspecting the palm of the hand; he was nick-named *luiffz neav*, or "bird-shanks."

"Oh! he has power for a time," was the reply, "but it will not last long."

"What manner of man be the Dollaher?" asked an idleman,* or *duine uasal* from Uladh, wearing a *leyn*, or tunic, with ample and flowing sleeves, which, as he moved, gallantly swept the ground. The tunic consisted of 32 yards of yellow linen, dyed with saffron, mixed with the rind of the arbutus tree; it did not reach beyond the thigh, it had a frill round the waist, and, as an eye-witness says:—

"With plaits on plaits it plaited was, as thick as plaits could lie."†

His plaid *truis*, or trowsers, descended into his heelless shoes or pumps;‡ he was bearded, comely, and bare-headed, and his long ringletting fair hair, (flowing in waves over his shoulders) veiled his brow with a valance of flaxen curls.

"What manner of man be the Dollaher."§

"A horrible monster, he has the body of a man—but all the hinder parts of an ox, from the ankles of the legs and wrists of the arms; his head is all bald saving a few small, thin hairs, his eyes, great and round, and black like an ox; nose, he has none, but two holes—speak, he cannot, but only bellow aloud, like an ox; I saw him when he did resort to the house of Maurice Fitzgerald daily, about dinner-time, and such meat as was given him, he took it in his hoofs, and so fed himself."|| Here the speaker looked knowingly aside, thrust out the extremity of his tongue and winked his left eye, at which some of the bystanders tittered and cackled, but the elders were too earnest to smile.

"Some say that he has seven men's strength—folks say, too, that if a bag of apples be pitched upon his head, not one will fall to the ground, but all stick upon his big skull, which bristles all over with the thorns of a hedgehog, in lieu of locks."¶

"That tallies mainly with what I hear, and that his shins be as sharp as any edge of any pole-axe, and his hams twisted the wrong way."

"May be he is the *Pooka*," interposed one wiser than the others.

* This epithet comes from *Adel*, noble; the *Duine wasal* of Scotland. † See cover; figure on the left. ‡ *brúza*. § Dollaher, seems to be a corruption of *dublaíat*, or *Dal-lahan*, a dark, sullen person—a member of the fairy mythology.—*Crofton Croker*. ¶ Vide Hammer's Chronicle. ¶ Battle of Magh Rath;

"What meanest thou by the wrong way, man."

"Why, the back part foremost, and the fore part backward, to be sure."

"If all we hear be true, he must be any woman's fancy—that takes a liking to him," observed the gallowglass, wisely and deliberately.

"They say," resumed the old *peap na tteb*, "that whenever the Dollaher, (that's in that Church there now,) puts his foot upon the ground, the voice of a man, loud, hoarse, terrible, and muffled, issues from the depths of the earth, that instant, and threatens and screams at him, with terrible denunciations."

"That's some one he murdered," observed a bystander, with a hoarse, though subdued voice of fear—and eyes enlarged, as if bewildered by alarm.

"Oh! that's it."

"That is what makes him so pale. The voice, folks say, moves, as he moves, and stops, when he stops."

"That's the ghost of some one he killed."

Thus the rude and hirsute gossippers strove to unravel the web of mystery which shrouded that singular being, whose appalling appearance, it was rumoured, struck the stoutest heart with apprehension.

CHAPTER III.

"I envy them, those Monks of old,
Their prayers they said, their beads they told;
To human frailties dead and cold,
And all life's vanities."

James.

Forsaking the street external to the Cathedral, we shall once more plunge into its deep aisles.

While the thunder of repeated blows, inflicted on the groaning gate, by its earnest and exasperated assailants, boomed dully through the shadowy aisles—a gentler group assembled in the centre of the Cathedral—it consisted of the pale and anxious ecclesiastics, who, when speaking, literally trembled with alarm. In the centre of the ring of gownsmen, the refugee, for whose blood the furious mobsmen outside were ravening, stood sullen and calm. He still trifled with his formidable axe, and was girt with his magnificent sword—his "toaster," as he termed it—by a girdle of green wythes; "unhappy sinner," exclaimed the alarmed Dean Quatriot or Cothrot, (as his brethren termed him, Father Cut-throat, as the citizens mis-named him) in a voice of ill-disguised terror, "what novel horrors hast thou added to thine old misdeeds, that the infuriate people hunt thee in this perilous fashion, as thou wert a wild wolf?" The stranger made a slight clacking noise with the extremity of his finger—accompanying the gesture with a wink, "all your cackle is not worth that," he slowly observed; whereupon another Clergyman, indignant at this contumacy, exclaimed, "Kneel down thou anathematised wretch—kneel down, thou abandoned sinner—kneel down before our thorn-crowned Saviour—kneel down, thou worst of men, before the crucifix, whose solemn, terrible, and thrilling voice, was

heard in this Church, when it withered a robber like you—but not so bad as you—unto speechless terror, and which will yet speak to thee, thou abhorred wretch, thou abominable villain, and condemn thee, and thou repent not, to everlasting pains—kneel down, and make a heart-felt act of true contrition.”

The Dollaher felt strangely uncomfortable; a ghastly paleness whitened his hard and rueful features; his mouth for a minute or two writhed strangely, but by a powerful effort he recovered himself and crushed his agonising feelings—the hell within him—into temporary quietude. Instead of kneeling down piously like a penitent, the Dollaher stretched himself slowly like a brute on the floor to repose. This circumstance, however, inspired the clergymen to renew their attack with great intrepidity when they had him down. Finally the Dollaher bleated a reply, “Ub bub bub a boo was he never to die?” he asked in a grating voice, and with an air of savage recklessness, extending his long shanks sheathed in plaid as he spoke, “I have it from a grey friar of St. Doolach’s, that we must all die sometime! ’twas no angel I felled with the c1p1p. We’ll be all dead in a hundred years time,” and the ruffian darted a scowl of hardened ferocity at the shrinking clerics which might be construed into meaning, “some of you will die sooner.” “If I knocked a few years off his sneaking life, its great matter isn’t it?” and the wretch indulged in a hoarse grunt of glee, “could he live for ever, or any man! I slew no immortal, I believe, Father Cut-throat. Nathless I’ll surely pay down his *eric** honestly—that is,” he added, as if his conscience scrupled the liberality of his tongue, (emphasising the words) “when I can afford it, though small is the Eric the c1a1p07, was worth bad luck to him.” “Thine *eric*, churl?” shrieked Father Cotrot, in a voice of fright, as if he had seen a serpent; “That is one of thy detestable customs! thine Irish abominations! Ugh! thou bearded barbarian! *Anathema, Maranatha* upon thy brood, confusion and shame to thy murderous spawn, thou Irish dog.” “I am no Irish dog,” said the Dollaher slowly, “I’m no boglander, I am real English; I lock my door at meal times,”

“Thou hast the head of an Irish dog, so shalt thou have the hemp of an Irish traitor. Dog’s law, thou filthy churl; what pretensions hast thou, thou vile hog, to the noble name of Englishman, with that foul fell of hair; that half-shaved head; that horrible *crommeal*?† Why art not trimmed like a christian, thou bearded savage?”

“Then your reverence wants to shave me?” queried the Dollaher.

“I’ll explain your character, my child,” interposed another gownsman; “you were born under a malignant star; you were born, my child, under an evil aspect; you have the seven deadly sins in your countenance, my child; you were born when Saturn and Jupiter were in trine to Syrius in the sign Capricornus—a terrible and fatal sign, my child.”

“Oh! you’re a star-monger, I believe!” said the Dollaher.

“You were born under an evil aspect, and you will never be good. You were born to perdition,” persisted the priest, belting his white robe round his thin person, for he did not belong to the house. He was a Cistercian named Cumack,

* Fine, or damages—amercement. † See cover, figure at the left.

on a visit to his uterine brother. This robe which was girt with a woollen girdle, had the form of a cassock; in addition to which he wore a hood and black scapular. "You were born under an evil aspect," he continued, "when Saturn and Jupiter were in trine to Sirius."

"I dare pawn my ears your Reverence is wrong," said the Dollaher quietly, *avec l'insouciance d'un sauvage*. "You want me to sing the black psalm; but you're in the wrong box, I'm not in tune, my Amen curler."

"When you were born the moon was in the 26th of Libra," repeated the priest, "eighteen degrees from cusp of the 5th, while Saturn was in the 16th degree of Aquary, and Cancer in the cusp of the ascendant—you'll be hanged."

"Ub ub bub bub a boo," exclaimed the Dollaher. "I'll wear my bit of blessed palm yet, and carry my bit of blessed candle, and my little cruisekeen of holy water, and I'll go to mass on Easter Sundays with my little *paudreens*,* and my little *rosareen*,† and hearken to the *bleat*—and can mortal man do more!" chuckled the savage.

"Thou barbarian—thou unbeliever"—ejaculated the priest.

"Aint I baited like a bull? aint I," bellowed the fierce ruffian, trying if bullying might avail him. "Aint I like a wild fawn trouching from the furious dogs, and breathing in the briars? Aint I?"

But finding that bullying would not avail, "I'm to be pitied so I am," sobbed the rascal. "Don't they drive me mad? don't they? Here I am bedabbled with my own blood—but it's useless talking—I'll say no more." A great criminal is no spooney, he is rarely troubled with *mauvaise honte*. Such was at least the case with the Dollaher, he confronted social superiority with fearlessness.

"Was there ever such a monster? Thou man of blood, thou wolf"—exclaimed the priest.

"If I be a wolf *ἄ γυναιξὶ* If I be a man of blood *βιαιώτατος* I'm not a weazel, with a heart no bigger than a haw," growled the ruffian.

"Was there ever such a monster?" repeated the perplexed priest, who though a good, was a small-minded man, and with his small eyes, and small diminutive mouth, not distantly unlike the weazel he was compared to.

By way of answer the refugee inclined his head upon his breast, and uttered a loud and violent snort, a gruff and brutish sound, which reminded the hearer of the sudden grunt of an exasperated wild boar. The effect was amazing, for the ecclesiastics scattered and fled instantaneously. We must observe, in order to account for this dispersion of the Reverend Canons, wild with terror, which the Dollaher contemplated with the twinkle of the eye, and the grin of malignancy, that according to the terrifying gossip of the bewildered citizens, a snort or grunt was the usual prelude to that paroxysm of rage, which gave the Dollaher occasionally something like the fury and all the strength of a demoniac.

* Beads. † Sermon. ‡ i.e. Sgrut. § A contemptible person.

LAMENT FOR EDWARD WALSH.

(For the Celt.)

ON silver-bosom'd Avon Dhu
 Soft shone the rosy morning beam,
 And many a leaf impearl'd with dew
 Hung weeping o'er the gentle stream ;
 On shaded rock and misty fell
 The sickly hue of Autumn hung ;
 When by the river's pensive swell
 I heard this plaintive requiem sung.

" From wild Glengariff's fairy strand
 To Avon Dhu's romantic side ;
 From gentle Banna's amber sand
 To Liffey's darkly-winding tide ;
 From Shannon's border to the sea—
 From Suir's bright springs to crystal Nore ;
 Ye sons of song come mourn with me
 The Bard of Legendary Lore.

" Ah ! gentle star of Genius dear,
 Where is thy beam of beauty gone ?
 Tho' clouded in thy kindred sphere,
 Thy ray with sweetest splendour shone ;
 As springs the modest mountain flower
 Beneath mild April's dewy ray—
 As smiles the wild rose on the brier
 Thy genius smiled and passed away.

" Thy country's eyes have tears for thee,
 Thy country's soul embalms thy name,
 Thy talent grew, a lovely tree,
 Fann'd by the genial airs of fame ;
 Amid a nation's tears and gloom,
 The thrilling sweetness of thy lyre
 Awoke her greatness from its tomb,
 And stirred her heart's-blood into fire.

" What human heart can read unmov'd
 The record of thy dying hour,
 When she, thy partner so belov'd,
 Bent o'er thee like a weeping flower ;

Alas ! that souls so sweetly twined,
Should from each other's love be torn ;
Alas ! that hearts so pure and kind,
As her's should sigh and weep forlorn.

“ By silver Avon's misty wave,
He won the treasure of her love,
And noble was the heart he gave,
Unsuiled as the skies above ;
And gentle as Loch Callan's swan,
Was she his spirit's worshipp'd bride,
And love and beauty round her shone,
With youth and virtue at her side.

“ The breathings of his lofty soul
Were turned to music in her praise,
His heart was Love's own banquet bowl,
And she the bright wine of his days.
For Erin and his Bridghid fair,
His wild harp's notes were pour'd alone,
For Erin and his Bridghid dear,
His spirit thrill'd with one sweet tone.

“ Ye hills and moors and ferny dales,
By fairy Avon's silent tide,
Ye groves and banks and shamrock vales,
No more he'll hail your vernal pride ;
His sorrows and his toils are o'er,
And keen privations suffer'd long,
His gentle heart shall feel no more,
The genial powers of love and song.”

M. H. THOMOND,

Banks of Shannon,

Jan. 16, 1858.

THE WINDING SUIR.

(For the CELT.)

Among these hills,
 And in those fields,
 I wandered with my Comor last,
 The morning flowers,
 All gemm'd with showers,
 Were trembling in the orient blast,
 'Twas on these banks,
 'Mid snowy ranks,
 Of daisies wash'd with dew drops pure,
 With many a tear,
 And sigh sincere,
 We parted by the winding Sair.

The linnet sung,
 The thorn among,
 The haw-tree flower'd in yon green dell,
 Along the woods
 The silvery clouds
 Hung o'er the river's golden swell;
 The east wind chased
 The pearly mist,
 Dim o'er the dewy shaded moor,
 And all look'd gay,
 That tearful day,
 We parted by the winding Sair.

Three times that day
 Has passed away,
 Upon the year-bound wheels of time,
 And summer's sun
 Three times shone on
 Yon primrose banks in floral prime,
 With grief worn face
 I mark the place
 We parted from my cottage door,
 Ah does he now,
 Forget the vow,
 He gave me by the winding Sair.

When midnight swings,
 Her sorry wings,
 Along the cold blue face of heaven,
 While others sleep,
 I sigh and weep,
 And all my heart to him is given.
 In fancy's dream,
 Again I seem,
 To rove the hill and lonely moor,
 Where last with sighs,
 And streaming eyes,
 We parted by the winding Suir.

M. H. THOMOND,

Bank of Shannon.

THE BRIDAL OF DEATH.

ANDY Nowlan stood beside the fresh clay of his father's grave, himself the only mourner of his last and only friend. The young man had lived the simple life of an Irish peasant, and crime had brought no blackness on his heart; his mild blue eye beamed with a glance as innocent as that of childhood, and though the visitation that had fallen on the land had brought sorrow to his own hearth, it had not furrowed his brow or blanched his cheek. A few months before he had deposited in the same grave the remains of his mother and sister, to-day his tears fell upon their coffins,—he had just heard the hollow sound of the clogs fall on his father's, and now he stood weeping by the fresh mound, friendless and alone. In that grave was laid all that was endeared to him by the ties of memory and blood; he could never hear their voice, or glance into their eye, or feel the warm pressure of their hand again,—but the blessings they had breathed over him from the bed of death seemed to fleet in the air around him, like angel messengers from another world, and he fancied he heard the dead ones' whispering borne on the evening's sigh.

The neighbours who attended the funeral had stolen away out of respect to the young man's grief; two of the companions of his younger years only remained to accompany him to his desolate home. Neither, conscious of his own weakness, would approach the spot sacred to death and sorrow till evening had set in, but then at length summoning up courage, they forced young Nowlan rudely though goodnaturedly away. None of the party would, however, commence conversation till as they neared Nowlan's cottage, Dinny Hickey, who prided himself much on his knowledge of human nature, and the things of the world in general, at last broke silence.

"Andy," asked Dinny solemnly, "do you remember what your poor father said afore he died, regardin' your dealins wid ould Hardrade, the lan'lord?"

"I remember it, for sartain Dinny, though it's little I care about the lan'lord now, an' Ill give him up the holdin' any time he likes."

"In throth it 'ud jist be as well," put in Larry, the other of Nowlan's companions, "for now that you 're a single boy, there's no boll an you like uz that has the wives, God help us, and if I wor you I'd never live a day under a lan'lord—the naygurs—but thry my luck in America."

"To be sure, what the Danes else would the boy do," said Dinny, "an' if he could get a few pounds out iv ould Skinfint—bad luck to him—for givin' up the laise, it 'ud be the luckiest day for him that ever shined."

"In regard o' the laise," observed Andy, "I b'lieve it was broke a long ago, but at any rate it inds wid my poor father's death, God be marcful to him."

"Amin, Andy asthore" said Larry, "though, I think, he's in no need iv *our* prayers; sure if he's not happy how will it be wid uz?"

"There was'nt an honest or a daicinter man in the five baronies, or for that matther from say to say," said Dinny with vehemence, "and it 'll be a woe day for you, Andy, the day you neglect his advice."

"God forbid I ever should, Dinny."

"An' don't forget what he said regardin' the bailiffs, bekaise you'll soon want to put it in practice."

"Och its little I'll have to do wid the likes o' thim, for I'll go to Hardrade to-morrow an' settle," replied Andy.

"Hardrade is before hand wid you, my poor fellow," said Dinny sympathetically. "Oh its little you know the sort iv a world you'll have to deal wid, wait till you suffer as much as I did."

"What do you mane, Dinny," asked Nowlan eagerly.

"Mane, why he manes," says Larry, "that the bailiffs are at home in the house wid you."

"Bailiffs at the house!—sayzed on!—all—all gone!" said Nowlan wildly, "oh, I'm ruined. But I'll tear thim—I will!"

"Tear nor kill nothin, Andy Nowlan," said Hickey leaving his broad hand on the other's shoulder, "I heerd your father wid my own ears commandin' you to be paiceful, an' makin' you promise to be as quiet as a lamb in case the bailiffs kim, an' now will you bring pain on your father's sowl?"

"Oh no—no—no, Dinny, not for worlds. I'll be quiet, though its hard for flesh an' blood to bear it."

The two friends had performed the great office of friendship in informing young Nowlan of the visitors that were before him in his cottage. The wretched landlord, hearing of the death of old Nowlan, had sent bailiffs accompanied by a sheriff's officer, who mingled with the crowd at the funeral, and when the corpse was lifted from the door, slipped into the house and seized all it contained, as well as the little stock that was on the farm. When the three friends entered the house, the officers of the "law" were enjoying themselves before a large turf

fire, and grinningly offered young Nowlan a seat at his own hearth. This he declined and with his friends retired to a distant room, and all thought of sorrow forgotten, to advise upon the best course to be adopted.

"Be gannies," suggested Larry, "I think the best way would be for the three iv us to give the artichokes at the fire below, a warm reception beway iv a *do sure*, an' it'll soften the bargain wid ould Hardrade."

"Howld your prate, you poor ig'rant boccagh," said Dinny, "what do you know about sich a thing—oh wait till you harrow what I ploughed an' you'll know more iv the world."

"Divil a one of me wants to put in any prate at all, Dinny, you have all the lingo to yourself, on'y whin a man is persecuted an' harrished, like poor Andy here, it's but a fair bill he should punish thim, an' be gorty I'm not the man to stop from givin' a bailiff a whallickin, for the Pope o' Room."

"Never fear," retorted Dinny, "you're for what's neither right nor lawful, bekaise you know no better, an' how would you know it, that never was three perch from a cow dung all the days o' your life, not all as wan as me. No, but what I say, that knows the differ, an' stood more thrials in coort than ever the Counsellor did, God be good to him, an' to all thim that's gone afore us,—what I says is what ould Dan used to say, stand 'ithin the barriers o' the law, an' then they'll never ketch howlt o you. But you, you poor——"

"Well," interrupted Nowlan, who feared an altercation between his two friends, "I'll tell yiz what I'll do. I'll sind over for Frank Doolin to-morrow,—he's a second cousin once removed o' my mother, an' he'll come settle all wid ould Hardrade."

Next day Frank Doolin obeyed the summons of his relative, and trotted a distance of nine miles on his little nag on his mission of friendship. Hardrade lessened his demand on it being represented that young Nowlan wished to retain as much as would pay the expenses of his father's funeral, but when the young man had discharged this debt he was not owner of a single shilling.

Doolin looked sorrowfully at poor Nowlan, "I tell you what, Andy," said he, "write to your uncle in America for assistance to bring you out, an' come over to my place till spring, an' sure I won't defraud you out iv whatever wages you can earn."

* * * * *

Young Nowlan gradually lost, in the various employments on Doolin's farm, every deeper trace of his recent sorrow. If sometimes, indeed, an accidental word or tone would recall the remembrance of the dear ones góne, and if, on a Sunday evening, he would take a walk to his native parish, to drop a silent tear upon their grave, this momentary gloom was soon dispelled in the smile of Ellen Doolan. She was the only child of his benefactor and a year or so younger than himself. Her lips wore a smile which, though wanting in none of woman's softness, spoke a firmness and energy unusual in her sex. Her black glossy locks were parted over a brow of a mould in which was blended that mystic speaking beauty that commands rather than invites our admiration. But it was the large

dark eyes that gave the character to her countenance—eyes which reflected the shadowings of the soul that looked through them, which changed with its changes, sometimes filled with the soft meekness of love, and again with the haughtiness of pride, now excited in the pursuit of this world's interests, and now illumed with a mild angelic light, as if her glance pierced to the life of the world beyond.

This spirit so haughty and yet so loving, was made to exercise a deep influence over one of a temper like Nowlan, naturally quiet and still more subdued in the world's hard battle. And to her haughty soul which could not bear contradiction the young man's child-like affection was enchantment, while her generous heart loved to dwell on the tale of his sad history. In a few weeks the young couple became necessary to each other, they worked, laughed, wept together.

"Ithin bad cess to Peggy Byrne," she would say to her mother, "that didn't come over to put down the seed and we in such a hurry gettin' in the pratees, wid the spring a'most out; what I was just thinkin', mother, was that I ought to lave the shirts here an' go out an' help the setthers, for the min is all idle."

"You have enough to do to stay widin' an' mind the affairs o' the house like any daicint girl that can afford it," replies the mother; "in throth I think your father is sowin' too much o' thim rascally pratees this year, afther they destroyin' the world."

"Thin the more need 'or more o' thim to be sowin', as my father said to you this mornin', an' begor he won't be plaised whin Peggy did not come over. I ought to go out to the field myself, ma'am, jist to keep him in good humor."

"Musha, child, you 're not fit for workin' out; what notion is takin' you; you're too delicate a *hagur*."

"Too delicate urro! arrah, mother, sure its not a lady's maid you're goin' to make o' me. Too delicate to work in the field in a busy saison—Ha! here's Andy, and I hold you for sixpence its comin' for me he is. Well, Andy, how are yiz goin' on out there."

"Bad enough 'idout you (in an under tone), bad enough 'idout Peggy Byrne that disappointed us to-day, an' Mr. Doonan is goin' out of his senses about it, an' is sendin' me over for her."

"Then you may spare yourself the trouble for I'm goin' out in her place an' besides I know Peggy is workin' beyant at Dawson's."

"Arrah more power to you," says Andy, "we are all standin' idle for some body, an' sure its yourself that 'll make us work in earnest."

"Wait, Andy, till I get my bonnet; which would you like my ould tuscan or the new sun bonnet?"

"Troth you look well under either o' them."

"Go out o' that you flatterin' colegin' rogue, go out o' that I say,—throth I'll break your mouth,—you ugly—oh gracious."

"Nelly don't hurt yourself, now," shouted the mother after her fond daughter, as she scampered off to the field on her lover's arm.

Love comes like spring! First, even in the cold, a flower peeps up here and there, then myriads decorate the lawn,—then is the music of the streams and

the wild dreamy rustling of the forest foliage—then are showers and sunshine, and at last, even unknown to ourselves, we are lost in the fervid heat of summer. And so in love, a warm glance excites a warm emotion, soon our heart gives birth to more—one whisper echoes for days, till at last an atmosphere born from our hearts rises, and matures the hot passion in the brain.

* * * * *

It was a mild evening towards the end of May, that Andy, after making one of those visits which we have said he was accustomed to make to his parents' grave, found himself by a happy chance, of course, alone with Ellen Doolan. It was in the haggard in the rear of the dwelling, and the young man looking pensively around him, said, with an air of embarrassment which he attempted to conceal by plucking a straw from a stack :

"Now that I'm goin' to America, I never thought I'd be so sarry for lavin' Ireland."

"Sarry ! Arrah what 'ud make you sarry !" replied Ellen in a tone equally embarrassed. "Well ! declare that corn is a'most d estroyed—chopped in pieces wid thim villains o' mice,—Sarry how wor you ! what have you to be sarry for."

"'Tis thrue", said the young man, "all belongin' to me is laid in the grave; but"—he paused.

"But what," asked Ellen anxiously,

"Oh nethin' ; I'on'y wish I'd gone to America afore I kim to live here."

"An sure we didn't take a bite out o' you—ha ! ha ! ha !"

"Don't spake to me that we now, Ellen," said the young man somewhat reproachfully ; "spake softer to me, Nelly, you know I'm goin' away to-night."

"Thin keep up a high heart ;" said the girl still preserving her forced manner, "you're goin' to a place where they say fortunes is aisy made, and when you're there, you'll soon forget Ocha an' all that's in it."

"Oh no, no, never, Nelly, never, I couldn't forget you, for your face is some how wound, entangled in the chords iv my heart !"

"And oh, Andy," exclaimed Ellen relaxing her compressed smile and throwing herself suddenly into the young man's arms, "how will it be wid me whin you are gone !"

He pressed her affectionately to his bosom, and for a few moments neither attempted to speak through their sighs and tears. At last she murmured—

"How will it be at our hearth whin you that are it's only comfort have deserted it ? Oh I don't care for anything now—I used to take delight in bein' out in the fields, but now, I hate thim,—an' the young lambs you minded for me, Andy, an' that I was so fond of for your sake, they may take an' kill them afore my eyes !"

"I will work, work hard Ellen in America, an' earn hat-fulls o' goold an' come home and ask your father for you."

"An' why not ask him now," said the girl brightening up,

"I—a beggar ; ask your father's child—Oh no Ellen."

"We've enough for all an you must stay." Here she wound her arms more closely around his neck, sobbing "you must stay, we'll not let you go away to a strange land!"

"Arrah childher," said Mrs. Doolan, who now made her appearance and lighted upon the young couple accidentally—"Arrah childher is it cryin' yiz are—o'f' its on'y natural, but go in Nelly, you'll get cowl'd in the fallin' dew."

"Come here, mother," said the daughter, looking with her large dark eyes full upon her mother, "come here—say now, will we let Andy go?"

The mother who readily divined the cause of her daughter's question, and who always feared to arouse her haughty spirit, paused for a moment somewhat startled at her wild manner.

"No pause, mother, do you see that sun?" and the girl extended her white arm towards the sun which enveloped in a golden cloud, was dipping behind the hill—"no pause, do you see that sun? you must answer before it sinks, will Andy leave our roof?"

"Oh no, no, Nelly," said the mother at last, "not if you like it, sure, but we'll speak to your father about it."

* * * * *

The acquiring of anything, whether knowledge or wealth, creates a thirst in the mind that can never be satiated. It was thus with Denny Doolan. He had commenced life in humble circumstances, but by prudence and industry, added to advantageous terms in which he stood with his landlord, (rarely the case with the Irish peasant) he had amassed so considerable a share of this world's goods as made him be looked upon in the three surrounding parishes as a highly respectable man. But though generous and honest, Doolan loved to add more to his wealth, for he was used to say, unless you still keep adding more, what you have will soon waste away. Among the means he had proposed to gratify himself in this respect, was a rich alliance which he had contemplated between his daughter and the son of a neighbouring farmer, which as it was an advantageous match gratified at once his avarice and affection. When therefore he heard of his daughter's strange wish that young Nowlan should remain to share their fortunes, the worthy man was nigh horrified to death, and though both mother and daughter threw themselves on their knees before him, it but the more excited his wrath and he even went so far as to hasten Nowlan's departure from the house. Towards midnight, the young man seeing his young hopes withered, departed alone on his long journey, for he was a stranger in the locality and none of his acquaintances were there to bear him company even for a few hours on his pilgrimage. Two hours after, all Doolan's household were locked in repose. All but one. She arose, folded herself in her large dark mantle, and packed in a small portmanteau, a few of the more necessary articles of female apparel. She stole on tip toe to her parents' chamber. The white moon smiled in on their features, stilled in the calmness of sleep. The rustling ivy without the window, threw its flickering shadow on the counterpane, looking like a crowd of little spirits hovering over the bed. She knelt by the bedside. One hot tear from her burning brain fell on the old man's grey locks—a soft kiss was

pressed to her mother's cheek, and she stole again from the apartment as she had entered.

On, on, the vessel walked, on the bosom of that mighty flood, to which the red savage has given the name of the Father of Waters. On one side a prairie, decorated with myriads of flowers of every hue, and breathing an atmosphere of perfume, stretched far as the eye could reach out towards the setting sun. On the other an undulating landscape covered with patches of forest, from whose dales peeped white cities, where a few years before, had echoed the yell of the jaguar and war whoop of the Indian warriors.

On, on, the vessel moved like a thing of life in the world of life around. But there is a grim master on her decks. The Demon of Pestilence has flown over her and shaken the blast of death from his burning wings. Within, a young man wasted in a short hour by the terrible distemper is stretched apparently in the last agony of death. A young woman fondly grasps his neck and bends over him to whisper those words of comfort and hope which a love like hers could alone suggest.

Andy awoke as if from a stupor into which he had fallen.

"Ellen," said he faintly, "I know I'm goin' to die. I seen a white hand in the clouds beckonin' me away; an' God's will be done!"

"God's will be done Andy, asthore machree," said Ellen firmly, "an' prepare to give your sowl into His hands."

"I—I—will—oh I will, Ellen dar—ling," faltered the dying man, "bekaise you bid me—an'—an'—thank God—Ell—en—ther's no sin—or—shaine—"

"Oh no, no, no, my darling husband, nothin' but what God an' the world have blessed."

"An'—yet—Ell—en, I can't—die—die—oh God o' marcy, must I die—an' lave the wife o' my heart alone in a strange land."

"Hush, Andy darlint, don't think o' me now, think on'y iv your own sowl."

"Think iv you," said he with energy, "think iv you, who left house an' home to folly—oh God—to folly me—me—a beggar—to a strange land—think iv you ' my last breath 'll breathe your name."

"Peace Andy, don't be strivin' to spake 'twill on'y weaken you the more asthore."

The effort of the dying man to speak had exhausted his strength and he sunk back, apparently lifeless; she bent her cheek close to his, his heart still throbbed, he still breathed, and firmly opening his eyes he murmured her name. She perceived that his last moments had arrived, and recited a prayer common in her church; the sounds so familiar fell upon his ear, and his lips moved in response. He made another effort to speak; her name was all poor Ellen heard, and pressing again, her lips to his, caught his last sigh.

As the vessel neared the next town, the proud banner of the great Republic was replaced by the black ensign of Death. A few persons who had collected

on the wharf, seeing the standard of the grim king, hurried away from the spot. One man, an Irishman, Jack Nowlan, who by appointment had come to meet his nephew, had after some hesitation summoned up courage to board the boat. In reply to his enquiries he was directed below, and on the middle deck picked his way through scores of lurid corpses strewn miscellaneously around. In one end of the boat, a beam of the hot sun fell in through a port-hole over the features of two corpses which even in death bore a smile of surpassing beauty. One was that of a male, and was stretched out on the bare plank, the other that of a female which leaned affectionately against its companion. Her long dark locks straggled back behind, her cheek pressed fondly against his brow, one arm was clasped around his neck, and the other bare and glancing in the sunbeam, was thrown tenderly over his bosom. A large dark mantle partially covered the corpses, and in its drapery, the visitor found a slip of paper which had apparently fallen from her bosom. It set forth that they both, Andrew Nowlan and Ellen Doolin, had at New Orleans, been married, but that morning, and so concluded in the usual phraseology of such documents.

"Poor craythurs," said Jack, good-naturedly, wiping his eyes, "they thought it would be a happy marriage, but it was a Bridal of Death."

R. N.

Raheny.

Nov. 26th. 1857.

AWAKING.

1

"My son, there's a cloud on your troubled brow,
And the tears to your dark eyes start;
Say why does the light in those eyes grow dim,
And the flush from that cheek depart?
Your voice has forgotten its musical ring,
And your step its elastic bound;
You heed not the neigh of your own good steed,
Nor the whin of your fleet grey hound.

2

"But name your wish and whatever it be—
If I can the boon afford—
Though it cost the half of my hard won wealth,
'Tis yours at your slightest word.
Look round, look round on those waving fields,
And number these lowing kine,
And the flocks that speckle yon green hill side—
They are yours, my boy, and mine!"

8

"My father! your words do but drive me mad—
 Like fire on my brain they fall—
 These fields, that hill, are not yours nor mine,
 They belong to the tyrant all,
 And have I not seen you, your white locks bare—
 The thought makes my blood run cold—
 Like a lackey you stood at his horse's head,
 And he flung you the rein to hold.

4

"I have seen you linked with the soulless herd
 Who voted at his command,
 And heard you cursed as a traitor slave,
 Unfaithful to creed and land;
 His bailiff and keeper, and menials all
 Are your welcomed, honoured guests;
 You listen unmoved to his blasphemous oaths,
 And you laugh at his ribald jests.

5

"If this be the life you would have *me* lead,
 Oh why was I taught to pore,
 O'er the hero struggles of Greece and Rome,
 And dear Eire's tear-dimmed lore?
 Far better it were to my grave to crawl,
 An unlettered, unthinking clown,
 Than be forced to train my immortal soul,
 To bow at a lordling's frown."

6

"My boy, my boy how you rive my heart!
 And were all my strivings vain?
 To make you a happy, a wealthy man,
 Was the thought of my toiling brain;
 For this I have levelled the poor man's cot,
 Though his doom was a pauper's grave,
 For this like a spaniel you saw me crouch,
 A fawning, degraded slave.

7

"And where's the reward of my greed of gold?
 And my boy, must you share my shame?
 Oh! no—look up! sure you yet may strive
 For honour, love and fame!

Ha! have I discovered the magic spell,
 To chase from your soul the gloom?
 Even now there is hope in your kindling eyes,
 And your cheek has its wonted bloom."

8

"Oh yes, there *is* hope, and a manly joy
 Has thrilled my awakened soul,
 And my heart is swayed with a deep resolve
 To strive for a destined goal :—
 To labour and pray with a hopeful trust,
 And be ever prepared to stand.—
 To dare and do—with the brave and true,
 When they're up for the green old land.

J.

OUR COVER.

UNQUESTIONABLY, clouds of doubt still linger over the origin of the Round Towers, in spite of all the able writing which the subject has elicited. As each successive theory has been sternly questioned and arraigned, neither their pagan nor their Christian origin is *unquestionable*. Though I, myself, believe them to be Christian; no theory, hitherto broached, sweeps away completely the doubts and difficulties which cluster about the Round Towers. The testimony of philology, hagiology and history has been cited, but amid this crowd of sciences one has been neglected—ethnology has not been called into court. Now I am persuaded that something may be said by ethnology. Of course I may be wrong, but I still state that this is my persuasion. If it were possible to summon the builders into our presence, is it not unquestionable that their testimony would settle the question at once. Is not this unquestionable? But wanting themselves, their portraits—it appears to me—should be brought into court. It is one of the most curious circumstances connected with the Round Towers, that though the portraits of the founders lay before their eyes, and the science of ethnology stand at their elbow, Irish writers in puzzling themselves over their origin, neglect both. To supply this oversight the Celtic Union have placed in a most conspicuous position on their Cover, a venerable head with plaited beard and comely features, and the readers of this periodical may with safety say, as they regard this head, "the founders of the Round Towers were men like this." The head is copied from the interior, near the summit, of the Round Tower of Devenish island, where four faces still solemnly look out in basso-relievo, from a circular plinth.

A thousand times has the hurricane of war swept over the island, centuries have passed away, society has been revolutionised or torn by invasions,

but these faces have remained calm and impassive, to show what sort of men founded the Round Towers. And assuredly they were highly respectable men—not savages. The beard, plaited in so complex a manner, reminds us of the elaborate beard of eastern royalty in Layard's Travels. The kingly people, whose toilet was so carefully attended to, must, I fancy, like the Ninevites, have kept slaves. Indeed we know they did. A family likeness, according to ethnology, assimilates the physiognomy of nations like those of a household, and nations, like families, have a type of face—visages of their own. The cruel stranger may seek, with iron heart, to crush nationality out of our breasts, by heaping on our heads mountains of oppression, but facial nationality pervades all generations and defies all tyranny. The hooked nose and goggle eyes of the young Jew look out from the old frescoes of Egyptian sepulchres, and the same lineaments which are mirrored to-day in the glassy waters of the Ganges, are fixed in granite in those rocky sculptures which are 2,000 years old: and stripes; exile, death, the creaking rack and streaming gibbet, all the horrible apparatus of tyranny, have not altered a feature or a line of the national face. Thus it is with the Irish. We were a handsome people when the Round Towers were built. This portrait proves the fact. When the English first invaded Ireland we were still comely. Cambrensis speaks with eloquence of our “rosy complexions and symmetrical persons”—*Corporibus congruis et coloratissimis vultibus, &c.* This testimony of Cambrensis is confirmed by a crowd of witnesses. Froissart, Spencer, Campion, Dymock, and Moryson, confirm the account given by Cambrensis of the noble forms and comely faces of the Irish. But this account does not at all agree with the idea formed by ethnologists of the Celtic face, any more than the monument of Devenish island. *This is the Celtic face of history*, as written by Polybius and Livy, not of modern ethnology, as written by Pritchard. The mountaineers of Wales and Scotland have certain attributes which they derive from their mountains, and theorists mistake the peculiarities of mountaineers for the characteristics of Celts. For instance, the Celts of history were gigantic in stature—“*Omnia nota sunt*,” says Pausanias, “*de ingenti Cellarum statura*.” Everything relative to the enormous stature of the Celts is well known, for which reason,” he goes on to say, “the Romans purchased Celts for their litter bearers, in order that matrons might be carried, by the strange tallness of these people, above the heads of the populace.” Adam Smith makes the same remark of the Celts of his day: “The London Chairmen,” says Adam Smith, “are nearly all Irish.” The modern English and the ancient Romans selected the same people for the same purposes, because they were at all times a fine people, tall and handsome. But ethnologists, finding the Welsh diminutive; take it for granted (in direct opposition to history) that the Celts have been always diminutive; that is, they mistake the peculiarities of mountaineers for the characteristics of race.

Perhaps, after all, our antiquarians, in neglecting the evidence of ethnology, acted wisely. But they should not have neglected that noble face which adorns our Cover. They might have asked—is this the face of an Asiatic or of an

African, a Teuton or an Italian?" Or they might have said, "Is this the face of a soldier or of a priest?" and then, by way of answer, they might quote *Warc*, who says, "Soldiers, when marching to battle, shaved their chins, but preserved on the upper lip mustachios, not curling upwards but hanging down. —*vide Cambrensis Eboracensis*, v. ii., p. 219. Or they might quote another author, namely Cambrensis himself, who says, "This people is barbarous, truly barbarous, not only in the fashion of their dress, but in that long and luxuriant hair and beard all savagely at variance with modern custom. Most barbarous they are in all their habits." Then our antiquarians might say, "Is this monumental physiognomy the face of a barbarian? Does not the sculptor overturn the libeller?"

This is what our antiquarians might say. But we ourselves have a question to ask: In making this head better known, are not the Celtic Union vindicating the civilization of ancient Ireland? We here shew what sort of men built the round towers. They were men like this.

I shall describe the other figures at some future opportunity.

C. M. O'K.

THE ANCIENT DRESS OF THE IRISH.

THERE is nothing, perhaps, connected with the antiquities of our country, about which people in general know so little, as the dress worn in ancient times by the inhabitants of this country. Even many amongst us, who have some pretensions to an acquaintance with Irish history, will often be discovered extremely misinformed on this subject—some, for instance, entertaining the ridiculous opinion derived from Moryson and others, that the Irish used formerly go entirely naked; and others, that they wore no other clothing than a kind of saffron-coloured shirt; both which opinions, however—(and our Galloglasses and Kerns, whose duty it often was, to pass a chill December night on the summit of a rath, keeping watch and ward against their enemies of the Pale, have reason to bless their stars for the fact) are far from being correct.

The following attempt to give as accurate a description of the dress of the ancient Irish, as the very unsatisfactory nature of the information to be obtained upon the subject permits, will not, it is therefore hoped, be deemed unnecessary, nor found uninteresting.

It would be a waste of time, as well as trouble, to extend our inquiries regarding this subject, to the earlier portion of our history—all relating to the primitive inhabitants of this island, being matter only of conjecture. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to that portion of it alone, which is generally admitted to be within the legitimate range of history.

At a period long anterior to the Christian era, we find the Irish already acquainted with the use of clothing. In the reign of Eochy Edgathach, a law, called *Ultrasachta*, was promulgated, by which it was ordained, that the different classes into which the people were divided, should be distinguished from each other by the number of colours worn in their dress; the common people and soldiers being allowed to wear

but one; military officers of an inferior rank, two; commanders of battalions, three; keepers of houses of hospitality, four; the nobility and military knights, five; the bards and ollamhs, six; the reigning prince wearing the highest number, which was seven.* Conair the great, who reigned some years previous to the birth of Christ, imposed a tribute on the people of Leinster, for the murder of his father, which consisted of 800 swords mounted with gold, 300 cows, 300 *purple cloaks*, and 30 shields.† Cashir Mor, who reigned about the year of our Lord one hundred and fifty, is recorded to have made his will before he engaged in the battle of Muich Ocha, with Con of the hundred battles, in which, among other things, left to his second son Daire Barach, we find mention made of 150 *cloaks* of rich furniture; and to Mogh Chrob 50 *cloaks*; and 100 *gold pins for cloaks*.‡ In the old Irish poems and romances frequent mention is made of the purple garment of the kings and the linen dresses of the people. In the Brehon laws we have descriptions given of the dresses of children during fosterage, and those of the wives of the different chiefs. Donatus, a writer of the 9th century, calls Ireland “An island rich in gems, garments, and gold.”§ The *Antiquitates Celto-Scandinaviae*, describing the dresses of those who assisted at the marriage of Olaf, the Danish leader, with an Irish princess, says, that they were dressed in the most precious garments, and many of them splendidly adorned.¶

The fact, therefore, of the use of clothing in these early times, by the lower as well as the higher classes of the Irish, is beyond the possibility of doubt. But as to the particular garments of which this dress consisted, their names, form, materials, &c., we are, it must be confessed, almost completely in the dark. However, we may form a very probable conjecture, regarding this matter, from a consideration of the accounts left us by Diodorus Siculus, and Strabo—the former of whom flourished forty years before—the latter about the time of Christ—of the dress of the near kinsmen of the Irish, the Celts of Gaul and Spain—as most probably, the dress then worn by both these people, and that of the Irish, prior to the time at which a detailed description of it was written, were much the same. For, it is a curious circumstance—with regard to all the Continental Celts, that though the countries in which they settled were often the most different in climate and productions, they still, for the most part, dressed alike. The Celts of Germany used the same kind of clothing as those of Gaul, and these latter the same as those of Siberia. It is, therefore, extremely probable, that the Celts of Ireland did not form exceptions to the general rule; and did not differ much at these times in the fashion of their clothing from the other tribes of the great family to which they belonged. And this is rendered all but certain, from the fact, that when at a later period, a description of the Irish dress is given to us, that description coincides exactly, at least in the prominent characteristics, with the descriptions given by Diodorus Siculus, and Strabo, of the dress of the Continental Celts. This will be shown hereafter, for we shall abstain giving any extracts from either of these authors till we come to treat of each garment of the Irish dress in detail.

*Book of Reigns. † Ibid. ‡ Book of Lecan. § De Burgo Hib. Dom. p. 8.

¶ p. 73.

It may, perhaps, be objected to what we have been saying, that, so far were the Irish from being acquainted with the use of dress, at so remote a period as we have stated, that even so late as the time at which the Normans first landed in this country, they were found entirely naked. For Giraldus Cambrensis, who wrote only a few years subsequent to that event, distinctly says of them—"They march to battle naked and unarmed; they esteem arms as a burden, and consider it a proof of boldness and a mark of honor to fight without them."* Well, in reply to this objection, it is evident, in the first place, that the most that this passage can be made to prove is, that the Irish, when about engaging in battle, stript off their garments; but it by no means proves that they went without them at other times. This is beyond all doubt; for it is from the pen of Cambrensis himself, that we have the first detailed account of the ancient costume of the Irish. And, in the second place, it may be said, that it is by no means clear, that the word "naked" should here be taken in its usual sense; for if it meant that the Irish went to battle entirely destitute of clothing, the word "unarmed" ought, in like manner, mean that they went to battle without arms; which we know from Cambrensis himself was not the case. For he tells us that "the Irish were armed with two darts, a short lance, and a battle-axe, which he describes them as using with terrible effect.† He, therefore, must have meant by the word "unarmed" that they went to battle without defensive armour. As the word "unarmed" is, therefore, to be taken in a modified sense, so ought the word "naked;" and by it the writer most probably intended to convey, that the Irish, before engaging in combat, left aside their long cloaks, or wrapped them, like the soldiers of Petreius, mentioned by Cæsar,‡ round the left arm, to serve as a buckler; and which Spencer distinctly informs us, they were accustomed to do in his time;§ retaining, however, their other garments, in which, as will be seen when a description of these garments has been given, they must have appeared as if naked.

We shall now proceed to give a description of the ancient costume of the Irish, taking separately each of the garments of which it was composed. The first we shall notice is—

The Cochall, which was a small cape or covering for the shoulders, and had a hood attached to it, as a covering for the head. It was party-colored, being made, according to Cambrensis, of many pieces of cloth, of different colours, sewed together.|| Those worn by the Irish monks were white; in imitation, it is said, of that worn by St. Patrick, which is reported to have been of that color. It is to this article of dress that the "*Antiquitates Celto-Scandinaviæ*" refer, when they state that¶ Horaldus Gillius, for the most part made use of an Irish cloak—a small and tight garment.** It was worn, sometimes with, sometimes without *The Fallaing*.

(*To be continued.*)

* Top. d. 3., cap. 10.

† Ibid.

‡ Comment, Bell, Civ. Lib.

§ p. 37.

|| Top. d. 3. cap. 10.

¶ Dod. vit. S. Pth, 185.

** p. 246, Top. d. 3. cap. 10.

The Celt.

APRIL, 1858.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE PALE;
OR,
IRELAND FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY C. M. O'KEEFFE, ESQ.

(Continued from page 31.)

CHAPTER IV.

"BACK, on your lives
Cowards! damned, treacherous cowards—back I say,
Do you not know me? Look upon me, do you know
The honest sword I brandish? Would you now
Feel its shrewd coldness in your quaking selves."

Damon and Pythias.

THE obstreperous mob meantime continued to exclaim "the Dollaher, the Dollaher," "Out with him, thrust him forth, the Dollaher, the Dollaher"—ejaculations to which the thunder of a thousand cudgels on the portal lent a grave emphasis. On a sudden with thunderous clatter the great valves of the Cathedral were flung open from within, and the novice Knight appeared alone, lance in hand, before the ravening and struggling mass of citizens. "How now," he asked, "you rascal-ribald. Wherefore all this din!" The crowd became immediately calm and silent. "Sirs, wit ye well," exclaimed the knight, "herein lieth the man ye quest for and no other man save he and I and the gownsmen. Now starvelings come on. Come on you churls an' you dare."

At this invitation to advance the crowd fell back a little. They seemed to quail before the fearless accents of the fiery youth, and the sweep of his knightly weapon. After a pause, "sir knight," exclaimed the spokesman of the mob in a tone of exposition, "we know you sir, but you don't know him sir, I would have you to wit sir knight, he's no christian man. He's a monster. He's a devil. Turn him out. He's the Dollaher, sir. A wretch who has deserved hell a thousand times already; would you save a devil?"

"Let him be as he may," answered the knight, "I would ye to wit every man is free on this consecrated floor."

"What sheer folly it is," bellowed a fellow in the rere of the mob, whose courage, being precisely equal to his distance from the point of danger, was susceptible of

mathematical measurement, "to mispend time here caballing with this snipe; why don't ye rush in and chain him with a thousand chains?"

By way of answering this doughty suggestion the noble youth—shortening his clutch of his lance, and placing it on his hip—with the action of a man who handles a matchlock—charged upon the multitude, precipitating the huddled crowd down the stoney steps in scrambling confusion. The cries of the falling men of "greasy aprons, rules and hammers," as they tumbled promiscuously down the steps—heels over head—were answered from the remotest extremity of their mass, by cries and screams louder and more appalling. These terrifying cries were occasioned by the appearance of the Knights of St. John, who mounted upon massive and obedient chargers, and hooded in mail, and sheathed in plate, with the red cross blazoned on their surcoats, came sweeping sword in hand—in threes—and charged upon the citizens as fiercely as if they were Saracens. The yielding people giving way, like bending corn before the whirlwind—were swept at once into nooks and alleys where fugitives could not be pursued—disappearing like chaff, while the grim knights deliberately reining up their foaming chargers and sitting their great steeds like iron statues, drew up before the church gate.

The moment the knights appeared in the vicinity of the church, the palpitating clergymen took courage, and assembled boldly to consult as to what were best to be done in this awful conjuncture.

The truth was, that they shuddered with fear at the formidable idea of having this miscreant fugitive—dripping with blood—skulking in their dim aisles; their lives were not safe in his vicinity. It was necessary to get rid of him they thought. 'Twere best to have him seized and delivered up to the knights of St. John. But to seize the Dollaher would be like taking a wolf by the ears. There was no knowing what he might do. The perplexed priests were sadly puzzled, he might rob the altar, he might, (as the laity said), be no christian man after all, but a fiend. In that case he might (spreading his "sail-broad vans") fly away with one of their own chapter, as the hawk flies away with a chicken, and the alarmed speaker gravely quoted Thomas Aquinas to support this view of diabolical ability. Nay the Dollaher might . . . But while the momentous debate of the anxious ecclesiastics was proceeding in one part of the temple—it so happened that the restlessness of the Dollaher caused him to venture out of the church into one of its courts, overshadowed by its carved, quaint, and centennial walls, which rose in venerable grandeur on either hand. Here, the verger and some of the acolytes made a sudden dash at him, with the view of securing and disarming him, but that wary refugee was not to be taken unawares, he was ready for battle in a moment. Stripping off his mantle, he whirled it round his left arm by a rapid motion (in which he had attained from practice a perfect mastery) so that it presented the protection of an immense and trusty target. Uttering from his mustachoeed mouth his wild and ferocious "Farrah," and bounding from the earth, as he shouted hoarsely and strongly—he whirled his flickering and whistling *cleave* or blade round his rug head. The church rang with his cry and echoed it again and again, "cromaboo crom-crom-cromaboo," through all its solemn galleries and vaults—his cry of defiance, rage, and hate.

The novice knight no sooner heard this cry, than quitting the gate he hastened in the hope of distinguishing his courage in a new encounter, but it was only to witness the precipitous flight of the verger and his associates, who fled from the whirl of the Dollaher's weapon with the headlong hurry of fright, "making," as the knight observed—"a marvellous use of their legs—thereby to atone for too great economy in that of their arms." On seeing the flight of his assailants, the friendless victor sullenly retreated into the interior of the cathedral, where between the stoney columns, skulking into a dark corner, he surlily squatted on the earth like a hog. The young knight leaving him there, repaired to the altar to continue the vigil of his arms. He had hardly reached the altar steps, when the priests of the church flocking forth anew from behind the altar, came crowding to him, and with a thousand congratulatory expressions, thanked him heartily and warmly for his noble defence of the integrity of the sanctuary. They then gave him their blessing—lighted an additional lamp to cheer his vigil, bade him a kind farewell, and withdrew.

CHAPTER V.

"I have nobody now ! I have nobody now
To meet me upon the green :
With light locks waving o'er her brow,
And joy in her deep blue e'en."

Hogg.

"The Muse interprets thus his tender thought."

Beattie.

The novice knight meantime, in the renewed solitude of the cathedral, had relapsed into his wonted revery ; his mind had taken wing, and forgetting where he was, he bethought him exclusively of the past and distant. Once, love with all its harrowing train, invaded his peace—the raging pangs—the maddening jealousy with which it exhausts the soul—stirring up the heart with the courage of a lion, or weighing it down with the heaviest and saddest anxiety—plunging its victim into the roaring storm of war, and again transforming him into a rueful hermit—the strong passion of love whose irresistible force drove men in those ages into the front of fight—now peopled his vigil with painful and pleasing hallucinations. He saw *her* once more—she beamed on him, more effulgent than Cynthia with those diamond eyes, those looks of sweetness, and that maddening smile. He fancied he saw that graceful neck of dazzling purity shaded by shining tresses of raven darkness—the brightest of the bright ; he saw that skin purer than snow—the music of her words was lingering in his ear—that mixture of harmony and good-nature. The language of the heart breathed from perfumed rosy lips seeming a kind of spoken generosity—benevolence in words.—The brazen clarion of the tournament never thrilled his heart so profoundly as those melodious accents, which gave him fierce hardihood in the rough brunt of battle, gave him the martial spirit, gave loudness to his voice and energy to his arm. His heart had burned to be worthy of her—to make her hear of him—to make renown his interpreter in her bower—to extinguish hateful rivalry by valour unmatched.

One morn he was told she was gone—she was dead—but he had no faith in death. He could not credit it, it was impossible, 'twas an imposition. He had not seen that inanimate beauty. No! but he had seen his beloved alive! They lied in their throats who said she had died, she loved him too well to depart. He was willing to prove that she was still living—with his life—with lance, or sword, or battle-axe in the braying tourney—in the resounding lists of war, against any false champion of death. What would they have? He would appeal to Heaven, and as a good and truthful soldier would prove in ordeal of combat that his mistress was yet alive. Could there be better evidence? Under the waving limbs of the forests of Fingal—on the misty summits of Ben Eadair—a beautiful form wrapt along, swift as the breeze, came floating on the wind. The eyes were brighter than the evening star, that pure and lustrous star whose golden splendour leads the sparkling host that swarms over the vaulted sky of night. With immortal charms, with a mild face beautiful and sad—that form overwhelmed him with its dazzling loveliness as it passed him in all its supernatural fascination. He shuddered as he saw so near him, the light and flower-like figure of that sylph sweeping upon the liquid air. In his lonely musings, when that enchanting presence passed him, a smile played over those exquisite features beaming like the sun as she approached, but she ever retired swifter than expression, lighter than air, with a grave and reproachful aspect which shadowed her beauty, seeming to say “he might have rescued her.” She was destined to become his Muse, his Egeria, his *leannan rìgh*.

But the tourney of mimic war—the clash of contest and the fragor of smashing spears—the shout and uproar of battle gave quiet to his lion-like heart. There she seldom appeared save to smile. Brassart and cuisses salet and hauberk scared away the timid and tyrant people by whom she was enthralled. No! she never died! she was still “alive and he would yet release her.” Like him, the good knight Ossian, had seen his fascinating huntress—radiant with perpetual beauty—she who beguiled him into the flowery country of perennial adolescence, and bound him there two hundred years with rosy bands of love and pleasure. Like him, he should follow his beloved, a true knight, and deliver her from captivity. He knew she could not enter that fane; had she done so, she was safe. The tyrant genii who coerced her beauty—the unhallowed people whose captive she had been made, durst not venture with their victim into these awful and venerable precincts. When he looked up to the stellate host of Heaven, her beauty met his eye. On the wierd hills of the west, she transiently gazed in silence on his form. He would yet deliver her, he should show them in the field how terrible he was! and appal them into ransom. . . Suddenly, amid these thoughts, the clutch of a large hand was laid upon his arm, and turning round, the knight, with amazement, perceived the Dollaher standing at his elbow.

“What evil deed hast thou done, villain, that this whole city rises and roars for thee?” asked the young lord in a tone of inquiring apprehension which gave sharpness to his voice. The fugitive affected to sob.

“Little have I done, sir knight!”

“Men say you be a great murderer,” observed the knight, “and that is the greatest shame man may have.”

"Little have I done, nothing, nothing," sobbed the refugee.

"Nay, blood hath been of a surety shed."

"Oh! true for you, sir knight," answered the Dollaher, altering his tone in a most extraordinary manner, and looking round him wildly in apparent apprehension of being overheard; then, suddenly dropping his voice to a whisper, "I'll tell you all," he added "they did it—the *sighs*,* and I must bear the disgrace of their doings. Listen to me, make thee an oath on the cross of thy sword that thou tell no man," and in expectation of compliance, the Dollaher paused and gazed at him. Excited by curiosity, the knight raised his hilt to his lips—the Dollaher seemed relieved from some painful anxiety. "Listen to me, when they wreak vengeance on those they hate, for they are terribly vengeful—the shame and horror are showered on me, I am hunted like a dog, I must bear all. This is truth by the blessed staff," and he extended his hand, "it is—I would not tell another this. Sir, I am in dread of my life, they beat me sir, almost a corpse they make me," and he crawled nearer to him, "this is truth. I'll go through fire and water for it."

"Think'st thou there really be such things?" asked the youth in affected scepticism.

"Is it I?" asked the Dollaher turning pale from seeming distress of mind, as if appalled by such unpardonable incredulity, "Is it me? Whole miles of mountain have I seen covered with their serried ranks, the wind is their chariot and horses, with which they sweep swifter than the lightning."

"Wherein do they abide?"

"In the grass grown hills they dwell, in the aged and grass grown hills had'st thou seen them, sir, crowding out of their knolls as I have done, numberless as swarms of bees, had they taken and bound thee sir knight, as they bound me once, thou would'st no longer be incredulous—sir knight. Observe this cicatrix on my breast, 'twas they that branded me thus; sir knight, I am their *Mog*,† but near thee I am safe."

"Do christians live among them?" asked the knight.

"Queens have I seen in their train," replied the Dollaher, "all their prisoners do I know. I knew a man my lord, my own twenty-first cousin, by the mother's side, and one day coming out of his lord's drinking house, he saw an elf, blue as the sky, standing on the summit of a hillock. Well, it sliddered down the face of the hillock like the wind, and stood at the door, and beckoned and called him to come in. My cousin, my lord, rushed into the hillock, which opened, and closed on him for ever. He is in the hill, and more than he is among them."

"Know'st thou," asked the inquisitive esquire, "know'st thou my Marian?"

The Dollaher coughed, "well, I know her, on a palfrey have I seen her caracoling. It was not a true palfrey, it was only a weed—*Prasha*,‡ but it had all the appearance of a palfrey."

"How looked the lady?" asked the youth gravely.

"Sad," replied the Dollaher.

"Sad, did'st say?" and he shifted his position as if in pain.

* *Sigh*, a genl. † Slave. ‡ *Prasha*, a *Kail*.

"Oh! most sad, as if, my lord, she were mourning the absent and beloved."

"Could she be redeemed, think'st thou?"

"None but thyself could do it, and I could shew thee the way, were I free," added the Dollaher with indescribable eagerness, "free once more upon the wooded slopes of Tawney—free once more in the bosky dells of Borna Breena."

CHAPTER VI.

'Tis merry—'tis merry in fairy land,
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,
With bit and bridle ringing.

Scott.

The Dollaher became very communicative. "We shall teach you the magic *dan* and you shall enter the hills," continued the Dollaher, sidling over towards him like a serpent; "and bind those that be in them. I do't know it myself"—and here he dropped his voice to a whisper, and keenly perused the face of his companion, while his lips were strangely prominent. "But I know one that does: a wise woman that has all the *dans*. She knows the *aoibhnujseacdb** and the *beulbheojseacdb†* and every thing. When you repeat the *dann*. *Uib, ub, buib, boo!* the trembling hills shall gape, and you, like a prince, shall walk into their vacant caverns. The golden apples are there Sir Knight—in the *bnujsean* I mean, 'tis there the sword of light is shining, lighting those marble halls. There are pens there that write of themselves, and finely jewelled harps that play of themselves; the helmet of *Oscur* is in the *bnujsean*, and the great horse of *Cuchullin*. Many a time, *a, nuidjite* in the silent nights when I laid my ear to the grass, I heard him deep in the hill grimly neigh, and he rattling his iron chain on the hollow manger, and snorting to be free. *Cuchullin* himself is there stretched in his harness, taking his enchanted rest, waiting the awaking bugle of some great *cunad.‡* They say Sir Knight, that in old times the hill used to open in the dark nights of *sawin*, and out used to bounce that great horse, Sir Knight, and graze along the plain, and they say *a nuidjite* that people used to come travelling in twos, and in threes, from the fine *Koogs* of Eire, to get knowledge from the same horse; and its he used to speak like a man, sir Knight, and tell the people all that would ever happen to them, sir Knight, and answer all questions, sir Knight, and the people used to leave their offerings on the rath—gold and silver, and precious gifts, and sir Knight, they say, Saint Patrick once crossed the hill, and it shut like marble, and the great horse never came out more. But you'll see him, sir Knight, and he'll talk to you in the hollow hill, and he'll tell you all that will ever happen, *dar criond* he will.

She herself is there, sir Knight, with her starry eyes swimming in tears, like the autumn sun in a misty cloud; for her gentle heart is gnawed by unutterable grief—and her darling face pale as the moon of winter, when the hurrying clouds are drifting across its wild and silvery light." Here the Dollaher put his hands to his eyes, and affected to weep. He seriously thought, "how I would talk to him if I had a mouthful of whiskey." She shall come to thee—she shall speak to thee—she shall smile

* Rune rhyme.

† Divination by birds' Incantation.

‡ A Knight.

upon thee—she shall be thine. This were easily done were I but free—free from this grim city of grisly heads. Ugh! where craft, and cruelty, and cowardice, are laired together.”

“A mhaite, and thou saidst thou wert safe within these walls. Now wouldst thou fada away.”

“I am no book-man, sir knight, but an axe-man. I say what’s in my galled heart—my heart of fire and passion. They will hang me, sir knight,” and so saying, he sprawled on the floor and hugged and kissed the feet of the youth, and howled out a torrent of lugubrious wailing, “*oē oē, oē oē, oē oē.*”

“By the Grace of God I shall deliver thee clean,” said his companion.

“Now, sir knight, now, while the streets be clear,” shrieked the Dollaher, full of eagerness, animated by a wolfish life.

“Come forth—out shalt thou go. But where shall I see thee again?”

“Near Borna Breana, on Thursday night—the solemn night of the great *Tóinn*,* at the hill of many sepulchres; when the bell has sounded *matin song* I shall stand before thee, *dar Criost.*”

The youth suddenly paused as if a thought struck him.

“What manner of knight be Cuchullin?” he asked.

“By the holy rood he be, in my advice, as strong a knight as any now living,” answered the Dollaher, wondering at what his companion was driving at.

“Will he joust?”

“Is it Cuchullin? As sure as thou art man he shall rise and mount his great horse, and dress his shield, and joust with thee, an thou like it, in the hill.”

“Wist ye?” asked the youth, his martial ardour kindling as he spoke, “Wist ye what he bears?”

Bowing his head, the Dollaher murmured some unintelligible mumblement.

“What cognisance beareth he?” repeated the youth. In those days the cognisance or crest was the man.

“I cannot describe his arms well,” answered the criminal, “for it is, you see, no part of my charge.” The Dollaher was no herald.

“I would I knew his cognisance,” repeated the knight.

“To what intent?” asked the Dollaher, fixing his eyes upon him, as if he would fain see through him.

“For I would wit,” was the rejoinder, meaning he wished to know.

“Thou shalt not wit at this time,” answered the Dollaher, “but on Thursday night, ere thou enter the postern of the hill, I shall make thee to wit.”

“I would fain know what thing that enchanted champion beareth in his shield, so I go to prove adventures in the wizard hill, for as I ride in I shall cry aloud, ‘Knight with the black shield (or whatever it be) come forth and make thee ready unto me,’ and with a great eager heart I shall give him a great dash with my spear, and I shall smite him over his horse’s tail, and when he is unhorsed I shall cry aloud that all the hill shall echo, ‘Yield thee, Sir Cuchullin!’ Then, said he yield not, I

* *comh*, vulgarly called *Thor*, i.e. thunder.

shall get out my sword and rush to him and give him three great strokes upon the helm, that the fire shall flash out. I shall drag him forth of the hill, and bring him with me, or else I shall die thereof."

"But see an thou take no wight with thee," exclaimed the Dollaber, with an air of great caution, and perusing his face, "nor page nor squire—for see—there be mortal danger to thee an thou go not alone. Any knight that goeth attended shall surely die."

"Alone shall I go."

"Thou shouldst arm and horse thee in the best manner thou canst, lest he give thee a fall and make prize of thee, right so as he hath done other knights afore time, and throw thee into his strong prison, which be no other than the deep caverns of the deep hill."

"Put how shall I know the cavern?" asked the knight.

"When you ride into the ravine of Borna Breena you'll see a great *byle buada*, towering alone on your right."

"What is a *byle buada*?"

"What is a *byle buada*?" shrieked the Dollaber, "it is a magic tree—a tree devoted to the *genii*; the wind never moves a leaf of it; a bird never alights on its branches."

"Well, what about it?"

"That mystic tree rises before the entrance of all the caverns."

"What kind of wood may it be?"

"An oak—but that is not all; it is grimly guarded, night and day, by the *Sharwan Loelannach*."

"And what is the *Sharwan Loelannach*?"

"Oh! he is a giant. I saw him once, sir knight. His body is as yellow as a crow's foot; his red eyes are as bright as the quicken berry; his bones are heavy as iron, and his great crooked teeth are like the strong tusks of the wild boar; he has a big nose, and a swarthy severe visage."

"Tell me this," said the knight, "is he armed?"

"He is. A massive ring of iron encircles his swarthy body, and a ponderous iron club swings from this massive iron ring by a prodigious chain. All night he sleeps on the top of the *byle buada*, and in the day he remains at its foot. When he rises with that terrible chain its hard to get him down again. You'll have a terrible struggle with the *Sharwan Loelannach*."

"An he be man I fear him not."

"It will be a desperate fight. But when you have him under you—if you *do* get him down—you must hit him on the hairy head three times with his own iron club. Wrench it from him at once."

"I shall overcome him," said the knight.

"I'll be there to help you," said the Dollaber, "with a black cat under my right arm, and a red cock—a real march bird—under my left."

"To what end?"

"If he's too strong for you I'll pitch the black cat at him. There's nothing

terrifies the *genii* so much as a black cat, except a red cock. He'll scamper up the tree, and tremble with fear and quake with dread at the sight of them."

"But have you ever been in those caverns?"

"Have I? Is it me? To be sure I have. I know the name of every sigh in them."

"Is there light in the cavern?"

"The cavern is lighted by the gleaming of a sword."

"The hilt of the sword?"

"No; the *blade* of the sword. It blazes like the noon-day sun. This *cloíðearn* *poluip*—the sword of light—is held by an enchanted man, who stands like a statue in the centre of the cave. He has stood in that way seven hundred years, and it is in his *dag** to stand seven hundred more."

"I shall deliver him," said the knight.

"If you do he'll give you the sword, and then you'll be invincible. No power of man can resist the sword of light."

"It must be mine."

"God give your worship good speed. But, sir knight," whispered the Dollaher, with an air of fear, "you may meet the *atách*!"

"What is the *atách*?"

"He is slumbering heavily, and snoring loudly these hundreds of years in the magic caverns of the hill, inside the door; but the moment any mortal steps in he is up in a moment; his voice is heard; up he springs alive and ready."

"Who is he?" asked the young man, a sense of fear, in spite of himself, creeping coldly and insidiously over him.

"He is the biggest giant on all the ridge of the earth; a huge, hateful, massive-boned, black, detestable giant—as tall as any oak on Slieve-na-mon, and the roar of him, sir knight, 'twould waken all Dublin."

"I am no crow to be scared by a cry," observed the knight, in a low voice, grasping his weapon at the same time, and paling a little.

"Look at this; he has only one leg, one arm and one eye."

"Oh! he's a cripple," quoth the knight, speaking considerably louder.

"Listen to me. He could hop over this cathedral, lofty as it is—fly over it—that one leg of his is so swift and strong."

"Does he wear harness?" asked the knight, with a solicitous air.

"Is it he? He's mother naked."

"What are his weapons?"

"Nothing but a club; but he could hurl this building from its foundation with one wind of that club; and the roar of him, sir knight—it's awful," observed the Dollaher, keenly perusing the knight's face for the expression of fear, but courage was mantling there.

"The swiftest stag that ever sped before the hounds would not fly as fast as he—hopping—hopping—hopping on his one leg."

* Verse of destiny.

"I shall undertake this adventure," said the other, speaking with a slight thickening of the tongue, and making an act of deglutition.

"The atach is a formidable geni," added the Dollaher.

The young man made a gesture of impatience.

"For that I care not, I require thee let me prove this adventure."

"By my hand, my lord, I shall not fail thee. And thou overcome Cuchullin, Sir knight, thou shalt have the great treasure that be in the hill."

The Dollaher had the faculty of assuming the character of those he spoke to. But this was not for long. He seemed to have conceived an affection for the knight. Ere he took his leave.

"Between ourselves," whispered the Dollaher, in the subdued manner of sincere and friendly gratitude, "if ever you want a weeny job done, I know a man," and here he winked hard, and made a thrust—his eyes flashing like those of a serpent—"You understand? By the man that made me!" he slowly continued, "'twould kill a horse, and when all is over, look at this, *Dar Cried*, you would not see a sign! not a sign, barring one drop the size of a midge on the middle of the forehead. You don't believe me? By the garland of Howth, he's the handiest man with a tool—a little spike he has in his stick, no bigger than a quill, the neatest skewer you ever saw—the handiest in the troop, and when you want him you have only to whistle this way," and the speaker uttered a subdued whistle. "The Lord Justiciary would swear that lightning did it. Not a drop of blood worth mentioning, nor a puncture you'd put a needle in."

Here again the Dollaher made a thrust at vacancy. "Do you understand?" asked the hoarse and hardened villain, with a black stare of inquiry, and taking it for granted he did. For several minutes the Dollaher dwelt with delighted earnestness—amounting almost to ecstasy—on the smallness and fineness of the weapon, and the deadly dexterity of the assassin; he was almost eloquent on this subject. His hearer was one of these men who escape vice from an unconsciousness—a divine incapacity to comprehend it. He was no stoic—he did not seek to escape evil—but the nobleness and purity of his nature rendered the virus innocuous. That instinct which recognises vice at first sight, and takes to it as web-footed fowls to the water, was absent in him.

The Dollaher had too much respect for the Esquire to suppose him a novice in iniquity. Everything else was in his own language "Cag mag." A man of station must, he supposed, be an adept in evil practices, else wherefore be a man of station? One unacquainted with the arcana of wickedness was, he believed, a paltry driveller. But he saw there was something wrong. The esquire did not listen with "greedy ear," and he accounted for this by supposing the esquire sceptical, not innocent. To remove his unbelief—"Look at this, by the cross that spoke," whispered the Dollaher, solemnly pointing to it, "his right hand was never christened! *Dar Cried*, I'll pawn my ears there's the stroke of ten men in that unchristened hand. Holy water never came nigh or next it;" and his eye flashed with triumphant light, as much as to say, "Does not this account for it? Are you not satisfied?"

"*Dar Knipes* it's true;" there was something expostulatory in his tone as he continued lower, "This is no cag mag, if you need a man to do it sure," and here the

villain made a third thrust; in the manner of a stabber; "you understand?" he said looking at him inquiringly. "Put your back to the east corner of Mary's church, and whistle as I showed you three times, and you'll see a man with one eye, sharkish teeth, and bearing a *wattle*—That's your man," and the speaker, who spoke in the deep, low tone of honest confidence, spat violently in his palm, and taking the right hand of the novice knight with his left, glued it—~~so~~ to say—with the saliva, to his own; "you are the right sort," whispered the Dollaker, "By the garland of Howth there went but a pair of shears between us." He shook the hand fiercely, bounded down the steps with a yell and disappeared.

To be continued.

TO NE'S BURIAL.

Nov. 1798.

BRING on the bier, 'tis dark and drear,
The wintry wind doth blow;
A fitting night—we need no light
To lay the murdered low.

The cloud that rolls upon our souls
Is not of summer skies;
We could not bear the sun's bright glare
Upon our burning eyes.

Ye'll dig not oft, the earth is soft
And troubles not the spade;
'Tis fresh and bare, for lately there
A brother's corse was laid.

Both victims slain—'tis meet the twain
In one red grave should rest;
Their souls with God, their country's sod
Upon each faithful breast.

Come, ye that knew and loved him too,
Kildara's peasant men,
Stand close around this holy ground—
You'll see him ne'er again.

His race is run, his duty done—
Oh! that his spirit true
Had taken flight in the fierce fight
On Sulligh's waters blue!

That he had died a death of pride,
Amid the cannon's roar,
With sword in hand, before his band,
Beneath the tricolor!!

But friend-betrayed, and captive made,
They stole upon his sleep;
Thus in his chain our loved was slain—
Well may we rage and weep,

And clench the hand as here we stand,
And knit the angry brow,
And raise our eyes to the dark skies,
Breathing a deathless vow!

Here lay him down, poor Ireland's own,
And may he rest in peace!
Thro' hope and grief our chosen chief,
Whose labours now must cease,

Yet, who hath left to the bereft
What will not pass away,
And hath a part in Ireland's heart
That never shall decay.

For bold hearts beat thro' all defeat,
And memory ever lives;
And he hath won, beneath the sun,
The love his country gives.

His name shall be, to spirits free,
A watchword pure and high;
Till on her crest, her rights confessed,
It twines with "Victory."

ETERNAL.

SKETCHES OF THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

YOUGHAL.

Few towns in the South, have more attraction for the literary tourist than Youghal. It is a perfect nursery of supernatural legends and tales, and also of historic and romantic achievements. It was formerly the stronghold and battle ground of the great Desinonds; it formed a part of their princely territories. Cromwell kept his head quarters in Youghal, while with fire and sword he spread terror and devastation through Munster. Sir Walter Raleigh, too, sheltered himself there for a time from court intrigues; there he planted the first potatoes that were sown in Ireland; he brought them from Virginia. When they grew up, the servant prepared the seed-apples for dinner, and finding them so bitter, he ran in a passion and dug them out of the ground, when to his surprise he discovered the tubers. Sir Walter was the first to introduce tobacco into Ireland. During his quiet administration at Youghal, he sought to dissipate the *ennui* of his unlaborious office with the enjoyment of the smoky weed. Like everything new, it met with opposition. On one occasion Sir Walter lolled in his arm chair in profound meditation, and enveloped by a cloud of tobacco smoke, when his servant entered with a tankard of ale; thinking that his master was on fire, he flung the contents of the tankard into his face. I often wandered along the strand, picking shells, listening to the rippling of the waves breaking o'er the shore, to the wild screams of the sea-birds, or to the wilder tales of the fishermen as they listlessly watched their cast nets, and chewed the all-absorbing weed. I often rambled through the old collegiate house, once the residence of Sir Walter Raleigh. The house was built in 1464, by Thomas, Earl of Desmond; its present appearance is something of the Elizabethan style of architecture. It was much damaged during the Desmond rebellion, but was subsequently repaired by Sir Richard Boyle, afterwards Earl of Cork. The interior is not much modernized. The drawing-room contains some old furniture of Irish oak, among which is an arm chair of Sir Walter's, perhaps the very one in which he got the drenching of ale. The ground about is tastefully planted with myrtles, bays, arbutus and other exotics; the myrtle trees are of a great height, and have given the place the name of Myrtle-grove. In the garden are four yew trees planted by Raleigh. Sir Walter has left sufficient evidences of his refined taste, in the elaborate finish and carving of his mansion, and in the adorning of his garden. The secluded tranquillity which he here enjoyed from the broils and storms of court life, was unsuited to one of his active aspiring mind. Ever bent on some new design, his restless nature could not be at rest in peaceful retirement. The following beautiful lines from his pen, would make one think that he was a lover of that peace and innocent enjoyment which is to be found in domestic repose.

"Heart tearing cares and gnawing fears,
 Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
 Fly, fly to courts!
 Fly to fond worldlings' sports,
 Where strained Sardonic smiles are glossing still,
 And grief is forced to laugh against her will,
 Where mirth is but mimicry,
 And sorrows only real be,
 Fly, from our country pastimes, fly!
 Sad troops of human misery.

"Come serene looks,
 Clear as the crystal brooks,
 O'er the pure azure heaven that smiles to see
 The rich attendance of our poverty.
 Peace and a serene mind,
 Which all men seek, we only find;
 Abused mortals, did you know
 Where joy, heartease and comforts grow,
 You'd scorn proud towers,
 And seek them in these bowers,
 Where winds, perhaps, our woods may sometimes shake,
 But blustering care could never tempest make."

From the feeling and taste of these lines, it is evident that Raleigh had a soul for retirement, but his soaring spirit, his restless ambition, could not let him enjoy it. Such is the weakness of human nature; with happiness within our reach, our grasping ambition leads us on to misery, and too often to ruin; we thus barter the good we might enjoy, for the false chimeras of worldly distinctions—vain longings that decoy us but to delude and deceive.

The College was founded by Thomas, eighth Earl of Desmond. It was plundered by the brave insurgent earl. The two towers of defence built by the Earl of Cork, are all that remain of the old building.

The College, which is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, is still in good repair; it is converted into a Protestant church. It is an interesting relic of by-gone days. In the chantry there is a splendid monument to the memory of the Earl of Cork. The earl, in effigy, is reclining on his left side, supported by cushions. There are nine small marble effigies representing his children. At the earl's feet, kneeling, is his first wife, Joan, daughter of William Apsley; at his head is his second wife, the Countess of Cork; over each is an escutcheon impaling the Boyle family. The old church has several tombs and monuments almost coeval with itself. Facing the east, over the communion-table, there is a beautiful stained glass window, emblazoned with the arms of the neighbouring gentry. It has a gorgeous effect, especially when the rising sun spreads its rays upon it; it then flings its varying colors of blue, red, and purple along the aisle, lighting up, with glistening rays, the old pulpit, the pews, and the lonely tombs. "I should not wonder," said I to the sexton who showed me through the house, "if some of those old, grim gentlemen and ladies here should take a night's

stroll about, just to shake their old limbs, and to see how would they look. If such visitors frequent this earth, I would expect to meet them here, going through their midnight promenades, discussions, and intrigues." "On one Saturday night," he replied, "the moon shone so brightly that I thought it was day. I took a light and went to put the church in order for service. On going into the vestry-room I heard a noise in the church; fearing robbers I opened the door, and as I did, a gush of wind blew down the aisle that quenched the candle. I then heard, I thought, the creaking of boots and the rustling of silks, as if persons were walking about. I hurried home and found that it was only about midnight." The cemetery is extensive, and occupies a rising ground to the rear of the church, it is planted with trees, and tastefully intersected with gravel walks. It is surrounded by the old fortification wall, which is still strong and massive. The cemetery commands a fine view of the town. It has Cenotaphs erected to the memory of men who died in India or elsewhere, and whose bones are bleaching on the plains of Hindostan. Their praise and renown are set forth in such glowing colors, that if they were to rise from the dead, they would hide their diminished heads with shame. Nothing softens the heart and impresses us so forcibly with our own nothingness as a stroll among the tombs. When we consider who occupy the many graves around, what they have been once—what they are now; their loathsome bodies rotten, their memories forgotten, their names scarcely mentioned, except, perchance, some one may read the mouldering stones that mark their graves, and then pass on. In one place I read of the death of a lovely girl of eighteen—a rose budding into bloom and loveliness; her grave was watered with the tears of her bereaved parents. What now avails her beauty, it putrifies in that narrow, gloomy charnel house of the dead; one good act would smell a thousand times sweeter before heaven. Beside her, sleep those very parents that wept for her. Here, mingling in common earth, sleep the hero and the coward, the peer and the peasant. It is one great republic of the dead, where all distinctions cease. The rich man may have his ashes pressed the closer by a splendid monument or "storied urn;" beside him sleeps the peasant—no stone marks his grave—the green grass grows over him—the soft rain trickles through the turf that covers him—his monument, the canopy of heaven. Here, side by side sleep men that sought each other's ruin while living. I read an epitaph to the memory of Lieutenant Hercules Layrush, who was killed in a duel by Lieutenant Waters; its date was 1780. Beside him Lieutenant Waters was buried. Here at least their quarrels are at an end, their boiling blood and hot passions are cooled—their feelings of honor are no more—death claims all. There they rest like loving brothers. Some old poet has appropriately said:

"All hearts must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

Poor, blind mortals! how we struggle and toil, and pant after phantoms, instead of striving for the heavenly reward of the virtuous and good.

I often visited the ruins of the old priory of St. John. In it Cromwell resided during his stay in Youghal. It is pregnant with recollections of the stern *Protector*. From this, in the year 1660, he marched with his psalm-singing, hard-fighting, adventurous army on Fethard, Callan and Kilkenny. After the capitulation of Kilkenny, March 28, he marched on Clonmel. Clonmel was garrisoned by O'Farrell's division of Owen Roe O'Neill's veterans, commanded by Ormond and 1,200 strong. These brave defenders—the remnant of a forlorn hope—slew 2,000 of Cromwell's men in the breach. It needed but the military genius of Owen Roe, to secure them victory—but fate—a wayward fate—decreed otherwise. It is said that Cromwell was about giving up the assault until he was reinforced by his son Henry and Lord Broghill with their men.

Thus strengthened with men and provisions, he concentrated all his forces, and on the morning of the 9th of May—after being several times repulsed by the brave defenders—he succeeded in making a breach.

Several times did he madly charge through the breach, but each time did his diminished troops recoil before the flashing fire, the cold steel, and maddening war-cry of O'Neill's veterans, and the towns people. The death of their brave general was rankling in their hearts, and each cheek blanched with a thirst of revenge.

The uncertain battle raged all day until night separated the combatants. The defenders were without ammunition, and therefore unable to continue the fight on the morrow, so in the dead of night, they marched in good order for Waterford. Next day the town, having got favorable terms from Cromwell, who was ignorant of its desertion and who was in a hurry back to smite the English parliament—capitulated. This was his last exploit in Ireland, on the 29th of May, 1660, he sailed from Youghal. For the last time he cast his eyes on this lovely island—whose convents and monasteries he plundered—whose sons and daughters he butchered—and whose broad fertile lands became the prey of his mercenary soldiers.

AYMER CLINGTON.

Note.—As these sketches, that I have written for the *Celt* and other journals, are but the condensation of one I intend for publication, I have therefore left out much that would not suit the pages of periodicals.

AUTHOR.

THE ANCIENT DRESS OF THE IRISH

(Continued from page 48.)

The Fallaig. After describing the cohall, Cambrensis informs us that under it the Irish also wear woollen *Phalingæ*, or *Braccæ*, with stockings attached to them.* Whether the garment here mentioned by Cambrensis, under the name of *phalingæ*, was the same as the long woollen cloak worn by the Irish, called *fallaig*, and described by subsequent writers, is a matter of dispute. Archdeacon Lynch, in his celebrated work "*Cambrensis Eversus*," supposes it to be the same. Moore, in his "*History of Ireland*," says that the *phalingæ* was a kind of petticoat.† But it would appear he was mistaken in this assertion—First, from the word *phalingæ* itself, which can be derived from nothing else than the word *fallaig*; and, secondly, because Cambrensis tells us that the *phalingæ* was worn in place of the pallium, (vice palliorum), which certainly was a cloak. What must have led Moore into the mistake of supposing the *phalingæ* to be a petticoat, was, most probably, the fact of Cambrensis making use of the expression *phalingæ* or *braccæ*, as if both garments were used for the same purpose, namely, as a covering for the middle portion of the body. But this was not what the author intended to convey, as will appear evident to any person who reads the passage, but simply that the Irish sometimes wore the *phalingæ*, sometimes the *braccæ* alone, without the *phalingæ*, under the cape or cohall; or, what comes to the same thing, that the cohall was sometimes worn with, sometimes without the *phalingæ*, as we stated before. The *phalingæ*, then, or *fallaig*, was a long woollen cloak reaching almost down to the ankles. The texture of the cloth from which it was made, varied with the rank of the wearer; the cloth made use of for the *fallaings* of the rich being fine and delicate, and that for those of the poorer classes, coarse, thick, and shaggy. It was ornamented round the neck and sides with a fringed border, of which many strips, arranged one above the other, were attached round the neck, and one only round the sides. This border was sometimes of gold, sometimes of embroidered stuff; and the fringe that hung down from it, was made of silken or worsted threads, which were either platted into wreaths, or hung down loose, and were kept disentangled with the comb. When worn in the manner, last mentioned, this fringe is said to have looked like the mane of a horse. The color of the *fallaig* worn by the poorer classes was black, being made from the undyed wool of their sheep, which, according to Cambrensis, were mostly of that color.‡ Those worn by the nobility were generally dyed purple. The *fallaig* was fastened in front with a pin or buckle. The beautiful gold brooches, turned up from time to time, in different parts of the country, most probably were made use of for this purpose. The women, as well as the men, wore the *fallaig*; but their's was something longer than those of the latter.

The outer garment of all the Celtic tribes, of whose costume we have any record, seems to have been analogous either to the Irish cohall, as in the case of the Gauls and Germans, or to the *fallaig*, as in the case of the Celtiken and Lusitani.

Diodorus Siculus informs us, that the Gauls wore a short richly chequered cloak which they fastened with pins or buckles.§ Plutarch describes Cæcilia as dressed "in

* Cap. xiii.

† Vol. i, p. 197.

‡ Top. d. 2. c. 10.

§ Lib. v. 215.

a party-coloured cloak, after the manner of the Gauls.* This cloak was called by the Gauls "sac," and hence the word "sagum," the general name applied by Latin writers to the Celtic mantle. Cæsar speaking of the Germans, says, "that they wear a kind of cloak called a Reno,"† which St. Isidore describes, "as a covering for the shoulders and breast, extending to the waist, and so rough and shaggy, as to be impenetrable by the rain."‡ Strabo mentions, that the Belgæ wore a cloak of the same description. "Their wool," he says, "is coarse, except that which is shorn next the skin—from it they weave thick cloaks, which they call Lænæ."§ The Celtiken, a people who lived near the Ebro in Spain, wore, according to Diodorus Siculus, rough black cloaks, the wool of which they were composed was, he says, "like the hair of a goat."|| Strabo thus describes the apparel of the Lusitani, the ancient inhabitants of Portugal. "All the Lusitani use black apparel—they pass their lives for the most part in their cloaks—sleeping in them upon their beds;"¶ a use to which Spencer informs us, the Irish often applied the fallaing,** which garment the cloak of the Lusitani must have very much resembled. The plaid still worn by the Scottish Highlanders is a modification of the old Celtic mantle.

The Braccæ.—The outer garment of all the nations of antiquity seems to have been much alike. The simla of the Hebrews; the pallium of the Greeks; the toga of the Romans; and the sagum of the Celts; all being a kind of cloak or folding robe, wrapping loosely round the person. There was consequently in the two garments we have just described nothing by which the Celts could well be distinguished from other nations. But the article of dress which we now are about to notice, seems, in a great measure, to have been peculiar to the Celtic family alone. This garment is called by Latin writers "Braccæ;" and was a covering for the legs, including, in the case of the Irish, in one garment, the drawers and stockings, as appears from the extract given above from Cambrensis. The Braccæ were worn tight to the limbs, and consequently must have been knitted, as otherwise it would have been impossible to draw them on. They were party-coloured; and hence their name from the Celtic word "*breac*," which means chequered. The Braccæ was a species of garment, peculiarly suited to the Irish, giving ample facility for the exercise of that extraordinary agility and fleetness for which the inhabitants of this country in former times were so remarkable—being able to keep pace with a courser at full gallop, to overtake the retreating trooper, to leap up behind him and dash him to the ground.††

The Persians, Sarmatians, Parthians, Gauls, Belgæ, and Britons, all wore Braccæ. But their Braccæ, unlike those of the Irish, were in the form of loose flowing trousers. They were called by the Persians, "Sarabara," as we learn from Siculus.‡‡ In Lucanus we find allusion made to this garment.§§

Et qui te laxis imitantur sarmata braccis,
Vangionis Butavique truces—
And thine Sarmatia's flowing braccæ vie,
And Vangines and Batavians fierce.

* Othan, T. I, p. 1069. † Lib. vi., 21. ‡ Orig. xix., 23. § Lib. iv., 196.
|| Lib. v. 215. ¶ Lib. iii. 155. ** p. 37. †† Camb. Ever., cap. xiii. ‡‡ T. iii. 284.
§§ Lib. iii. c. 1.

It was from the general use of this garment among the Gauls, that the Romans gave to that part of it which they had conquered before the time of Cæsar the name of "*Gallia Braccata*." The Belgæ,* says Strabo, "wear loose flowing Braccæ;"† and all are familiar with the line of Martial.‡

"*Tam laxa quam veteres braccæ Britonis pauperis.*"

The only continental nation who are recorded to have worn the Irish form of the Braccæ, were the Germans; of whom Tacitus says, "that they wore Braccæ, not loose like those of the Sarmatians, but tight and showing the shape of the limbs."§ They were called by them "*Hosen*," as we learn from Paul the Deacon, who says of the Germans, "that, when they had come to the obedience of the Lord, they wished to give up wearing their hose."|| Mention is made in Exod. xxviii, 42, of linen drawers; but these were worn only by the priests, when officiating, and not by the people generally, as was the case with the Braccæ of the Celts.

The Tunic and Jacket.—As an inner covering for the upper parts of the body, the Irish wore either a tunic, or a short tight jacket. The tunic was made of linen, coloured yellow, with the berries of elder, or the bark and leaves of the poplar tree.¶ The skirt of the tunic came down to the middle of the thigh, and, together with the sleeves, was of such a width, that it commonly took no less than 30 yards of linen to make a single garment of this description.** St. Bernard, in his life of St. Malachy, makes mention of the tunic, as worn by the Irish.†† By an ancient canon of the Irish Church, all the clergy above the ranks of *astarius*, were prohibited from wearing the braccæ without the tunic;‡‡ for, in place of the tunic, a tight woollen jacket coming down only to the hips, was very generally worn by the people. Camden mentions this garment. "Little jackets they have of woollen," says he, "and these very short,"§§ and describing a visit made by O'Neal to Queen Elizabeth, he says, "that he appeared at court with his guard of gallowglasses, bare-headed, armed with hatchets, their hair flowing in long locks on their shoulders, on which were yellow surplices, (tunics), with long sleeves, short coats, and tunic jackets." The tunic was confined at the waist with a belt often ornamented in the richest manner. The women wore a gown either of woollen stuff, and called "*Clipbh-gunna*," or of linen dyed yellow, like the tunics of the men.

Diodorus Siculus and Strabo inform us that the tunic and jacket were worn by the Continental Celts. The former describing the tunic of the Gauls, says, "that they seemed as if sprinkled over with all kinds of flowers"||| and the latter says of the Belgæ "That in place of tunics they wear an open garment with sleeves, which comes down to the hips."¶¶ Naspicius, speaking of the tyrant Tetricus, describes him as dressed in a purple sac, a yellow tunic and braccæ after the manner of the Gauls.***

The Barread.—Besides the hood, already mentioned as attached to the cohall, the Irish used as a covering for the head, a conical shaped cap called a "*barread*." It is generally represented, as standing up straight on the head, something like the caps formerly worn by the grenadiers. It was probably made of the same material, as the fallaing, though we have no precise information on this point. This cap does not appear to have been in general use among all classes of the Irish.

* Plin. H. N. iii. 4. † Lib. iv. 106. ‡ XI. 22. § De Mor Ger. c. xvii. || Monk of St. Gal. & ii. ¶ Good apud Camden. ** Jocelin, c. 189. †† In 3, c. 25. ‡‡ L. n. p. 36). §§ p. 148. ||| L. V. 2 ¶¶ Liv. 194. *** Annual. 493.

The people, for the most part, went bare-headed—their hair, which they allowed to grow long, forming a sufficient protection for the head, against the severity of the weather. It appears to have been worn most commonly by the higher classes, and particularly by the bards and ollamhs; from this circumstance, most probably, arose the practise still in use in many universities, of conferring on those who have taken the degree of Doctor, a peculiar kind of cap, the name of which “barette,” is evidently derived from the Irish word “barread;” and this supposition is rendered still more probable from the fact, that this practice was first introduced into the university of Paris, in the reign of Charlemagne, by the celebrated Irishman, John Scotus Erigena. The married women wore, as a head-dress, a kind of turban, formed of many folds of linen wound round the head. The unmarried went bare-headed. The Irish, like all the other Celts, were remarkable for the care they took of their hair, curling it and allowing it to fall down the shoulders in long locks or “glibbs.” They shaved all the beard except that on the upper lip, which was allowed to fall over the mouth in a heavy moustache, called a “comméal.”

The Brog, was the covering for the feet, made use of by the Irish. It is described as a kind of shoe with a long conical top, having no heel, and but a single sole, for the sake of greater celerity in running. It was fastened in front with a thong.

Ornaments.—Of these we do not intend to treat at any length. They consisted, for the most part, of chains of gold worn round the neck, gold bracelets for the arms, rings for the fingers, and brooches to fasten the falling. All these were of the most exquisite workmanship, and must have been in very general use, from the large quantities of them that have been, from time to time, discovered in all parts of the country.

Such was the ancient Irish dress; a dress, which for elegance as well as comfort and convenience, was unsurpassed by any costume of ancient, or perhaps of modern times. We cannot wonder at the strong attachment manifested by the Irish towards it. The caprices of fashion, to which people at the present day are so strangely subject, were quite unknown among them. For centuries the form of their dress remained the same; so that long after the old Celtic costume had become altogether unknown in those continental countries, where it once was so generally worn, it might still be seen worn, quite unchanged, by the inhabitants of this island.

The subjects of the Pale were prohibited from wearing the Irish dress by 5 Edward IV.; and the inhabitants of the entire kingdom by 28 Henry VIII. c. 15; by which, “all persons were restrained from wearing glibbs on their heads, hair on the upper lip, from wearing mantles, coats, or hoods, made after the Irish fashion, under pain of forfeiting the thing so used, and a pecuniary fine besides.” The object of this statute appears to have been to destroy the spirit of nationality, which the wearing of the ancient dress served to keep alive among the Irish; as well as to destroy the woollen and linen manufactures of this country, and compel the inhabitants to buy their clothing in the English market. Notwithstanding, however, the prohibition to the contrary, the Irish still continued to wear the national dress till about the middle of the 17th century, when it was finally laid aside.

It would be impossible, from a mere description of it, such as we have been able to give, to form a just idea of the elegance and picturesqueness which must have characterized the ancient costume of the Irish. The people of this country, in common with all the other Celtic tribes, have been charged by many authors with vanity and a fondness of display in their apparel; and indeed if we but picture to our minds the appearance which a handsome young Irish chief, of former times, must have presented to the eye, when dressed out fully in the costume of his country; the tight and variegated braccæ, displaying to full advantage the symmetry of his limbs; the yellow tunic appearing brightly from beneath the heavy folds of the long, dark, falling; his head, either surmounted by the towering barred, or covered only by the hair, which fell in long ringlets on his shoulders; his feet enclosed in the light and pointed brog; his neck, arms, and fingers, bearing ornaments of gold, and his gold-handled skene, or brightly polished battle-axe, gleaming in his girdle. If we but present him, thus arrayed, to our minds, we cannot avoid confessing that the charge was not made altogether without foundation, and that those "great warriors," whom Spencer mentions as having told him—"that in all their services, which they had seen abroad in foreign countries, they never saw a more comely man than the Irishman," can hardly be said to have been guilty of exaggeration. T. P. M.

THE SNOW.

THE snow, the snow! like a winding sheet,
 It covers the young spring flowers;
 Ah! they never will open their eyes again,
 To gladden the fields and bowers.
 The south wind is breathing its softest sighs,
 And the north wind has ceased to blow—
 Oh! how they would flush now, the bright young flowers,
 Were it not for the cold, cold snow.
 "O lady fair, no flower can blow,
 'Neath a breast so cold as thine,
 For the heart is a garden, and love is its rose—
 Can it bloom where no sunbeams shine?"

The snow, the snow, oh! it is *not* a shroud,
 But under its downy wing—
 Downy and light as a brooding dove's—
 They sleep, the bright flowers of spring;
 And odours the rarest the sweet south will find,
 On the banks where no cold winds blow—
 Where the young birds nestle beneath the white wings
 Of the guardian angel—snow!
 "But the flow'rets are doffing their vestal robe,
 And their blushes you now may see;
 Ah! when shall I read in your glowing cheek,
 That summer is come for me?"

Avonree, March, 1858.

RELICS OF OLD READINGS AND GOSSIPINGS.

NEW SERIES—NO. 1.

THE INN AT KILBENNY.

EVERY little town and village in Ireland has its own epitomised history, not only of the events of the never-to-be-forgotten year of 1798, but of a series of consecutive instances of Irish suffering and Irish valour, which, if collected, would form a volume that would force nationality down the throat of the most Anglified Irishman. Will somebody or anybody help us to compile such a history of Ireland? Let them: but note down authenticated facts, or marked traditions, elucidatory of Celtic phases of life, habits, or manners, or little episodes in their own or their neighbours' families, illustrative of trying scenes of domestic national troubles; or tests of faith and fidelity in the matters of creed or country, and no matter how feeble the attempt, *if truth guide them*, we will be glad to hear from the humblest correspondents. The history of '98 is only to be collected from village to village. That history has entered into the souls of the peasantry, and has been duly transmitted, as a national heirloom of wrong, from generation to generation—yes, mention but the year, and out flows a torrent of bitter or exultant traditions, which tend strongly and more fondly to bind the sacred and fascinating links which unite Irishmen together—the priesthood and the people. But as we do not aspire to deal at all in didactic literature, and as we had much rather, after the usual fashion of our “gossipings,” tell our story and be done with it, we will therefore take up the annals of a single, humble Irish village, and proceed to illustrate what we wish, and what we mean:—

KILBENNY.

One of the least presuming localities in the land is the village of Kilbenny, yet, although we have taken it up at a venture, we find it full of national traditions. People living in the hamlet, this very hour, can tell you of an inn, or carman's stage, which occupied a central position there in 1798, and which was the scene of many a stirring event—here is one of them.

It was a fair day in the village, and the little inn had had a bustling time of it—bargains were clenched, monies were disbursed, flagons were emptied, contentions were digested, nuptial matches were concocted, tears were shed, hands were shaken and re-shaken, men and women had kissed each other a thousand times over in the exuberance of their affectionate friendship. Let me not be misunderstood—in Munster, men kiss and embrace each other, *a la Francais*, when the drop softens the heart to melting tenderness, and matrons hug each other, under the influence of gentle potations, until, in a concatenation of blissful peace and neighbourly harmony, they leave the houses of entertainment; and their several businesses at the fair being transacted, they quietly turn their steps homeward, garrulously recounting the profits and losses of the day in joyous rivalry, until the village is deserted and the roads alive with moving masses of the great human throng.

In the little inn already mentioned, sat a solitary, burly farmer, discussing the merits of some humble fare placed before him on the long deal table occupying the

whole length of the apartment. The repast was not a very dainty one, nor yet a heavy one, therefore it was soon despatched, and the man was in the act of paying his bill of fare when a new comer entered the room; he was a fine build of a man, of the respectable farmer class, wearing the top-boot and the caped riding-coat, and carrying in his hand a heavy thong-whip, deeply silver-laden at the handle. He was six feet six inches in height, and made in proportion, with a fine, bold, manly bearded face, and an open and generous expression of countenance. The two men recognised each other at a glance; they were blood relations, and of the famous family of the O'Mahonys.

"Any news, Dermod," asked the tall man. "None, Tom, but that I have a captain of light dragoons billeted on me, and although I hate the colour of his coat, begor, I can't help saying he's the most rollicking and off-handed fellow of his kind I ever met with. When I was coming away in the morning, he was throwing a sledge with some of the boys, and mostha—only they would be ashamed to be outdone by an Englisher, though for the matter of that he says he was born Scotch, faith he was likely to bring disgrace on Tipperary. They wrestled a heat, too, with him, but Paddy Condon got angry, as he always does, and was nigh hurting him. They then took to leaping a bog-hole, hop-step-and-jump, and by my own sowl, Tom, avick, he put them to the pin of their collar."

"Don't be too free with him, Dermod," said the tall man sententiously; "the Sagum Dheargs are treacherous—we have no right to trust them an inch, any way."

"Begor, Tom," persisted his gossip, "if you knew him and saw his ways, you'd like him for all that."

"Men of his class, and foes of mine, I always stand away from. Our roads are different, and our countries of two colours, so opposite to one another, that I never liked to see them mixed together," and Tom O'Mahony sat down, and called for a loaf and a pot of ale.

"Tom, you were always a rock of sense, and there can be no harm in following your advice, any how. So, good-bye, and God bless you; I suppose you'll turn in, when you're crossing the fields home, and shake hands with the old woman and the young ones. The captain is dining with the Galtee wolf to-day, so his red coat can't offend you."

"I'll do that same, Dermod, so take care of yourself till then." And so the men parted.

Tom O'Mahony's gossip was not long gone, when the door of the apartment was violently dashed open, and in stalked a number of soldiers; they were light dragoons, eight men in all.

They immediately approached the table—the only one in the low long room where O'Mahony was discussing his bread and ale—and seemed by their insolent movements to expect that he would retire at their appearance.

O'Mahony never moved.

They tossed the chairs about and began to look ferocious.

O'Mahony never heeded.

"I say, fellow," at last exclaimed one of the party—"Are the king's troops to wait your leisure? Or do you expect to be our guest?"

"A public inn is for public use," replied O'Mahony, looking up at the speaker very quietly—"and as for the rest, you are not over civil, let me tell you."

"Why, damn you, you Popish Rebel"—cried out another, "do you refuse to leave the table at our bidding."

"I tell you what" said O'Mahony; "Popery and Rebellion are different subjects to the matter now between us—my dinner is just finished—a few minutes more—and take your turn—but dine I will—and finish my dinner too—if the king and all his royal guards gave the same lingo to me as ye have done."

A loud laugh of scorn and derision followed this resolute announcement—and the stoutest of the band seized the speaker by the neck and endeavoured to drag him from his chair.

O'Mahony drove his elbow into the ruffianly assailant's stomach, and sent him gasping and reeling several feet back into the room where he tumbled—and then springing up and tossing off his heavy riding coat, he suddenly confronted his majesty's brave and loyal troops.

"Any two of you!—any two of you! stand out here before me," he exclaimed, and two after two, as long as ye are standing. The soldiers looked at him with astonishment—and so they might, his naturally huge figure—as he now stood erect, with blazing eye, and scorching brow—and chest as ample and expanded as a Hercules—was a sight not only to create astonishment but inspire alarm. The man he felled lay sprawling and groaning upon the floor.

"Any two of you!—any two of you!" he reiterated.

The heroes still hesitated.

"Cowards!—and scoundrels! he continued, and he flung the rinsings of a large pewter ale pot amongst them.

King George's soldiers drew their swords.

But O'Mahony's blood was up—and numbers were nothing—and death was nothing.

"Any odds!—any weapons! Hurrah for Tipperary! and the blue sky over it! Come on?"

"Down with the Popish Rebel! down with him—down with him," yelled out the warriors, as seven of them with naked swords rushed upon their intended victim.

O'Mahony had seized in his left hand a heavy chair by the back rungs, and hoisting its feet into the air made it act as his shield, to parry off or receive the fierce sword strokes. In his right hand, he held the stout massive pewter quart—and planting his back against the wall, received his antagonists as they advanced with so fatal a precision both of guard and blow, that he very soon thinned their numbers, for, as each soldier, and sometimes two, cut at him, he thrust the chair into their faces, and then having the great superiority of towering height over them, he beat them down upon the heads with the edged pewter—leveling a man at every blow, and leaving several of them stunned, senseless and bleeding at his feet. And now, O'Mahony, in turn became the assailant—whilst only three of the Sagum Dheergs, who hung behind backs, were left unwounded for the combat. These he attacked

most furiously—striking with both chair and quart—until man after man fell beneath his tremendous battering. To this terrible fight there were no spectators, for the dragoons—certain of their victory and the murder of their victim—had locked the doors when the fray began, lest anybody might come to O'Mahony's assistance.

Their sanguinary intent, however, had the opposite effect—and was O'Mahony's salvation—for it gave time to his friends outside, to warn him that the remaining men of the dragoon troops had just entered the inn and were seeking their comrades. O'Mahony was busy breaking the swords of his craven foes across his knees, when he heard the intelligence from a young peasant who had mounted up upon the window-sill outside, to get a peep at the dreadful scrimmage he heard going on within.

Hastily catching up his heavy riding coat, and wiping his wet and bloody face and hands in the skirt—then picking up his hat and whip—whilst the dragoons thundered at the door for admittance.

"Hurrah for Tipperary!" he cried, with a wild exulting cry—like an Indian war-whoop—and lightly opening the window at the end of the room, he plunged head foremost out upon the roadway. As he picked himself up, he heard the thundering at the door still going on. "The popish rebel bids you all a very good evening," he chuckled—as with hasty strides he made his way across the open country, in the direction of his gossip, whom we introduced to the reader in the beginning of our hasty sketch.

Dermot O'Mahony was standing at the door of his own comfortable and capacious farm-house when he saw his tall relative approaching in hot haste—he saw, too, at a glance, that his face and hands were bloody, and his clothes dragged and torn. His first impulse was to seize a heavy blackthorn bludgeon which lay close at hand—his next, to accost his gossip whom he hastened to meet:

"Are the Condons and Fitzgibbons up again?" he asked fiercely, "or what's in the wind, Tom, that you have so many marks of assault and battery on you?"

"Come into the house, Dermot, and I'll tell you all about it."

After the whole scene at the inn was detailed—during the recital of which, Dermot could hardly contain himself with exultation, nor avoid interrupting the narrator very many times, with buffets on the shoulders, by way of approbation—the two friends sate down together to consider what was best to be done under the circumstances. Various were the plans suggested to meet the investigation that was sure to follow the formidable onslaught made on his majesty's military subjects. The questions of defiance or defence were severally and warmly discussed—the probability or improbability of fair play or common justice to be had at the hands of a magistrate—the chance of the soldiers keeping their own secret through shame—or, and what was most usual at that time in Ireland—the almost absolute certainty of their making an unmerciful charge against their assaulter through the assurance that there would be no law for the mere Irish, no matter what was the accusation against them.

The night fell before half these knotty points were unravelled—indeed, the end of their discussion left them just where they began—Tom O'Mahony putting a finisher on the whole matter by declaring that if there was any manliness left in the whole troop of the Englishers, they would be beating about his house to look for satisfaction for

the drubbing he gave their cowardly companions—and that, accordingly, he would be moving homeward to put his stout household in order of battle.

This sudden determination, however, was put a stop to, by a new event—which was nothing less than the arrival of the English captain, who quietly walked into the room where the two worthies were standing.

“Let us tell him our story” suggested Dermot.

‘With all my heart,’ replied his gossip.

Dermot, accordingly, told the captain the whole affair—and Tom told it over again—and the captain listened to both with the greatest interest and attention.

“All we want is justice,” exclaimed Dermot;

“And a fair hearing and fair play,” added Tom.

“And that ye shall have,” promised their guest, warmly. “I’ll hold a court-martial on these fellows of mine, tomorrow—and if matters be as ye state, you must have more than fair play—for I will punish them to a man.”

The two friends thanked their military judge—and Tom was prevailed upon to stay where he was that night, in order to be at hand on the investigation of the next morning.

The next day the court-martial met—it consisted of the English captain—the Earl of Kingston—two infantry lieutenants from Michelstown—and an ensign of horse.

The eight soldiers were in attendance, as complainants—it was very easy to distinguish them from the rest of their companions who crowded the farmer’s dwelling—for it was in O’Mahony’s house the proceedings took place. The eight men were plaistered and bandaged—heads—faces—and hands—so that they looked more like patients fresh from hospital for medical inspection, than witnesses in a court of justice. But what was O’Mahony’s astonishment, when upon the call of the Earl of Kingston, one of the wounded men stepped forward and made a direct charge to the effect, that O’Mahony, in a state of wild intoxication, and after expressing his hatred of his majesty and his soldiers, hurled all sorts of missiles at himself and his comrades as they sat peaceably refreshing themselves at the inn in the village.

One after one, the remaining seven men corroborated the statement of their fellow—without the least hesitation or reserve.

Tom O’Mahony was thunderstricken—he could not believe his ears—he could not credit his senses.

“Liars! and cowards!”—he exclaimed—his huge figure dilating to a gigantic size, with passion and indignation. “Do you dare to add perjury to the rest of your crimes. Did you not strike me, as I sat at the table of the inn?” (here he dragged the man forward whom he at once identified amongst the rest—and looked into his face, as he interrogated him.)

The soldier trembled in his grasp—and called for help.

“Seize O’Mahony,” cried out the Earl of Kingston, rising from his seat—“seize him, guard, and handcuff him.

The armed guard who lined the room, advanced at the command—but the captain waived them back with his hand—and turning to the other members of the court, observed in a low voice.

"I firmly believe that this O'Mahony is belied here, and, in faith, if there be not truth and honesty both in his face and deportment, I'll never trust an Irishman's physiognomy any more whilst I breathe." And then turning to the enraged accused—"Come, sir," he exclaimed; "no more violence on your peril; state your defence to the court, and see that you state nothing but what you can well substantiate."

"I have no witnesses," said O'Mahony, doggedly.

The Earl laughed maliciously.

"But I have proofs," he continued, "proofs strong enough to confound sneerers; (a look of defiance at his enemy) Dermot, bring in the chair and the pewter quart."

Both were brought into the room, and placed before the court. And then O'Mahony began his statement of the facts connected with the unequal fray; and so modestly, and yet so manfully and simply, did he detail the whole proceeding that the court, with the exception of the Earl of Kingston, were fully satisfied that his statement was the true one.

The Earl hated O'Mahony, because he feared him; he feared a family whose connexions, position, and indomitable independence, refused ever and always to crouch to him, or submit to his arbitrary oppression; a family who commanded the respect of the whole country around, and an attack upon whom was not likely to be submitted to with either silence or submission.

"Gentlemen," said the earl, spitefully, "what if he hacked the chair himself, and battered the pewter vessel, into the bargain. I think him capable of both."

Dermot clapped his broad hand over the mouth of the accused; or the noble earl would have heard a burst of indignant scorn that would have withered him where he sat.

The captain noted the provocation and the effect of it, and was more and more convinced of the man's innocence. "You have no witnesses, O'Mahony," he said; "have you no proof, beyond your own testimony, that would throw any new light upon this matter?"

"Ask that question of your soldiers, too," retorted O'Mahony; "is not my testimony as trustworthy as their's?"

"But not more so," sneered the Earl; "eight men swear against you, is your bare testimony—a rebel's testimony—to outweigh even the simple assertion of a number of the king's servants." "Gentlemen (turning to the court) the world would not be the worse, in general, of getting rid of this man, nor the parish of Kilbenny in particular. I believe him guilty."

Here Dermot's hand again did good service; but the accused insulted and ill-treated man, could no longer be restrained—"I have listened to you, Earl of Kingston, wolf of the Galtees, I have marked you thirsting for my blood; you have, with impunity, called me liar, perjurer and knave; you have stated that the world would be well rid of me; and you would hang me outside my gossip's door this moment if you could; but mark me, well, you'll die yourself first; the earth is sick of your cruelty and tyranny, and the curses of a whole people hang over you night and day."

"I believe him guilty," repeated the earl, with a brow as dark as night.

"I do not," said the captain, excitedly.

"Nor I," "nor I," "nor I," added the other members of the court.

"God bless you, gentlemen, for your opinion, at any rate, no matter how the affair goes; but I have another word or two to say, that I had 'till now totally forgotten. I told you I had beaten down these men, one after another; I told you that when the fight was over, they all lay sprawling at my feet—"

"No more of that stuff," interrupted the Earl.

"But I did not tell you (a look of scorn at his malignant enemy), that I wrung the swords from their hands, their eight swords, and smashed them across my knee; now, captain, order these weapons to be produced. Missiles flung from my hands could not break eight swords."

"Well said, by Jupiter!" exclaimed the captain. "Well said, O'Mahony, now we have it all in a nut-shell."

The eight men now shuffled in amongst their fellows, and there was at once great confusion to be observed in their proceedings; indeed so clumsily did they manage their manœuvres, that every one in the room saw they were getting a loan of the swords of the guard to exhibit as their own.

Dermod pointed out the fact to the captain, who instantly ordered the serjeant in attendance to produce the broken swords, and also to call out all the men of his troop, fully armed, in order that no trick should be attempted to conceal the guilty parties. This put an end to all further concealment—the broken swords were produced—O'Mahony's case fully proved—the eight men convicted of their infamous falsehoods, perjuries and cowardice—and the Earl of Kingston, sulky and abashed at the vanishing of his culminating hopes, to get rid of a troublesome enemy for ever, dragged his hat down over his brows and was silent.

"Eight armed men against one!" indignantly commented the captain, pointing to the convicted cowards, and then looking towards O'Mahony with admiration. "Serjeant, take these eight scoundrels away, give them double drill for as many months as there are scoundrels of them, and then get them from under my command, and into some poltroon raising squad, intended for some locality outside the three kingdoms, they are a disgrace to the service. And as to you, O'Mahony, join my troop and I will pledge you my honour to get a commission for you before the year ends. Why, man, you are six feet six inches if you are a foot.

"Thanks, captain, many thanks to you, but when I *do* enlist, if ever I do, it must be in an Irish regiment, and of different coloured facings to any from over the water."

"The United Irishmen," snarled out the Earl of Kingston.

"I wish to heaven there were such beings in this country as United Irishmen," retorted O'Mahony.

"You are one yourself," muttered the earl, "and you'll swing for it yet; you'll die in a hurry, depend upon it."

"May the prayer happen the preacher," laughed O'Mahony, as he made his bow to the court, shook his gossip's hand, and so took his departure homeward.

CABOLAN.

COMING APRIL.

I.

WHERE do sweet spirits go ?
 Where are our vanished hours ?
 And all the perfume lost below,
 Of Summer evening flowers ?
 The earth still lasts, the sunlights play,
 But vanished natures—where are they ?

II.

Mid blossoms opening round,
 I rest me in a stilly dream,
 And put mine ear unto the ground
 To catch a voice that it would seem
 Should waken—but no sound
 Ascends from out the sunlit clay,
 And hope sinks sadly though I pray.

III.

And yet, if o'er the seas
 The bright reorient summer rolls
 Reviving fields and trees,
 And flowering o'er the grave yard knolls,
 Shall there not be in Destiny's
 Design, an April too for souls,
 When from the skies, like sunny rain,
 They'll come to their lost friends again.

S. N.

INDIAN SEPOYS.

ACTION and reaction, the one begets the other. As truly as demand creates supply, insult brings retort, oppression stirs up resistance, and deep wrong evokes prompt revenge. It needs not political rhetoric or philosophic reasoning to prove these principles ; every day history narrates them, and every day life bears testimony of their truth.

British misrule has been the curse of India ; India, in return, is the curse of England, round whose neck Hindostan clings as the old man of the sea clung to Sinbad, pulling him down, pulling him down.

English preachers, English statesmen, and writers, and orators of all measurements,

are loud in indignant denunciations of the cold blooded savagery of long oppressed, maltreated, outraged, wronged India. The gentle Hindoo whose attachment to his white masters had won the praises of a century, is now painted, as a savage of hyena-untamebleness, and the gallant bow-men* who in a hundred fights had won an historic renown equal to that of any European soldier is now described as a coward demon, who outrages, mangles and murders children and women, but flies ever before his white masters. Are these incongruities of past and passing history compatible or explainable. If they be not, then one of three things must be true, past history is false or present history is false,† or the Hindoos, civilian and Sepoy have indeed lost caste, and become degenerate. Exaggeration and falsehood are the order of the day. In the history of the world there has been no greater anomaly than that great eastern empire being held in subjection by a handful of Englishmen regulating two hundred thousand native Indian soldiers to keep their own country as a draw farm for John Bull. Such a state of things did, no doubt, display alike great energy in the ruler, great want of it in the slave. But then so unnatural a condition could not endure; some accident, some great event, or some small power acting upon the right cord, was sure to disturb the sleeping mass, just as a finger touch will awake the sailor upon whose accustomed ears the trumpet and the storm blow in vain. And this is just what happened in India.

Truly India, with her pockets rifled, her lands alienated, her princes dethroned, whole kingdoms confiscated, millions of her wealth in gold and silver and precious stones robbed from her people, beggared by the meanest means, plundered by the foulest force, and fraud and forgery,‡ her Zemindars compelled to be tributaries, her ryots, tortured for the land revenue, even women indecently and foully tortured for money,§ and her Sepoys as an ordinary punishment blown into primitive atoms from

* Sepoy, or Sipoy, is, according to Heber, derived from "sip," which means bow and arrow, the original weapon of the native Indian soldiery.

† We will quote some of the absurd lies in circulation about Indian atrocities. We do not mean to say there have been none, but we do say that they have been few, so few as to totally discountenance all attempt at a charge of national barbarity against India. We copy the letter, as it appeared in the *Guardian* newspaper of February the 10th.—"I am quite astonished to find M. not only believing, but bent on believing, whether with or without reason, all those vile accounts of atrocities perpetrated by the Sepoys and others, which were published in the English papers. . . . He actually wants me to disprove the stories, and resolves to believe all until they are disproved! One, at least, I was able to disprove; that account of the tortures and massacres said to have occurred at Allahabad, and reported by an eye-witness. I was able to disprove it by adducing the fact, well known to us all here, that not a European woman at Allahabad was injured or hurt in any way, although the Sepoys had it all their own way for the whole night. The women said to have been tortured and cut to pieces, were in reality protected all night and arrived at Calcutta well and uninjured. The actual fact is that the stories you have seen in the newspapers are in many cases mere hearsay, and exaggerated in the repetition or are malicious inventions, made up to rouse the feelings of the English people, just as they published here, and circulated carefully to all the new regiments, a picture of the massacre of the women and children at Cawnpore, which was entirely malicious."

‡ Vide, life of Clive.

§ Vide "Report of the Commissioners for the Investigation of Alleged Cases of Torture in the Madras Presidency, submitted to the Governor in council of Fort St. George, on the 16th of April, 1855, and presented to Parliament by command of her Majesty."

the cannon's mouth ; and readers mark you, this wrong, oppression, plunder, savage torture and savage death inflicted by men holding God's bible in their hands, and words of christian teaching upon their lips—truly India, Mahomedan and Hindoo India, ought to display the Christian sweetness her rulers have so long preached, but alas ! never practised.

If there be great criminals in India, if men there during the fury of war perpetrate crimes abhorrent to truly Christian and civilized nations, it is reasonable to enquire how far the whole country becomes answerable for those deeds, and whether they spring directly from innate savage disposition, or are the result of the teachings of a false religion, or, if having root in neither of these causes, they but evidence the long pent-up vengeance now first let loose, and bearing within it the bitter memories of over two centuries of wrong—wrongs under which the Indian might well appeal to his masters with the defence "you drive me mad and then you taunt me with insanity"—or in the homely words of Tony Simpkin "you have me as you reared me."

Far be it from our thoughts to defend the atrocities reported to have been perpetrated by the Sepoys upon women and infants. We abhor alike the crimes and the criminals, but we know that there has been monstrous exaggeration in the account of those deeds, and where they have really occurred we are strongly inclined to believe that the perpetrators were not Aborigines, were not Hindoos, but were Musselmen and the followers of that Mahomet whose Koran inculcates blood for religion sake, for it must not be lost sight of, that a large preportion of the Bengal army are followers of the prophet, as a rule of faith hating and despising christians, and believing in a faith which attaches little value to the life of women, who, in reference to eternity they view as perishable and soulless ; the very reverse of that social Hindoo faith which guards and protects the gentler sex with a marked solicitude, especially in those matters relating to the purity and honor of the sex,* for the protection and preservation of which, Christian and European legislators and jurists might learn from the Gentoo laws, lessons that would tend to benefit Europe. And it is a remarkable fact that many of the regulations therein contained bear a striking coincidence to the old or Jewish law† especially those rules having relation to the priest caste.

Indeed the spirit in which Hindoo rulers and people have from time to time displayed their toleration of other races and religions, stands in broad contrast to that of the Musselmen who were in by-gone times conquerors and rulers in India, and now constitute a large preportion of the Indian population. As markedly illustrative of this view, read this Hindoo rebuke to Aurengezebe, made by the Rajah of Joudpore.

* Vide. Gentoo laws. Page 299.

† "Indeed the whole office, as well as the sacred pre-eminence of the Braminical tribe, is almost an exact counterpart of that of the Levitical. The Levites were particularly forbidden wine, so are the Bramins; the Levites were more than others enjoined to avoid the contact of all uncleanness: so are the Bramins. The Levites were to assist the magistrates' judgement in difficult cases; so are the Bramins; and in every other respect, the resemblance might well authorise a suspicion that they originally had some remote affinity to each other, though conjecture can not possibly trace the source of the connection" Halbed's introduction to Gentoo laws. Page 69.

"Your royal ancestor, Abker, whose throne is now in heaven, conducted the affairs of this empire in equity and firm security for the space of fifty-two years, preserving every tribe of men in ease and happiness, whether they were followers of Jesus or of Moses, of David or of Mahomed; were they Brahmins, were they of the sect of Dharians, which denies the eternity of Matter, or of that which ascribes the existence of the world to chance, they all equally enjoyed his countenance and favour, in so much that his people, in gratitude for the indiscriminate protection he afforded them, distinguished him by the appellation of '*Juggot Grow*,' guardian of mankind. If your majesty places any faith in those books by distinction called divine, you will there be instructed that God is the God of all mankind, not the God of Mahomedans alone. The Pagan and the Mussulman are equally in his presence. Distinction of colours are of his ordination. It is he who gives existence. In your temples, to his name the voice is raised in prayer; in a house of images, where the bell is shaken, still He is the object of adoration. To vilify the religion and customs of other men is to set at nought the pleasure of the Almighty. When we deface a picture, we naturally incur the displeasure of the painter; and justly has the poet said 'presume not to arraign or to scrutinise the various works of Power Divine.'"^{*} What a spirit of almost Christian tenderness is breathed in the foregoing, and the character impressed upon it, is largely the character of the true Hindoo. The spirit of rapine and plunder which has marked the conduct of India's invaders, from Sesostria to Timour, from Alexander down to Clive and Hastings, have not worn out this character; and if at times there is a burst of resistance to oppression, if blood flows and fire, sword and bullet proclaim that man's nature will rebel to wrong, it is because his nature has been outraged, his goods plundered or his religion insulted that he stands up as man all over the world will stand under the like circumstances; "for the trodden worm will turn"—and the gentlest nature may be made over savage by over wrong. True it is that India has not progressed in civil arts or in war as Europe has done, alas! what enslaved country ever did, but though she be not relatively to her rulers. now as dreaded either for the difficulties of the country or the nature of her armies as she was when the emirs of Timour met his proposal to invade Hindostan with the cry of "the rivers! and the mountains and deserts! and the soldiers clad in armour! and the elephants, destroyers of men.† Yet her power and her resources are not to be despised, for the present feebleness of her resistance arises from the accident that she has no one great man to guide her soldiery and to plan for them, and discipline them into victory. Who can foresee the hour when that accident may be remedied, and some able man arising from her pundits or priest class, may guide her millions of brave men, for brave they are, to certain victory. Meantime England has lost that great army, whereby she hitherto ruled India, an army of over two hundred thousand Sepoys, men whose character was thus drawn ten years ago by an unprejudiced English observer who says "The men are of a size somewhat below that of European soldiers, but they are quite as brave, as hardy and as active; capable of undergoing as much fatigue and of sustaining even greater privations. To

^{*} Robertson's India, note 63. Page 370

† Gibbon's Rome, volume xii. Page 13.

the attachment and bravery of this army, Great Britain is chiefly indebted for the possession of her Indian empire, and it now secures to her sovereignty over a territory vastly more extensive than her own, and separated from her by the distance of nearly half the globe.*

The capability of the Hindoo to endure privation has been borne testimony to by various soldiers and rulers and writers upon their country, and their deep devotion to the mandates of their religion is equally remarkable; while the ease with which a Hindoo encounters doomed and certain death evinces the most remarkable courage.

The Hindoo then is brave as he is gentle—he is not an outrager of women—he has been for long, long years the prop of English power, enabling it to grow rich upon the wealth of Hindostan; he has been a true and faithful soldier of Great Britain, constant in his devotion to her arms until now. What then has wrought this change? Steadily progressive wrong, outrage and insult, all which had culminated to an unbearable burden, and then came this Indian mutiny, as it is called, a desperate effort to get rid of wrong, outrage and insult.

Long years of insolent oppression and gaping avarice wound up in the annexation of Oude, and the distribution of minie rifles with their greased cartridges, compounded of pig fat thickened with cow suet. The Musselman abhors pork, the Hindoo worships the cow, and thinks it moreover a profanation if his lips but touch animal flesh or grease. But their unwise officers would compel both classes to outrage their religious feelings. The Sepoys murmured; some of them in whom there was a strong manhood refused to belie their own faith, then came prompt punishment, and upon the punishment followed prompter mutiny.† Now it has been asked why did not this mutiny arise elsewhere in India as well as in Bengal? the answer is simple; the latest great Indian wrong had been inflicted upon a country whose people filled the ranks of the Bengal army; that army had been largely recruited from Oude, where their king had been dethroned and their lands given up to England. Children of Oude, loving its green fields well. There was yet another cause. The Indian race has been, time immemorial divided into castes. There are four castes.‡ 1st. Priests. 2nd. Rulers and soldiers. 3rd. Merchants and farmers. 4th. Labourers and servants, and Indians degraded from their castes, are shut out into a fifth, the Paria caste, never to be recognised or spoken to—for an example take men who forgetting

* Cyclopaedia of Political Knowledge, vol. iv. Page 676.

† "On the 6th of May, eighty-five men of the 3rd light cavalry, at Meerut, refused to use the new cartridges, and being brought to a court martial, were sentenced to hard labour in irons, for periods varying from six to ten years."—Mac Farlane's India, p. 640.

‡ Brahma founded the following castes:

1st—"The Brahmin," from the mouth (wisdom) to pray, to read, to instruct.

2nd—"The Chehetree," from the arms (strength) to draw the bow, to fight, to govern.

3rd—"The Bice," from the belly or thigh (nourishment) to provide the necessaries of life by agriculture and traffic.

4th—"The Sooder," from the feet (subjection) to labour, to serve.

Besides these acknowledged castes, there is a race of unhappy men, denominated on the coramandel coast, Pariahs, and in other parts of India, Chandalos. These are outcasts from their original order, who by their misconduct, have forfeited all the privileges of it. Their condition is undoubtedly the lowest degradation of human nature. No person of

the Hindoo law would eat geese. Now it so happened that the Bengal army was not only recruited from the recently annexed kingdom of Oude, but they were of the highest castes, largely of the Priest caste, men of peculiar privileges and almost worshipped by those beneath them, men of high aspirations, teachers, and the only class or caste permitted to learn and acquire knowledge beyond the common mass. It is obvious, that they with a deep and recent wrong rankling in their breasts, were ill fitted to brook meekly and endure silently the further wrong of insult to their religious opinions.*

Thus stands India. The Sepoy army is gone. It can never be remodelled or renewed. In its new shape as a huge unheaded army in revolt it may perish out, and England may come victorious out of this war so far. But how is India to be held? It needed two hundred thousand soldiers hitherto. Where are they to come from? It looks as if Indian princes were once more to rise up beyond the Ganges, while England aided by her navy may keep a sea-board grip of the coast for trading purposes, but no more. If this be the end then assuredly comes, and comes speedily, the bankruptcy of a power greater than that of the East India Company, and who will weep for such a catastrophe? Not we!

any caste will have the least communication with them. If a Pariar approach a Nayo, i.e. a warrior of high caste on the Malabar coast, he may put him to death with impunity. Water or milk are considered as defiled even by their shadow passing over them, and cannot be used until they are purified. It is almost impossible for words to express the sensation of vileness that the name of Pariar or Chandala conveys to the mind of a Hindoo. Every Hindoo who violates the rules or institutions of his caste, sinks into this degraded situation.—Robertson's India, note 68, p. 358.

* “The great blot, however, the ‘*Fons et origo mali*,’ that to which the outbreak was to be proximately attributed, and that which constitutes our great and insurmountable difficulty at present, I honestly and firmly believe to have been the annexation of Oude. . . . The way in which the annexation of Oude operated to our disadvantage was as follows:—There was not a native in India, I fearlessly assert that there was not a native in India, who believed, or could believe that we were under any moral obligation to take possession of Oude. The annexation of Scinde, of Sattara, and of Nagpore, had previously startled them, but in these cases they could make allowances. Where there were legal grounds, or a state of war, their feelings were not violently outraged, but the moral obligation of taking possession of a country in order to improve the social condition of the inhabitants, is a doctrine absolutely unintelligible to the native mind. I know that the feeling produced amongst the nobility of India, by the annexation of Oude, was one of the utmost alarm. They believed the measure to have been decided on and carried out in a pure spirit of cupidity, and in defiance of treaties, and every independent ruler or landholder trembled for his own possessions.”—Sir John Rawlinson's speech at the India House, 27th Jan., 1857, as reported in the *Indian News*, Feb. 3rd, '58.

Literary Notices.

ROME :

ITS RULER, AND ITS INSTITUTIONS.

BY JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE, M. P.

LONDON : LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN AND LONGMANS, 1857.

WE have just laid down this most excellent work, with feelings of satisfaction and delight. We look upon it as a most acceptable boon to the whole Catholic world, and indeed to every lover of truth and candour of every creed. The character of his Holiness the Pope is drawn with great vigour, and illustrated by the report of many of his acts, in his capacity of supreme Pontiff, as well as through the whole tenor of his way as Christ's vicar on earth. We do not know which deserves our highest meed of admiration : this most amiable sovereign's amenity, or his Christian devotion and firmness—his nobility and charity during his most just sway, or the quiet endurance and firmness which he is represented to have evinced when Sterbini, Garibaldi, and their myrmidons sought to show the people of Rome how preferable the banner of the red republican and the dagger of the conspirator were, to protect the peace, liberty and prosperity of their country, to the sweet and gentle rule of the representative of the Prince of Peace. The contrast proved as terrible as the powers of light and darkness. The description of the Pope's reception by the king of Naples and his queen is very touching indeed. And very gratifying too is the account of the exhibition of the sympathies of all surrounding nations with him—England excepted—for she stood aloof, watching for the extirpation of popery from the land, as she fondly anticipated—but the assassin's steel or the blazing torch—or the strength of a rebellious and ungrateful people—or even the antagonism of a united world—were as but chaff before the wind, to effect so vile a desideratum for the enemies of the faith—and ever must be nothing more ; for Christ has promised to remain with his church even until the end of time.

The author, in the opening of his book, gives an exquisite and most graphic description of the several church dignitaries and cardinals as assembled around his Holiness in the Pauline Chapel. Then the descriptions of the several churches and public edifices are truly magnificent—the hospitals—schools—colleges—prisons, &c. follow—and then a clear statistical summary, sufficient to astonish most of our modern reformers in such matters. We omitted to notice the description of the Pope's return to Rome, which is one of the most telling in the book. The sympathy, too, which his Holiness so frequently expresses to Ireland—and his ready assistance to her in her deep distress, must be most grateful to every Irish heart. In fine, the whole book teems with most useful and beautiful passages—which fully prove the writer's marked genius both as an acute observer and a finished scholar. We will with renewed pleasure and alacrity soon again turn to several portions which we cannot now notice for want of time and space.

THE LIFE OF ST. LAURENCE O'TOOLE.

BY THE REV. JOHN O'HANLON.

MULLANY. DUBLIN.

THIS graceful little memoir of one of Ireland's sainted Bishops, from the pen of a well-known ecclesiastical scholar and antiquarian, will be an acceptable boon to the readers of Irish Hagiology, and is all the more welcome because it is but the prelude to a more extensive work, which is to embrace the lives of all the Irish Saints.

The work before us displays an amount of care and historic research highly creditable to the author. It will be remembered by most of our readers that St. Laurence O'Toole was Archbishop of Dublin when the Anglo-Norman invasion first cursed our soil, and the biography of him now under notice, displays the earnest and deep patriotic zeal with which the Archbishop of that day sought to heal the sad dissensions of his countrymen, and to unite them as one man! In the words of Mr. O'Hanlon, "In order to raise an army sufficient for the purpose, with incredible zeal and labour St. Laurence visited the petty princes, whose co-operation with his designs might be relied on; and by his persuasive arguments he induced many of them mutually to forgive and forget their personal animosities, and to unite in one great effort for the liberation of their country." May his spirit ever remain with the Irish Church.

THE LANDLORD IN DONEGAL.

BY D. HOLLAND.

ULSTERMAN OFFICE, BELFAST.

MR. HOLLAND has performed a work; it may have been one of duty, and it is evidently, with him, one of love, for which the Irish nation must be his debtor.

The cry of oppression, famine and suffering had reached Belfast from the far north—the sufferings endured in Guidore were of a nature so startling that cautious men hesitated to believe; in that moment of hesitation as to full belief an honest Belfast journalist set off to see with his own eyes and judge with his own reason. At considerable expense, and with no little toil, he went through the entire district, picking up knowledge, as gifted men ever do, at every step; and after ten days spent in this sad occupation, he published, first in the Ulsterman newspaper, and subsequently as a pamphlet, his touching little narrative of the primitive races, who have endured such deep wrong among the wild bogs and wilder hills of Donegal. We were at first tempted to quote from this little book, but we think, upon a little reflection, it is rather our duty to say it should be read, carefully read, by every Irishman. In it will be found graceful descriptions of land and people, graphic pictures of landlord cruelty to a race, of whom their clergyman in one locality said, with kindling eye, "My heart burns with love for them. They are a simple, faithful, sinless race, and in spite of all their miseries, I think God's loving smile is upon them." Again, for ourselves and for our country, we thank Mr. Holland for what he has done in this matter, and after a careful perusal of his warm appeal we will repeat with him, "Sweet Heaven! that human beings should be doomed to live as these creatures live,—and then that the landlords, who dwell in luxury on their unceasing labour, should be heralded to the world with sounds of praise and fame." Page 65.

THE HISTORY, ARCHITECTURE, AND ANTIQUITIES OF THE
CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. CANICE, KILKENNY.

BY THE REV. JAMES GRAVES, A.B., AND JOHN G. AUGUSTUS PRIM.

HODGES AND SMITH. DUBLIN.

THIS truly erudite and elegantly got up work is a credit alike to authors and publishers. It is brought out in a style, as regards type, paper, and illustrations, which will bear comparison with any book published elsewhere, and which we will say was well merited as some reward for the talent, labour and research bestowed upon it by the authors.

It is a goodly quarto of 360 pages, and is divided into two sections. The first contains four chapters, and is devoted to the general history and antiquities of the venerable pile it illustrates. The second section is devoted to monumental antiquities, and is composed of two chapters.

From the title of the book one would be inclined to expect little more than a history of local interest, but the history of St. Canice goes far beyond this. The importance of Kilkenny in periods of bye-gone history, the distinguished character of its ecclesiastics, its being the residence of the Ormondes, whose deeds for good or evil are so interwoven with the history of the country for centuries; then the Ormonde intermarriage and political intercourse with the Geraldines, needed that the authors should search for, and be conversant with, the entire history of their country during the periods under notice. Well and ably has the task been performed in the work before us; in it is given a memoir of Piers, eighth Earl of Ormonde, and his lady, Margaret Fitzgerald, which is as rich a passage of biography as we have perused for a long time, ancient letters, records and manuscripts having been consulted for it with such care and assiduity as to make the whole memoir a thing so fresh and new as to amply reward the reader for perusing nearly seventy pages. A memoir which gives so much new matter, not merely as regards the Ormondes, but also having relation to the Fitzgeralds, that the Marquis of Kildare has quoted largely from it in his recent graceful memoir of his family, and which we intend to notice in our next number.

The illustrations, fifty-six in number, are in the best style of Oldham and Hanlon, and amongst them is an exquisite engraving on wood by the latter artist, from a drawing by Fitzpatrick, of the celebrated Bishop Rothe, so well known for his connexion with the confederate Catholics in 1641 and subsequently. This likeness of Rothe is, we believe, the only one ever published, and is copied from a painting in the family collection of Mr. Bryan at Jenkinstown.

The care with which the book is written is fully equalled by the candid and impartial spirit in which matters, difficult to be dealt with in Ireland, have been narrated and canvassed. On the whole, it is a book well deserving the attention of the antiquarian scholar, and one of which its authors may deservedly feel proud.

THE LIFE OF JOHN BANIM.

BY

PATRICK JOSEPH MURRAY.

LONDON: WM. LAY, KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND.

THIS graceful little volume is alike creditable to author and publisher. The history of the first of Irish novelists is indeed the too faithful delineation of the fortunes and fate of many an aspirant for a literary reputation, in every part of the globe.

Mr. Murray brings his reader through the several phases of our distinguished countryman's life, from his childhood to his grave. How our heart panted to learn the resolve of the young patriot-lover of his native land, to break down English prejudices against Ireland, with a single heart and a single pen. What a knight-errant task for a man even of the most consummate and tried genius! how much more so for one who had but his own self-reliance to bring to the task, and a hand as yet unskilled for such an almost incredible undertaking! He went—and *he succeeded!* One must sit down and read the history of his glorious struggle, to have the faintest idea of how he fought out the great fight, and made a name for himself, and raised upon the brow of his much defamed country a crown of imperishable laurel from the hands of the stranger. Indeed the life of John Banim is one realised romance, in all its loves, its sorrows, and its sufferings; and in this volume before us, they are portrayed by no feeble hand, and with singular minuteness and fidelity. We would fain copy extract after extract, if our space permitted; unhappily it does not, so we must content ourselves by recommending its perusal to our readers, as a treat which will well repay their attention, and for which we know they will thank us for urging upon their notice. There is one matter, however, to which we wish to call the attention of the writer, and that is, the mistake he has allowed himself to be led into by some of his informants. He tells us there is no stone to mark the grave of the poet. Such is not the fact; on the contrary, there is a LARGE TOMB erected by the two brothers to the memory of their parents, and in which, even according to Mr. Murray's own account, John Banim requested to be laid, NEXT THE HEART OF HIS MOTHER.

One should hesitate to remove such a testimonial of filial affection, for the more modern exhibition of a block of granite. Again, Mr. Murray tells us the marble bust by Hogan is not like the poet. Well—Mr. Mulvany, the poet's fastest friend, states the contrary, and in fact it was he directed Mr. Hogan's modelling.

We only wish that every provincial town in Ireland would do one-half as much to commemorate the worthies of their several localities, as the people of Kilkenny for John Banim. We make these observations on Mr. Murray not in a reflective spirit, which is uncalled for, but in order to obviate the stain of ingratitude and forgetfulness which should otherwise be imputed to the inhabitants of the marble city.

THE LIFE OF GERALD GRIFFIN,

BY HIS BROTHER.

DUBLIN: JAMES DUFFY, 7, WELLINGTON QUAY.

As a companion volume to the life of John Banim, none can be so very appropriate to rest upon the same library table as this of Gerald Griffin—his literary brother—his co-labourer in the battle of life—his friend, sympathiser, and adviser whilst both sojourned in the great modern Babylon. Poor Gerald Griffin—“whose lofty inspirations (as his brother writes), whose bright and undying hope—whose indomitable energies, baffled at every step, and whose calm and religious retirement at least from public life, were a theme for poetry rather than prose.” Poor Gerald Griffin—the great and the good. Who can read the minute details of your deep trials, noble resolves, and persevering genius, without a bleeding heart? Who can see thy glowing spirit and high and commendable ambition and self-reliance, without pride and admiration? And who can mark the sudden thoughtful stillness that took possession of your heart, when with hurried beat thy pure spirit began to think that the wide world’s ways were only productive of loss of time for the service of God—that it was best for thy wandering steps to turn away from the strife and the turmoil—and to try still to serve thy human brotherhood, but through a more spiritual medium. Who can mark the entrance and retirement of such a man in this busy world, without silent wonder, and warm feeling? Gerald Griffin’s life is one grand lesson of piety and urbanity combined with a glowing genius—a rare combination amongst the literati of the day. And every page of his personal history is replete with the most interesting events—whether literary, amongst the brilliant corps of prominent writers in the metropolis—or domestic, in the beautiful letters to the home of his affections. The whole course of his companionship with Banim and their mutual correspondence, in and out of London, is exceedingly interesting, and the description of the peaceful and serene close of his days in religious seclusion is both fascinating and touching in the extreme.

He chose indeed the better part which shall not be taken away from him. He was buried on Monday, 12th of June, 1840, in the little cemetery of the monastery he retired to, which is situated in a grove beside the house. A simple headstone and inscription indicate the spot, merely recording the name he had adopted in religion, and the date of his death.

THE HARE'S FORM.

I.

UNDER the broad blue hill,
 Up from the meadow—
 Half in the shadow—
 Near a sweet whispering rill,
 Never an instant still,
 But with a music thrill,
 Bubbling on ever.
 Under the broad blue hill,
 Nooked in and warm,
 Coped by a ferny frill,
 Lies the Hare's form.

II.

There, on a bed of moss,
 Is puss's pillow—
 Velvety yellow—
 Soft as the flower floss—
 Bright as its golden gloss—
 Rich as its anther-cross—
 Where the bees swarm—
 Under the broad blue hill
 Where the south winds have will
 Chasing the Northern chill—
 Lies the Hare's form.

III.

Over her anxious head,
 Arches the briar,
 Higher and higher—
 And the wild dog-rose, red—
 Denying the cosy shade—
 Hiding her bowery bed,
 From the rude storm—
 Under the broad blue hill,
 Flanked by the tawney bell
 Of the field-asphodel—
 Lies the Hare's form.

IV.

Just at poor puss's nose,
 Peeps in the wild broom,

Making a mild gloom,
 Courting the bramble rose
 That with heart open, glows,
 And then, a blushing, throws
 Down, a love-leaflet,
 Under the broad blue hill,
 Down whirls the leaf, until,
 Twirling and twirling still,
 On the fur, warm,
 On my poor puss's brow,
 Pops the love signet, now,
 Causing a precious row
 In the Hare's form !

v.

Up stand her ears erect !
 In are her paws drawn—
 Staring her eyes grown—
 As with the rose leaf deck'd,
 Frighted and crimson-fleck'd,
 And her quick heart-throb check'd,
 Crouched in alarm,
 Stands she, with fur astare,
 Shivering and faint with fear—
 Whilst, between either ear,
 Rests the red rose-leaf,
 Flushed at the harm !
 Thus, by a love token,
 Often is peace broken—
 Often is fear woken,
 Like the Hare's form.

vi.

Under the broad blue hill,
 Up from the meadow—
 Half in the shadow—
 Where the deep gorse abounds—
 Where the wierd echo sounds—
 Where, o'er the haunted grounds,
 Moonlight elves swarm—
 Where, at the streamlet's edge,
 Tufts the sloe-berry sedge—
 O'er the wild lillied-ledge—
 Lies the Hare's form.

CELTIC GOSSIP.

Letter-Box—Night.

SCENE.

A spacious library—*Celt senior* discovered sitting at a large fire, with a round table before him—a gas-light at his elbow, and books and papers strewed about in all directions. He stands up and pulls the bell-cord violently.

Enter Printer's imp.

Imp—Sir?

Celt senr.—There have been several knocks at the hall-door, light these two candles; that will do, despatch! there goes the hall-bell. (*Exit imp.*) That's Snarl's knock, and Snarl's ring, whoever else may be in it.

Imp—(standing at the study door)—Several gentlemen, sir, wish to see you.

Celt senr.—Show them in; and when you have done so, bring in the letter-box from the hall door, and stay within call until the gentlemen have departed.

Imp—Yes, sir—(*Exit*).

Enter—Professor Snarl, *Celt junr.*, Dr. Doubtful, Rory, and Ernest Ireland.

Celt senr. receives them with all honours, and the whole party being seated before the genial glow of the blazing fire, *Imp* enters, and places the letter-box on the table, in the midst of them. *Celt senr.* unlocks it and empties out its contents.

Celt senr.—Now, gentlemen, this looks like business: books, MSS., notes, letters, newspapers, and what not! Who opens the ball?

Prof. Snarl—I do, and I'll open with a mystery, an enigma; listen to this—

Celt junr.—What book do you read from, Professor?

Snarl—What matter what I read from? It is the *Dublin University Magazine*, *Malapert*, or mayhap the *Vestiges of Creation*, *Hugh Payne*, or *Voltaire*; what matter which, when I introduce an enigma, and one bad enough for any of the books I have mentioned. We all know, it was only from Ireland that St. Patrick expelled the serpents. Moreover—

Dr. Doubtful—Beg pardon, Professor, but I think, if I might venture an opinion, that an enigma is a figure—

Rory—Is your enigma from *Moore's Almanac*, Professor; or from *O'Mahony's Keating*?

Snarl—More of that book, by-and-bye. In the whole history of literature, I do not suppose any single instance can be pointed out, where—

Celt senr.—Professor, do pray read your enigma, the night wanes,

Snarl—It would have been propounded long ago, but for all your unreasonable interruptions; here it is—(reads):

“So that, after all, this same existence (the writer alludes to life in a Jesuit college) has its pleasures, Gerald?”

“The pleasures are in forgetting it! ignoring that your life is a falsehood! They make me kneel at confession, to tell my thoughts, while well I know that for the least blameable of them, I shall be scourged. They oblige me to say that I hate everything that gives a charm to life, and cherish as blessings all that can darken and sadden it. Well, I swear the lie, and they are satisfied! because, out of this corrupt heart, debased

by years of treachery and falsehood, they have created the being that they want to serve them !

"What has led you to think thus hardly of the priesthood?"

"One of themselves, Signor Conte. He told me all that I have repeated to you now, and he counselled me, if I had a friend—a friend on earth—to beseech him to rescue me from this pollution, ere it was too late—ere I was like him!"

"And he—what became of him?"

"He died, as all die who offend the Order—of a wasting fever. His hair was white as snow, though he was under thirty—and his coffin was light as a child's!! &c., &c." *University Magazine*, for Feb. '58, p. 145.

Snarl—There it is for you, now, gentlemen; pray which of you can guess who the author is?

Celt senr.—Eugene Sue, I should say.

Snarl—No.

Dr. Doubtful—It could not be Dumas? perhaps Maturin.

Snarl—No, sir.

Rory—Victor Hugo, eh?

Snarl—Out, again.

Celt junr.—The matter is bad enough, but the style too wretched, for George Sand.

Snarl—At fault again, youngster.

Ernest Ireland—I have it!

Snarl—Have you?

Ernest Ireland—Reynolds, Dumas' patron in England. Surnamed "The Dung-hill," from the filth of his writings.

Snarl—All astray, all astray. The writer is no less a personage than Master Charles Lever!!

All—Lever!

Snarl—Yes indeed, and more than that; Thomas Davis once compared him with Banim.

Celt senr.—Impossible!

Celt junr.—Professor; is that another enigma?

Snarl—It is true, Jackanapes.

Dr. Doubtful—Perhaps the professor means—

Snarl—I mean what I say, sir, and I say what I mean.

Rory—And I tell you what I say, sir (excited).

Ernest—Be quiet, Rory; the professor never speaks treason to Ireland.

Snarl—Here is Davis' Comparison, and Davis was a judge! (reads)

"Banim's knowledge of the peasantry was extensive enough, but neither very intimate nor profound; and for this reason it is that his vocabulary of their language is rather limited. The people, in his hands, are easy and natural in dialogue; but then it is evident that they speak the idiom of a locality, even though an extended one. So far as he goes, however, he is perfectly trustworthy, and may be relied on without scruple with respect to their language, feelings, and actions. Unlike Mrs. Hall, he does not give us for the conversation of our country-men and country-women

a monotonous and sickening repetition of emasculated verbiage, studded here and there with a bit of Irish phraseology, stolen from writers who know Irishmen and their language thoroughly. Unlike Mr. Lever, he never tramples upon truth or probability, nor offers disgusting and debasing caricatures of Irish life and feeling, as the characteristics of our country. He would not, for instance, clothe a Catholic Priest in black buckskin knee-breeches, because he happens to love the manly exercise of horsemanship, nor would he have him romping and raking to-day, in a state between drunkenness and sobriety, and stiffened into spasms of convulsive piety to-morrow. No, no; John Banim's pictures are always well colored, and truthful, and in admirable keeping. He is, in every sense, self-dependent and original; nor will you find a stale or stolen joke in all his works. There is, in fact, more difference between Banim and Lever than there is between pantomime and the legitimate drama—between John Kemble and a buffoon.

John Banim! Oh, Heaven forgive us for insinuating this or any other comparison between them! The strong, the faithful, the original-minded, to be named on the same day or page with the flippant and shallow creature who distorts everything he touches out of its proper lineaments—who is equally ignorant of truth and nature—without philosophy, without feeling, without variety, or relief; uniform, monotonous, echoing and imitating himself, every echo and imitation becoming weaker and more sickening than its predecessor—incapable of pathos—too cold-blooded for passion—without natural humor or high descriptive power—dashing on in defiance of common sense and just criticism—driving about, as it were, like Lamert, Spolasco, or any other quack who has succeeded for a time in imposing on the public credulity.

John Banim was not this man. His temperament, as we have said, was sensitive and moody; as, indeed, was that also of his friend, Gerald Griffin. It is remarkable that both depicted the darker passions and more gloomy traits of their countrymen, and that neither took delight in dwelling much or long upon their brighter and more characteristic virtues."

Ernest I.—Good bye, Mr. Charley, we can well afford to make a present of you to the land of ephemeral English penny-a-liners.

Celt senr.—Gentlemen—here is a letter from a well-known and esteemed correspondent, asking the cause of the disbandment of the two Irish regiments in '99, which are now to be re-formed as a mark of supreme queenly condescension to Ireland.

Dr. Doubtful—I believe, but am not quite sure, that the officers of one of the banned regiments drank the health of Queen Caroline, and the men of the other openly expressed sympathy for the sufferings of the Irish people.

Pr. Snarl—More power to the English Queen, and may she succeed, I pray, in raising, not only two Irish regiments more, but fifty of them, always providing that they may consist of men of the same kidney as those of '99.

Omnes—Amen!

Ernest Ireland—I trust our friends do not forget the task proposed to their zeal some weeks ago—the collection and preservation of any literary relics of the '98 period.

A lady to whom it seems a labour of love, has sent us a copy, nearly complete, of the song particularly enquired for in the December *Celt*, "written," she says, "from the dictation of a relative whose father was a volunteer, and at least four of his uncles United Irishmen." It throws a curious light on the mutual feelings of the two great parties dividing our country at that time—the selfish alarm and hypocritical advances of the one, and the clear sighted, indignant bitterness of the other,

in the proud, angry despair of total failure *for the time*. The two last verses were evidently written after the defeat. But I'll read it for you :

"ORANGE AND CROPPY"—A SONG OF 98.

AIR—*Ballinamona Oro !*

Says Orange to Croppy, " Let's quarrel no more,
Let's join heart and hand and let discord be o'er :
Let orange and blue intermix with the green,
And one heart in our bosoms henceforward be seen—

Sing Ballinamona Oro ! &c. &c.

A union with Croppy for me !"

" A union with Orange ?" the Croppy replied—

" Could Orange and Croppy be ever allied ?

The lamb with the tiger as well should unite,
The mouse with the cat, or the lark with the kite :

Sing Ballinamona Oro ! &c.

No union with Orange for me !"

" Dear Croppy, some dark and inveterate spleen
Has poisoned your mind—you mistake what I mean !
My meaning is this, let us join heart in hand,
And we'll keep foreign tyranny out of the land :

Sing Ballinamona Oro ! &c.

A union with Croppy for me !"

" No, no," says the Croppy, " not I by my soul !

* As well Frenchman as Dutchman may Ireland control,

For if ' foreign tyrants' possess our fair land,

'Tis only the work of the Orangeman's hand :

Sing Ballinamona Oro ! &c.

No union with Orange for me !"

(One verse missing—Orange becomes lachrymose.)

Croppy, " your crocodile tears indignation excite—

We can't acquiesce when deceivers invite :

We thank Cornwallis, 'twas he let us live—

We cannot forget, though we strive to forgive :

Sing Ballinamona Oro ! &c.

No union with Orange for me."

" Now the Lion of England comes forward apace

Go, Orange, and meet his paternal embrace :

But if with his nails he should injure your jaws

It was *you* hindered Croppy from clipping his claws :

Then, sing Ballinamona Oro ! &c.

No union with Orange for me !"

* Or—" Whether Frenchmen or Orange shall Ireland control."

Rory—There is another song of which we possess a mere fragment, the original English words to that exquisitely mournful air, "The wearing of the Green." Can any one give us the remainder of them?

"Up came Buonaparte, and took me by the hand,
Saying, 'How is poor Ireland, or how does she stand?'"

Oh! her case it is a piteous one as ever could be seen,
And they're hanging men and women for the wearing of the green!

Chorus.—The wearing of the green, oh! the wearing of the green!

They're hanging men and women for the wearing of the green!

E. I.—Does any one possess the whole of a '98 song, of which here is the only verse I remember:

"At half-past tin, the battle did begin,
And we slew four score of the north Cork min:
To take Enniscorthy was our intent,
For we are the boys will pay no rent."

Rory—It is not a genuine United Irish song; it evidently mimics the language of a class its writer knew but little about, and is about as much genuine as the burlesque song beginning:

"Father Murphy and Roche cried out together,
Come haste to the camp, as it now is fine weather."

&c., &c.

Celt senr.—I quite agree with you, *Rory*, but nevertheless let us have all we can in relation to those stirring times.

Celt senr.—Another letter, gentlemen. This correspondent is an Irishman in search of his name, I will read it for you, and let him tell his own tale, (*reads*.)

3, Burgh Quay,

Dublin, 6th February, 1858.

To the Secretary of the Committee of the Celtic Union, &c.

DEAR SIR,

Could any of your correspondents or readers inform me as to the origin or derivation of the name "Smullen." I have made search in all the heraldry books in Dublin, including those in the office of the Ulster King-at-arms at Dublin Castle, but fruitlessly.

There are many of the same name in Ireland, one of whom, a clergyman of the Church of England, residing in the north of Ireland, some few days since was getting his *crest* engraved, which I saw by a mere accident, and guess my surprise when I identified it as the crest of the "Mullins," a Lancashire family, which he had been given at the Castle, and charged *ten shillings* for as the "Smullen" crest!!

I myself, some three years ago, paid two shillings and sixpence for the *same crest* (that of the "Mullins" of Lancashire), and also the same sum for the crest of the "Mullen" family, who are of Irish descent; being informed at the same time that no such name as "Smullen" could be found.

To make it "more moving still," the reverend gentleman's name was transmogrified for him into Smullan; I suppose they would have spelt it any way sooner than lose the tempting fee of ten shillings, for the mere trouble of writing the name under the crest of another and totally distinct family, both as regards nomenclature and ancestry!

In addition I beg to add that all the "Smullens" I know—some five or six families in the County of Dublin—are both relatives of mine and Catholics, with the above exception.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

HENRY J. SMULLEN.

Celt junr.—Who has read Maguire's book on Rome?

Celt senr.—I have it, we'll chat over it, at our next meeting. By the way, I wish we could get a glimpse at some of the Irish MSS. in the Vatican. It is a pity not to have them translated and made use of.

Ernest I.—Mr. Maguire might help us to such a treat, and make the country over again his debtor.

Rory—Depend your life upon our brilliant and independent countryman; he never spared himself in any Irish matter yet.

Celt senr.—Thank God, that so many genuine sons of the Celts still remain in the land—whilst there's life, there's hope. Let some of you write a short notice of Mr. Maguire's book for the present number of *The Celt*; there is precisely sufficient room for it.

Celt junr.—I will.

Pr. Snarl—You young snapdragon! you jump at everything, the juveniles of the present day are precocious with a vengeance—*(yawns)* there goes the clock, eleven! Come Ernest, let us be moving, see me home, lad, the night wanes.

(All stand up.)

Celt senior rings the bell.

The imp appears.

Imp—Hats and coats in the next room, gentlemen.

Pr. Snarl—Curse your imphood! you trode upon my toe. I'm sure to have the gout in the morning.

Celt senr.—Imp, what are you about, sir.

Pr. Snarl—Stop, *Celt*, never mind the poor devil.

Rory—Let nobody say a word to Imp, he brought me a shamrock-sod on Patrick's day, as big as a dinner plate. He knew my weakness.

Celt junr.—He brought me such another. There's not a more national printer's imp on the whole Irish press.

Imp—Thank ye, gentlemen, thank ye.

Celt senr.—Good night, good night, until our next meeting.

Omnes—Good night—*(exeunt.)*

IRISH ORNITHOLOGY.

"NATURAL HISTORY OF THE ROBIN."

"*Natural Family*"—*Sylviadæ* order—"Incessores"—Genus—"Erythacha."

"There is a little bird," says Goldsmith, "rather celebrated for its affection to mankind than its singing, which, however, in our climate, has the sweetest note of all others; of course I mean the Red-breast—the well known friend of man, that is found in every hedge and makes it vocal. The note of other birds is louder, and their inflexions more capricious, but this bird's voice is soft, tender, and well supported, and the more to be valued as we enjoy it the greatest part of the winter. If the Nightingale's song has been compared to the fiddle, the Red-breast's voice has all the delicacy of the flute."

"The Robin is a constant inhabitant of the greater part of the European Continent," says Rennie, "about Barnholm it is called Tomne-Leden—in Norway, Peter Ronsmad—in Germany, Thomas Gierdet—in England, Bobin Red-breast and Rud-dock." It is synonymous, too, to the American Blue-bird. The Robin builds his nest in different places in different countries; sometimes in the crevice of some mossy bank, or, in the dense foliage of thick hedge-rows. In some countries it chooses the thickest coverts, and hides its nest with oak leaves—the eggs are from four to five, of a dull white colour, with reddish marks. Mr. Swainson remarks, in speaking of the extensive family, the Sylviadæ, to which the Robin belongs:—"They spread over all the habitable regions of the globe, and are destined to perform an important part in the economy of nature: to them appears entrusted the subjugation of those innumerable minute insects which lurk within the buds, the foliage, or the flowers of plants; and thus protected, escape that destruction from Swallows, to which they are only exposed during flight. The diminutive size of such insects renders them unfit for the Thrushes and the larger insectivorous birds, while their number and variety only become apparent when the boughs are shaken and their retreat disturbed. How enormous, then, would be their multiplication, had not nature provided other races of beings to check their increase? So then, we must not look upon the Robin as a mere little idle malapert, who hops, and flits, and sings his little existence away in harmonious nothingness, but a busy little workman, contributing his share to our advantages, and mingling in his everyday life, and in the most fascinating proportions, the "utile" with the "dulce." He is, in truth, a most graceful little animal, and the livery which he dons in the service of man, is elegant and becoming—an olive tunic, smooth and shining, with a gentle approach to bronziness in the strong sunlight; two dusky, slender, delicately proportioned limbs, a beautifully tinted vest of the richest crimson, a blending of the down of the peach, with the ruby redness of the cherry—and fading away from the swell of the crest into a dreamy blue, affording a creditable *tout en semble*, and one that might be well copied into the lackey-books of our most enterprising fashioners.

(To be continued.)

The Celt.

MAY, 1858.

A NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR IRELAND.

THE Monthly issue of the CELT opened with a proposal for a Union of Irishmen. Since then, two months have elapsed, and the attention which the project to have "Ireland United," has won from the National Press, and from the pens of various Irishmen who have written upon the subject, either to the Editors of the CELT, or to those of various newspapers advocating popular rights, has satisfied us that the material for such a union exists in the country, and that the time was suited for having that material put in working order for the general and national good.

The fabulist saw deeply and taught wisely, who explained the value of union and concentration to his children, by the homely illustration of the bundle of sticks so easily broken while separate—so impossible to bend or break, once they were bound together; and the Roman fasces, though they carried an axe in their centre, and hence were supposed to be rods emblematic of punishment, were, we have no doubt, still more pointedly to illustrate the power that lies in United Concentration.

He is an able stratagist who prevents a hostile army from assembling, and so diverts the attention of its sub-divisions that they never come together, then he beats them in detail, and thus Ireland's foreign rulers practice division amongst our countrymen, and so beats in detail a power which could laugh the oppressor to scorn, had not severance and disunion aided in our subjugation!

The outwitted and beaten foe learns wisdom from defeat, and at last discovers the tactics of his conquerers. "When they have beaten us once or twice more," said Peter the Great, when he was opposing the Swedes, "we shall have then learned from them how to beat themselves, and our turn for victory shall have arrived." "*Fas ab hoste doceri*," and we too, fallen and bruised though we be, we shall get up and show a better front the next time. True, that we have been beaten very often; it is almost a matter for manhood's shame to avow how often, but then we have the honest excuse, that the odds were always against us, sometimes we rushed in rashly, and found that with our naked hands, we were striking against mail; sometimes, we were wild enough to think one could master ten, and so went down before a host; seldom, indeed, did we either bide our time, or choose fitting weapons; too often, with a youthful rashness, we announced our approach with a very injudicious flourish of trumpets, and were conquered because we had unwisely forewarned. Not unfrequently, too, we have fallen into mere paper-snares, and therein got entangled and had to retire, while a very frequent cause of failure arose from an artful

trick of the arch enemy, who, slipping some of the heaviest metals into the pockets of some of our accredited best men and leaders, totally disabled them from advancing with us. This had been for a long time, an every-day cause of embarrassment and failure. Now the only comfort we have derived under all our failures, is, that we have begun not only to thoroughly understand our own mistakes and errors, but we also most thoroughly understood the manœuvres of the enemy; hence our discipline will be more effective, and less noisy in the future. We will not rashly let our feet into the paper snares, and as to the "over-weighting of our best horses," as the racers would say, we not only won't run with them, but we shall take very good care the animals so oppressed, shall not only be debarred from such work with us—but will be left thenceforward of little value to themselves or any body else. Things must be so arranged, that there shall be fewer mistakes upon our side, and less of successful scheming permitted upon that of those opposed to us.

Amongst the many correspondents who have favoured us with opinion and advice, since our suggestions for a re-union, many have dwelt upon the deep apathy of the country, as a likely source of failure, and not a few have dwelt upon the indifferentism of the large class who have become directly or indirectly place-beggars, situation-mongers, and pension-seekers. There is no denying that both causes of embarrassment to a sound political movement in Ireland, exist to a large extent. But thank God, the class who see the evil in all its enormity and shudder at it, as they would shudder at the sight were it visible, of a plague spot on the bosom of some dear friend, are sufficiently numerous, once they come together and act together, to counter-balance the apathy of the sleepers, and to repel the moral contamination of place-hunters, and pension-beggars. Moreover, it is a high moral duty with those men who see those evils so plainly, to be up and stirring, and not to be themselves found sleeping amongst the indifferent and the apathetic—to remember that they must, as a matter of responsibility, repel the foul contagion from seizing upon their minds and hopes—and not only repel it for their own sakes, but inasmuch as they do really see and feel the leprosy—to awake and warn their sleeping countrymen of the dangerous lethargy in which they lie. They are the wide-awake watchers, who must arouse the sleeping mass. Let them call aloud, take their place as watchers and warners, and let them depend upon it they will find a larger mass of Irishmen than they dreamed of, awaking and responding to their call. It is sometimes a matter of surprise in society, what a large number of persons in the one company will be found to have been thinking upon the one subject, though all were silently thinking upon it, until a word or an accident has developed the individual thought as property common to all. Thus it is at the present moment. East and West, North and South, some of her best men are thinking of Ireland, and her just rights, but have not been speaking their thoughts to each other. The time is arriving, when they will think openly and talk and act together, and think, talk, and act with an amount of experience of the past, that will be invaluable for the future. In this respect, a future movement will have greatly the advantage of former ones; its guiders and leaders will be wise in the experience of the past, will display less rashness, and have a larger amount of cautionary discretion;

they will be, too, far less open, to be duped by public men, who may for a time avow a patriotism they do not feel, and seek to make the public interests subservient to personal and to the vilest purposes. In a new organization, such men will have little field for their operations, will have to act under watchful eyes and amid keen observers, and once they are discovered, they will be as speedily got rid of as diseased sheep would be ejected by a discreet grazier out of his fold. Such men should be dealt with at once, and be sternly handed over to the public enemy, whose gold they yearn after, and whose servants they virtually are.

The men, who as yet have spoken or written on the subject of the reunion we advocate, are nearly all men of an integrity and a patriotism known for years to the country, men whose sincerity is as patent as light, whose truth has never been questioned, and whose love of country lies deep in their hearts, and next to that love which in all good men's hearts holds first place, love of God and faith! Such men are ever in earnest, and do not stoop to traffic for earthly or selfish interests, God, faith or country.

An Irishman residing beyond the channel, says, "be choice in those you seek, invite no dishonest or degraded man;" and one who travelled from the far North, to talk the matter over with us, has added, "begin with a few rather than with many, and so diminish the risk of having to contend with objectionable men." There is wisdom in each advice, and both are to be followed as far as practicable. Both are at issue with an esteemed friend, who writes, "There should be no move without a large number being included in it." We confess we are not so desirous of numbers for the initiative as we are for the quality of the material which shall compose it. Seven men, in a private room in Capel-street, begun and organized that Catholic Association, which subsequently wrung emancipation from a reluctant ministry, compelling the victor of Waterloo to forego his own predilections, and forcing a first-rate statesman, Peel, to abandon his party and his pledges. And when those seven men met, the country not only did not at first heed them, but it was actually lying at its rulers' feet in the besotted and degrading stupor of the worst of helotry; that wherein the conscience, as well as the physical man, is chained and prostrate. And those seven men did not then wear great names, but they had a true cause, were in earnest, and so triumphed. And thus, sooner or later, every true cause is won; a few earnest men meet, and plan, and work, the little nucleus expands, the circle gradually enlarges, the centre is at last proved and known to be sound; good men then gather fast to it, bad men hold back, and it is well when they do. At last, even the hesitating and the wavering, as metallic grains under a magnet, stir, wheel, and are drawn in; then the masses get heart and rally to the national cry, and for the national cause. The small voice of the council expands into a popular and national vote, and the popular rights are ceded to the popular demand.

Of such small beginnings, from such humble and unpretending origins, have sprung many great events of the past, and from such will come many of the future. Would any living Irishman, loving his fellow-countrymen, and desirous of their happiness, wish that future to be a repetition of the gloomy past? Assuredly he would not; he

would wish the blessings of peace and happiness ; that first of blessings, liberty, and the trade and commerce, wealth and plenty, which liberty brings, to belong to the soil he sprang from, and the men he was born and lived amongst. But wishing cannot achieve these things, while a little of energy and exertion can. The men who fold their arms, and looking sadly downwards to the earth, say, "there is no hope, it is impracticable, impossible,"—will never achieve it ; the men who still hope, and are still ready to work, can, and they only can, effect it. The men who still use Napoleon's dictionary, wherein the word "impossible" was not to be found, and who estimate God's justice too highly to give credence to the permanency of the misfortunes of an entire race ; who, if there had been primogenital errors, have long since expiated ancestral crimes in the sufferings of seven centuries, and whose turn it may be soon to climb amongst the nation of the earth, as others and great ones pass downwards ; the just punishment of iniquitous rule, for we are of those who can exclaim with the poet,

" Thus perish every Church and State,
That treads as guilty Venice trod ;
Proud but in guilt, and only great
By outrage against man and God."

The indications of God's willingness to upraise us when the fitting time has come, are many. Useful knowledge has progressed amongst all classes, in despite of famine, plague, and emigration, the peasantry, still clinging to the country, are a moral and faithful race ; a better order of agriculture enriches the fertile land ; a new and a thriftier proprietary are replacing the race of spendthrifts and madmen who are gone ; education, unhostile to religion, is sought after ; the causes of past misfortunes are being better understood than was wont ; the crimes of false patriotism and dishonorable servility, and breaches of truth, honor, and faith, are being denounced with an energy that will diminish such crimes for the future, and that will beget a respect for those virtues which are the antitheses of such slavish vices ; character is becoming more respectable than mere station, truth more esteemed than money ; manliness of character is regarded before official place, or artificial distinctions ; in fine, the dark stains which had been branded by our masters, into the very flesh and nature of a large segment of our people, is wearing out, almost worn out ; faction fights and unmeaning riots have perished, and are dead in the same grave with inebriety. The hand of God is in those things, and in them with a deep meaning, a meaning as true in political history as it is true in natural history that the crawling caterpillar gets its wings only in the season when it is fit it should rise up from earth into air and sunlight, but then it has to burst its own chrysalis to do so. So it is with man ; he is permitted in the fitting time, to stand up before heaven, but he must use his own limbs, his own energies, to take the place suited to his manhood, for, as the proverb hath it, "God aids those who are willing to aid themselves." In these evidences of the country's aptitude for elevation, we find much of hope, and still more do those hopes enlarge, as we learn from day to day the names of true and tried men who concur in our views, and whose good sense and wisdom are pledges that the thing is right, else they would not be willing to aid it.

The thoughts put forward in "Ireland United," have been responded to in interviews and correspondence with some of the best and purest minds in Ireland; valuable facts have been elicited, and most important suggestions made to us, some by men whose feeling has been a discreet caution, and first advice a "beware," but who only want to see the affair assume a rationally practicable character, to be at once with it; and some by men, who, with all the warm impulses of our Celtic nature, have promptly offered their best aid.

One asks the "*cui bono*," of galvanizing a body perfectly dead, and one who has looked deeper and examined with more care, says it will require great toil and labour to awake the lingering spark, but it is worth the trial, nay more, the trial is a moral duty, "let's try," "*Forsan scintillula lateat*." Several concur in the conviction that the spirit and the aspirations of the people are still unchanged, though dormant, and only need to see some council or committee of honest men, advising the country, to at once adopt their advice and act with them.

One whose love of Ireland is a part of his nature, and whose truth and zeal in her cause has won a world-wide admiration, has been already, through the public press, advising his countrymen, and has suggested a council from amongst the corporations and Boards of Guardians. His suggestions should be carefully attended to by whatever body of men may first assemble to constitute a "formative council,"—but in so considering them, if they should be adopted, care should be taken that such a body would not be representative, the convention act must not be lost sight of. We add too with sorrow, that our own observation does not satisfy us that the best men of Ireland are to be found either in Corporations or Boards of Guardians. No doubt able and true men there are in all those bodies, but they do not constitute anywhere a majority.

For ourselves, we have seen, heard, and read enough to satisfy us, that the country is fit and the thing practicable; more we will add, that the movement has been begun, and though progressing slowly, is absolutely progressing to a consummation.

Meantime, further suggestions and advice are sought for, and the better to enable those to be given, we here insert a programme of what such a council would be, if the views of the majority of those with whom we have communicated were to be adopted by the majority of the men who will first meet to evolve a plan of organization.

The Irish National Council will be a body to teach, advise, suggest, and guide in all political questions having relation to the country or to the duties of Irishmen.

Its rules will be formed under competent legal advice.

Its duties will be to meet periodically, and having duly considered the business of the day, to inform the country thereon, either by resolution, report, or address.

Its work will be done through the instrumentality of committees, each of whom shall have defined and specific duties, thus embracing all questions affecting the interests of the country, either in or out of Parliament, and comprehending every question from that of self-legislation, down to grand jury, and poor law or corporate business. Of course, Parliamentary opposition, the Church Establishment, and Tenant Right would be included.

Branch or Analogous Committees to be formed in all localities where men were to be found sympathizing with the general Council.

The whole to be under the control of a Committee having a veto upon the general manifestos and business of the body.

No pledge to be required from any Member entering the general Council, but no Member of the General Council, or of its Specific Committees to be eligible to the Central Committee of Controul, unless he had previously declared his determination, not to seek or take place under any Government ruling Ireland, until Ireland had a domestic parliament.

A variety of other rules have been offered, but as some of them are contradictory, and some unnecessary, we will not now allude to them. The first meeting would adjust all these details and decide the true form. Pending such a time, we invite the correspondence and suggestions of all men, thinking and planning for the deliverance of our country. We ask their advice, their aid, their co-operation. We ask for a distinct response of how far they would support and sanction such a movement. Already we have had important adhesions, more are needed to enable the work to be begun; when enough of replies lie upon our Editor's table we shall be in a position to decide the question, when and where those men wish to meet and confer upon a National Organization for Ireland.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE PALE;
OR,
IRELAND FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO.
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.
BY C. M. O'KEEFE, ESQ.
(Continued from page 59.)

CHAPTER VII.

"All Syracuse starts up upon her hills,
And lifts her hundred thousand hands and shouts.
Hark how she shouts! . . . Shout again,
Again until the mountains echo thee,
And the great sea joins in that mighty voice,
And old Euceladus, the son of earth,
Stirs in his mighty caverns."

Banim.

THE devil is a highly interesting personage. A curious work might be written on the sources of the literary interest occasioned by the devil; what the devil has done for literature. As, during the Crimean war, nothing interested the allied army so much as their dangerous enemy, the Russians, so nothing interests the majority of mankind so much as the great enemy of man. But, be the source what it may,

Satan excites great interest, and all the great poets have availed themselves of it. Hence we have the terrible descriptions of the immortal Dante. His

Città dolente di eterno dolore.

Hence, too, we have the descriptions by Tasso of

Tartarei Numi, di seder piu degni la Sovra il Sole, &c.

Hence we have the archangel ruined of the eyeless Milton—

“High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Satan exalted sat.”

All the great poets have made use of the devil, and no doubt he in his turn has made use of the great poets. We have here a principle of reciprocity, a give-and-take principle, which the great reviewers of literature have entirely overlooked. Literary men love to introduce the devil into their writings, and he, no doubt, introduces literary men into his abode. Be this as it may, the devil, to give him his due, is interesting. Nor is it only himself—all his accredited agents participate in the interest which their master awakens. The witches of Macbeth and the “demon elves” of Scott are interesting on this account. The Dollaher, like them, was indebted for the interest and horror he awakened to his supposed connection with, or identity with Lucifer.

The European nations have derived from commerce the luxuries of Asia. They have grown sumptuous and rich; unhappy Europe, shining in Asiatic silks and glittering in foreign gold, has been covered with prodigious monarchies and vast armies like those of Asia. In an evil hour she has become altogether Asiatic, an opulent slave. When she was poor, warlike, and hardy, she was happy, for she had no great standing armies, no prodigious empires; on the contrary she was studded with free towns full of animation and roaring with life. She was dotted with dukedoms equally free; but her liberty has vanished, and henceforth freedom in Europe is impossible.

Among the old free towns of Europe, mediæval Dublin was not the least free. The Liffey, a gentle river with a monarch's name, originating in the mountains adjacent to Leinster, meanders far and wide through the renowned and martial “province of the spear” ere it glides softly by the strong ramparts of the “city of the sword,”* which, girdled with thick-ribbed and massive bulwarks and deep enclosing fosses, and studded with turrets, steeples, and grim towers, spreads over a gentle hill that rises beside the Liffey.

A little below Dublin the Liffey roars, and brawls, and foams, over a massive and prodigious rock which slants across its stream, and weirs its current, and is known far and near by the name of “stand-fast-dick.” In the immediate vicinity of this prodigious rock a group of idlers were gossiping.

Indeed all Dublin was babbling about the escape of the Dollaher the day after his flight.

“Did you hear the news?”

“No.”

“They say that a miraculous holy image, that stood for ages in the church of the Holy Trinity, made its appearance on the banks of the Cammoge.”

* Dublin.

"The Lord save us!"

"The holy image flew out of the church the moment the Dollaher entered it."

"Does not that show what he is?"

"Oh! does not it?"

"But did you hear that the cross migrated from the altar in the cathedral and made its appearance in the heart of Cullenswood?"

"No."

"Well I'm told it has, and was found by a Glassamucky man returning to the mountains after selling a horseload of cowhides."

"They'll never come back to the city again I'm afraid."

"The city, and above all the church, that harbours such a miscreant is not worthy of the holy images of the saints."

"That's my own belief too."

"Aye and mine."

"Aye and mine."

"Dublin can expect nor luck nor grace while so unclean a bird finds nest in its walls."

"True for you."

"It's very true."

"We ought to have torn him limb from limb," cried one outvoicing his neighbours.

"We should, by the immortal god of war, we should," cried another.

"Yes, we should, now he's prowling about like an evil spirit, bad as ever," cried a third.

"I'd have no more mercy on him, the spider of hell, than a mad dog," resumed the first speaker.

"Ah!" said the second, "if I had a spike in my hands, and no one between us, I'd punish his ribs for the deeds of his villany."

"Patience, patience," interposed a gray beard. "The justiciary is a good man and hates the Irish, we'll see his head bound to the Barbican and grinning on the bulwarks, and his carcass rolling down the Poddle yet."

"It would be no sin to kill him, for"—

"The villain," vociferated another, chalky pale and as if breathless with awe, "has been excommunicate bell-book and candlelight."

"Do you tell me so?"

"Where was he excommunicate?" eagerly queried a fearful speaker.

"At Navan, upon market day. The bishop at the market cross excommunicated him aloud, pronouncing openly against him the Psalm *Deus laudem*.

"He did?"

"He did, so sure as you are there—decreeing and adjudging that in any town into which the said villain should ever after skulk, no baptism or burial should be had—or mass said or sung within three days after his residence there."

"Why? on what account?"

"They say that he went to the Abbey of Navan. He went to the Abbey of

Navan," repeated the speaker, raising his voice to secure or attract attention, "to the Abbey of Navan, where Master John Stackpoole was in sanctuary, and what did he do—himself and some holy lambs of the same kidney? He took Master John out of the church of our Blessed Lady there—carrying him thence to Wilkinston—holding him in prison there. It is well known to the whole world and the wood of Allen, that the villains cut out Master John's tongue, and in their own estimation and intention put out his eyes; though when he was brought back and cast there before our Blessed Lady, by her grace, mediation and miraculous power he was restored to his sight and tongue."

"He was?" The crowd crossed their foreheads and struck their breasts.

"They say," said a meagre fellow with a yellow scab under his brown moustache; his hair standing on end as if with awe, "they say—the Lord bless us—that he was changed into a wolf, and went howling in the forests forty days and forty nights, by the strength and virtue of the excommunication," and the meagre fellow gaped, his eyes expanding with alarm. This communication appalled the bystanders—they were silent for several minutes as if ruminating on the statement. To explain this we must remark that the horrible superstition of Lycanthropy was prevalent in that age. According to this superstition men occasionally assumed not only the rough fur, horrible teeth, and cruel appetites of wolves, they cohabited with wolves, propagated wolves, and for a time were to all intents and purposes completely wolfish.

"He is no better than a wolf," said one of the former speakers, slowly resuming his voice, and making an effort to dissemble his dread.

"Sure he's not," said a second, with a little more animation.

"What better is he?" cried a third, strangely intending this query for an affirmative.

"He deserves the death of a wolf," cried the first speaker, with more appearance of courage, and coughing loudly, as if to cough away his secret terror.

"He does, he does."

"They say," said another, hushing his voice almost to a whisper—his hearers gazing on him with eager eyes, and inclining their ears and holding their breath as he spoke—"that he then joined M'Comas's band, and fought against O'Brien at Limerick."

"Dublin," observed another, shaking his head, "was never the same since M'Comas pitched his camp at the foot of the hills. I wish the Devil had him and his."

"Now you said it," was the triumphant reply.

"But they say that M'Comas knows nothing about him," resumed the other.

"There is no such man in the troop."

"M'Comas may say what he likes, but the Dollaher—I know it from a cousin of mine—is constable of gallowglass to M'Comas."

"A more murdering gang never approached the walls."

"I would well," was the reply, "he were still skulking in Oxmantown, or where he would, save in our good town."

"Would he were," exclaimed a pale listener, hitherto silent. "But Oxmantown was growing far too hot for the churl. The Fingallians were aghast at his black doings. Men say he was sustained seven years on the children of the commons* of that land. At last they rose and hunted the felon out of their country, and now he has taken his abode in Dublin, and no man's life is safe."

"By the kilcah† of Kells the church that gave him refuge ought to be pulled down," cried an exasperated citizen, a mason by trade, with every appearance of sincere conviction, "and was it not a shame for the knight to brandish lance in such quarrel?"

"Nay, nay," exclaimed a youth in a cap like that of the knave of diamonds in a pack of cards, "sacrilege is a black and heavy deed at any time. Better baulk the people in their will than let them peril their own souls. The knight was in the right."

"Hew as—was' he?" cried a butcher with a greasy apron, fingering his big knife which hung before him in a wooden sheathe. "Oh! you cry his cry mayhap."

"No! I do not, an' I did 'twere no shame."

"I should not wonder," resumed the mason, outvoicing his neighbours, "if the floor of the cathedral opened and swallowed him alive. Certainly the blessed relics will quit the church and the city. Better have all the O'Byrnes—bad as they are—swaggering and strutting in the streets, than *that* one man, an' he be a man."

"I am told," exclaimed a lame crone with a great air of fear, "that he sometimes appears as a woman, other times as a four-footed brute, but his favourite appearance is that of a pig;" but as this was, to her present auditors, stale news, one of them exclaimed, "I wonder where he can be at present. Let him be where he may he has certainly escaped out of the church. Folk say the clergy know where he be, or have had some hand in getting rid of him; the treasurer might probably tell a story if he would speak."

"Oh! nonsense," exclaimed a by-stander, "the reverend canons were frightened out of their lives, they quaked and quailed for fear when they found the monster had taken refuge among them: they may have let him out, but I'll be sworn they took no trouble to cage such a wolf."

"By St. Nicholas an' he has gone to burrow in the vaults he will never come out."

"Then I hope in heaven he has," said another.

"They are horrible vaults. I heard my great grandfather say that in his young days a Fletcher went three miles under ground, and never spoke a word after he came up."

"I heard the same, and how the ghastly man came out gaping in sheer dismay, and took a shivering, and gasped out his life three days afterwards, dumb with terror at what he saw."

"Lord keep us," quoth the hearers simultaneously, "it must be an awful place."

* Plebeians. † cúlteac, a leaf—a relic of St. Brendon.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I've wandered by the rolling Lee,
 And Lene's green bowers,
 I've seen the Shannon's wide spread sea,
 And Limerick's towers,
 And Liffey's tide, where halls of pride,
 Frown'd o'er the flood below !

Edmund Walsh.

The Cathedral was glowing with the splendour and majesty of religion—a hundred boyish ministrants in snow white weeds knelt or moved around the altar, on which innumerable lights were glowing through the incense, like stars of the largest magnitude. The harmonious thunder of a gigantic organ was pealing through the edifice, and a choir of sweet young voices—responsive to its grand and trumpet-like breathings—rose heavenwards with pleading tones. In their sumptuous garb of gold and crimson, the long robed sacrificers were chaunting the invocation of the mystic spirit, *veni creator*, when a group of knights, in polished armour, were seen advancing in the central aisle. The group consisted of two antient and grave knights, having between them a young and comely stripling, who bore a lighted taper in his hand. At that intrusion, the Earl of Kildare—his Irish *Crommeal** curling on his lip, and his fine eye flashing with what appeared to be indignation—raised his stately form, draped in purple cloth of gold, and asked seriously and solemnly—

"Sir knights, why and wherefore approach ye this altar?"

The deepest silence fell upon the knightly congregation, the Carmelites in brown robes and the Dominicans in black and white, and the watching multitude of citizens, all in breathless expectation of the response, the solemn pomp of religion seeming, as it were, to pause. The reply was—

"We come to demand, for the most potent, noble, and honorable Christopher St. Lawrence, son of Sir Nicholas St. Lawrence, baron of Howth, admission into the most puissant, most noble, and most venerable order of knighthood."

A long pause followed, which was finally broken by the Earl, who asked,

"What are his credentials, and who are his sponsors?"

"We are his sponsors," gravely replied the antient knight. "I, Sir Hugh of Tawney, and this, my comrade, Sir Jacques, baron of Delvin,—good knights and true."

"What do you promise for him?" asked the Earl.

"That he shall be faithful to God and our Lady, and defend Holy Church to the uttermost of his power. That he shall uphold and maintain the noble state of chivalry, with horse, armour, and other knightly habiliments, and succour all those of the order if they have need. That he shall do diligence wherever he hears there be masterful robbers and murderers, who oppress poor people, and bring them to the law, at his power. That he shall defend the quarrel of all ladies of honour. That he shall aid the weak, and make opposition to the strong, and shelter the homeless. That he shall never flee in time of affray or battle."

* Moustache.

Then the youth spoke,

"By my own hand, and by God himself, I oblige myself, all those promises to observe, keep, and fulfil," said the youth.

The Earl of Kildare, turning to the young Lord of Howth, said,

"Right, dear brother, may this order bring great honour and worship unto you; and I pray that Almighty God may give you the praise of all knighthood. Lo! this is the order: Be ye strong in the faith of Holy Church; relieve widows and oppressed maidens; give every one his own, and above all things, love and dread God, and superior to all other earthly objects, love thy country."

The earl then demanded the sword and spurs, and they were given to him by his chamberlain. The earl gave the right spur to one of the noblest peers about him, commanding that lord to place it on the right heel of the esquire. The lord knelt on one knee, and taking the esquire by the right leg put the foot upon his knee, and not only affixed the spur to the heel, but made a cross upon the knee of the esquire and kissed it. Another lord attached the left spur to the left foot with similar ceremonies. The earl then, in the meekness of his high nature, girt the sword round the novice in arms. Suddenly in the middle of the cathedral a massive black war-horse—snorting and prancing—was led by a page up the church. His entire face was covered by his polished chamfron as bright as silver. His gorgeous poitral spread over his ample chest, while the flagged way of the cathedral was swept by his gorgeous silk saddle-cloth embroidered with roses, one on each corner, as large as the moon. As he advanced up the aisle he reared more than once to a height which rendered him quite perpendicular, coming down heavily on the flags with a fragor which resounded through the whole church. His rich manifaire glittered on his glossy neck, while his embroidered bridle resembled a wreath of variegated flowers. He belonged to that noble Spanish race for which (in common with her hawks and hounds) Ireland was famous in the middle ages. While the impatient war-horse, neighing aloud and tossing his plumed head, was held in by an armed knight—all steel—before the high altar, the Archbishop of Dublin, with tottering step, ascended the steps, and feebly turning to the young lord addressed him as follows: "He who seeks to be a knight should have great qualities; he must be high in courage, strong in danger, liberal of gifts, and secret in council, patient in difficulties, powerful against enemies, prudent in his deeds. He must undertake no war without just cause—give aid to widows and orphans—favour no injustice, and spare neither his life nor blood in defence of Holy Church. The Church in all ages is and has been," continued the old prelate, "the mother and friend of the warrior. She who crossed the sincere paladins and gave her blessing to Louis IX., and the good Godfrey! their venerable mother! reckoned of old amongst her favourite and most cherished children the 'thundering legion' and the knights of the Hospital who furnished to Heaven a crowd of glorious martyrs and confessors. Did she not ever send her cowed friars, with crucifix in hand to the bloody verge of perilous battle to confess the dying and bless the dead? but never to insult the fallen and gasping warrior whose obedience and intrepidity our sympathising mother

had a thousand times commiserated, soothed and blessed. On ten thousand fields of battle her kneeling cenobites have lifted the fallen swordsman's dying head, unlaced his choking gorget, moistened his ghastly lips and drunk his fluttering accents, while opening the gates of heaven to his heroic soul. The true warrior was a living martyr, and the church who sounded the trumpet of the crusades was authorised by the example of divine scripture (as in Luc. 3). When John the Baptist was interrogated by certain men-at-arms as to what should be done by warriors for their eternal salvation, the apostle did not tell them, as *Manes* the heresiarch would have done, to forsake their banner. He told them to be satisfied with their pay, and as St. Augustin said, *Quibus proprium Stipendium sufficere debere precepit militare non prohibuit, &c.*"

In conclusion the prelate animadverted on the nothingness of fame. "Find me now that statue of massy gold," he exclaimed, "which Gorgias the Leontin placed in Delphos to eternize his name, or that of Gabrion in Rome, or that of Perseus with the golden tongue in Athens, or innumerable others erected by great captains in brass or hardest marble. Certainly, many years since they are perished, and now there are few that know that Metellus triumphed over King Jugurtha, Aquilius over King Aristonicus, or Aurelius over Zenobia, the Queen of the Palmyrians, or Atilius over King Antiochus. All fame shall die, all memory be forgotten, no more shall Aristotle be cited in the schools, nor Ulpian alleged in the tribunals, no more shall Plato be read among the learned, nor Cicero meditated by the orators, no more shall Seneca be admired by the understanding, nor Alexander be extolled among warriors, &c."

Amid the blare of a hundred clarions, and the music of a hundred harps, a minstrel arrayed in the green and auburn weeds of his caste, a four-cornered purple mantle thrown carelessly over his shoulders, was seen climbing the steps of the altar. When he had reached the platform he leaned for a moment on his instrument, which was nearly as tall as himself, a fine stringed harp richly ornamented with jewels, and seemed absorbed in silent thought, then turning round he confronted the knightly congregation, and touching the melodious strings of his eloquent claspnet he began in a fine voice, amid deep silence, a solemn recitation on the duties of a knight. "A pretext of battle is never sought by the knight who is worthy of the great *Σητάς* *Σαίης*"* said the bard. "The only object of chivalric war should be the support of justice, honour, and virtue. But however loth and sluggish to enter on unnecessary war, the knight will fly to arms when the safety of his friends, his clansmen, or his honor calls him to the field. The maintenance of literary men was the solemn duty of knighthood. No wise prince ever neglected the bards. The glory of the hero is wafted down the stream of time by the voice of the poet, while the tyrant, the coward, and the traitor are blackened with disgrace, and damned to eternal infamy. The protection of the people was the duty of the knight; he should maintain the rights, conserve the privileges, and guard the tranquillity of the people. Should the peace of that people be interrupted by the progeny of injustice—should the ferocious warriors of foreign tribes, loud, black and unrelenting, lay waste the fields, and bear in their bony arms our white-bosomed beauties to their piratical ships—then the

* Chivalry.

shield of the knight should be thrown over the people, as when the midnight storm rages over the lone and lofty cliffs of the Ben Eader, the pinions of the mountain eagle are spread tremblingly above its eyrie to shield its tender eaglets from the maddening fury of the maniacal storm. The lance of the knight must glitter in the front of his people. The blood of the ravagers who waste the fields where his clansmen repose must crimson the sword of the hero, and their hostile homesteads be mantled in the blaze of conflagration, lest when their vigor be restored their outrages be repeated. Such a war delights his heart, and the oppressors of the people are swept away by his rage. But, when battle no longer rages and the humbled enemy sues for mercy, compassion seizes the heart of the mighty, the point of the death-giving spear falls harmless to the ground, and the children of the prostrate rejoice in the clemency of the conqueror, &c. &c."

Then the young warrior knelt humbly down, and shining in polished steel, received the accolade from the hands of Kildare. Then rising, he put his foot into his stirrup and vaulted lightly into his war-saddle. Helmed, plumed, and sheathed in shining plate—all over bright as silver—the young Knight controlled his fierce, powerful, and chafing *destrier*,* with admirable horsemanship, while a murmur of admiration burst from the crowd. The murmur of the spectators caused him to glance over the congregation. Several native *Flahies*, or princes, were present at this ceremony. Their appearance was truly aristocratic. "They disdained the shadow that they trod on at noon." Superiority of the animal man is an essential element of aristocracy, and these wild, bold, and majestic *Flahies* were all endowed with that animal superiority—they were powerful in frame, keen of eye, and tall of stature. Among these, the appearance of O'Farrel, whom he recognized by his *braccans*,† struck him as most majestic. Whenever O'Farrel, or indeed any of these proud nobles, visited the pale, his followers, to the number of fifty or a hundred gentlemen, many of them of large landed property—came with him to do him honour, and as these gentlemen were surrounded by their own officers, O'Farrel appeared like a sovereign, with his parliament and army. Each of O'Farrel's sub-chiefs was attended by a "battel," or half a "battel," of gallowglasses,‡ or a company of Kenna, i.e. forty stately fellows in their *braccans*, or *tights*, and short pellises or *ionars*, a garment that extended from the neck to the knee, and each armed with a strong handsome target—rimmed with brass—encompassed with crimson lines,§ and adorned with a boss, having a sharp pointed steel, of about half an ell in length, screwed into the navel of it, and a sturdy *cleave sullish*, or shining falchion at his left side, and a skeen or stiletto, inserted before the thigh of his trews, a weapon which was used only in crowds, or where the contest was so close that the sword could be of no service.

All the chiefs wore the bracca—which was always worn tight by the natives of Ulster; an *inar*, or vest, with sleeves made of party-coloured stuff, descending to

* Charger. † Plaid. ‡ Axe-men.

§ Battle of Magh Rath, Giraldus Cambrensis. Dr. Butler of Trim.

the middle of the thighs; and a large cloak,* or matal, striped like the vest, or ornamented with flowers, and superbly bordered with gold and silver, completed the costume. The mantle was fastened on the breast by a brooch or clasp. The Irish were fond of brilliant colours. In the earlier ages, they thought it unworthy of their courage to wear defensive armour, but by communication with the English of Leinster, they gradually adopted some foreign harness, without, however, abandoning their own principal weapons.

To return to young Lord Howth. After glancing at the native chiefs and their clansmen, the young Knight wheeled his charger, and rode out of the church amid the blessings of the congregation, who streamed out into the streets in his rear.

CHAPTER IX.

Forth from under the altar smoke,
Issued a dreadful fiend.

Spencer.

It might be an illusion, but something at that moment caught the eye and paled the face of the knight; he thought the rug head and glistening eye of the Dolaher, lambent with fiendish mockery, popped up beside the grand and haughty person of O'Farrel, and gaping for an instant with secret scorn of the vain glory of the knight, ducked again and was lost in the multitude. The young horseman felt tempted to cry his war cry and charge home into the clans, even in the cathedral, and hunt from his lair that grim satyr-faced baboon: but he restrained himself: in vain he drove a piercing glance repeatedly through the natives in search of that dangerous savage, while something voicelessly whispered the old adage, "save a thief from the gibbet, &c." Suddenly a fierce suspicion flashed through the mind of the young knight, and lightened in his eye—that in some mysterious way the O'Farrel, calm and stately, and dignified as he seemed, was leagued with the crawling Dolaher, and that some treachery—some plot to baffle and baulk himself—was hatching among those treacherous Irish; and the fiend of hatred seized his soul, and like a serpent knotting his folds on his heart worked within him, 'till he bethought him with malignant gratification, that if any durst play him false, snare or subject him to scorn, wither *him* with laughter, there were deep and stony dungeons, black and dismal, in the towers of Howth Castle, where many a native, locked in shackles, wept himself blind, and draining away his days in darkness, whitened into

* This is the sort of cloak alluded to in the book of rights:—

Ἀ ἡ-βρις βρις ἡ τιαρταν λεῖρ
Ἀ φιαεχ λυχαρ ἡ ἡβαῖ! Chaῖr

Vide *leabhar na gCeannt.*

Page 20.

And again, p. 182—

Coic bhruc breaca buan Ἀ ἡ-bach.

hoary age, or bleached a horrible and lipless and eyeless scull in the winter rain on the spiked battlements of Howth. The thought for the moment made his face livid and his eye lambent as the wild fiend of anger developed its hideous energy in his heart.

The knightly congregation, formed into splendid cortege, came sweeping along through the city in all its baronial magnificence, with blazoned tabards, trumpets blowing, banners flying, and proud and stately *destriers* champing the bit and moving with easy paces. In the fashionable parlance of the time, *chevaux al armes, hoblours et gentz a pie*, the pomp and parade of feudal power came swelling along the street, liveries of every hue, and devices without number. While lordly knights, courteous damosels, and noble chevaliers were thus cavalcading in gentle and solemn guise to the lists in Hoggen green, there appeared a big bare-headed man in the crowd whose restless vagaries disturbed the armed procession. He was attired in a yellow surplice or tunic which wanted the ordinary extravagance of sleeve, but was vicariously decorated with epaulets puffed out in open needlework slashing and rich silk. He was armed with a prodigious bludgeon, knotted and gnarled and shod with an iron spike, which, including shaft and all, was five feet in length; this he flourished and flickered round his head, making it whistle as if it were a willow wand, while with flashing eye and ungovernable ferocity he shouted hoarsely in his vernacular "Pharro for Galway! Pharro for the claddah! Pharro for the old heap of stones"—a cry that he vociferated with gravity and emphasis, while sweeping his long and knotted baton round his rug head, that were entirely out of place amid the proud stateliness of baronial pageantry. This ferocious champion of Galway was with no small difficulty, and after a savage struggle, removed roaring by a body of archers beyond the precincts of the tents and pavilions where the archers let him loose.

(To be continued).

LOVE YOUR OWN.

I.

Love your own—that's the test
Of the soundness of the breast;
Fortune flushing—fortune flown—
Love your own—love your own.

II.

Ye who breathe the Irish air—
Ye who on your foreheads bear
Celtic stamp in flesh and bone,
Love your own—love your own.

III.

Ye who hold the olden faith,
To the marrow—to the death—
Ye who on the land have grown,
Love your own—love your own—

IV.

Need ye blush for days of yore?
For the fame your fathers bore?
Brian's harp? Or Brian's throne?
Love your own—love your own!

V.

Many are the men to-day,
Free from foreign bribe or pay—
Celtic fervour has not flown—
Love your own—love your own!

VI.

Never hear your land decried!
Such befits not manly pride!
Every being on the earth
Owes the land that gave him birth,
Faith and fondness, spirit-sown:
Love your own—love your own!

VII.

Love the Apostolic sod,
By the holy Patriarch trod;
Love the mountains that enzone
Ireland's honour—Ireland's own—
From the sun's set to its rise—
From the centre—to the skies—
Hoard your love for her alone—
Love your own!!—Guard your own!!

CAROLAN.

WALTER DUNGAN, SOMETIME CALLED "EARL OF LIMERICK."

SCATTERED through the general European history of the last three hundred years, we perpetually meet with allusions to Irishmen, who have distinguished themselves in a remarkable manner both by their bravery as soldiers, and their diplomatic skill, in many of the continental services. These allusions always excite our curiosity and too often our regret, by their want of detail, and the difficulty of learning more concerning the particular individual who has excited our sympathy, as a gallant Irishman, while reading of some perilous campaign, with its stricken fields and desperately contested sieges. Such is the case at least with the subject of this notice, whose family and its fortunes have been amply treated

of both by O'Callaghan and D'Alton in their valuable works, "The History of the Irish Brigade," and "King James's Army List," to which we are indebted for the following particulars concerning them. In neither of these books, however, nor in any other devoted to the subject of Irish military biography, with which we are acquainted, is he himself more than incidentally named, and that merely in connexion with his family, without any reference to his own particular career. This is unfortunate, for there is but little doubt that Walter Dungan was worthy of a more extended record than he has yet received.

Irish military biography is unfortunately very meagre, and beyond the mere facts that we know that in the services of France, Spain, Austria, and Russia, many Irishmen obtained high rank, and made distinguished reputations, we know very little about them, or of the services for which they obtained their rewards. Neither do we know anything about them as men, it is only as soldiers we are acquainted with them, and to give us this knowledge the historical novel is the proper medium.

We have to be sure what are called Irish historical novels, but how little is the interest in them derived from anything like a skilful portraiture of character or life-like painting. A few pages in two or three of Scott's novels, shew a greater acquaintance and sympathy with Irish military biography, than all that has been written by Irishmen to illustrate the subject. James Grant's Scottish military novels likewise contain many sketches of character, which prove that the writer has entered into the spirit which must have actuated the Irish soldiers of the seventeenth century; they appear so true to nature.

Who, who has ever read it, can forget Major Dalgatty's graphic account of his cameradas in Butler's regiment, with which he took service in the Imperial ranks? The few touches of character given by the worthy Major tell us more of what manner of men the Irish soldiers of fortune were, who were fighting their way to fame and rank, during the seventeenth century, in nearly every army in Europe, than all that has been written of them elsewhere does. That Irish writers have lacked the wonderful power of giving versimilitude and truth to their characters, (particularly those of their own nation) possessed by the Wizard of the North, cannot be imputed to them as a fault—the blame lies in their not depicting them at all, or even taking notice of many interesting characters, memorials of whom are to be had for the search, by those who wish and have the means to seek them.

These remarks are not intended to impose the idea on the reader, that that research, the want of which is complained of, is now about being exhibited: on the contrary they, are the expression of a regret felt with respect to the subject of this sketch, who, doubtless was worthy of a more extended notice than the present. Imperfect, however, as it is, it may have the effect of eliciting something more accurate about the career of a brave Irishman, which he undoubtedly was.

The Dungans or Dongans, from the notices of them in the Annals of the Four Masters, would appear to have been of Milesian descent, for in 1392 liberty was

granted to Thomas O'Dongyn, a clergyman, to use the English tongue and law. On the other hand the Chevalier O'Kelly states the family to have been of foreign origin, and to have been settled from an early period in the County of Wicklow.

The family appears, whether Irish or foreign, to have been completely in the English interest, many of them having held important posts in the government of the English Colony in Ireland. John Dungan was second remembrancer of the Exchequer during the time of Henry VIII. He died about 1594, devising his estates to his eldest son Walter, and in failure of issue to William, Edward, and Thomas, his second, third and fourth sons successively. Walter was created a Baronet by James I., and died in 1626, leaving his title and estates to his son John, who resided at Castletown in the County of Kildare. He was a member of the Irish Parliament of 1634. Two of his sons, Thomas Dungan, Junior, and Oliver Dungan, were attainted in 1642, while his son Walter was one of the Confederate Catholics of Kilkenny.

One of the name is mentioned by Carte as having formed one of the deputation sent by the confederates from Kilkenny to endeavour to come to a proper understanding with Charles I., while he held his court at Oxford.

His name does not again appear in the eventful and troubled history of the time, but it is believed that it was this Dungan, the confederate deputy, whose career, or at least a portion of it, we are about to trace.

We do not know whether he was one of those catholics who battling with Owen Roe made the panic stricken puritans fly at Benburb, or whether he crossed the sea to uphold the falling fortunes of the king in his struggle against the parliament; but when next we meet the name it is on a far different scene, and in a widely different contest; but not on a scene in which, at this period of our history the name of an Irish soldier should excite much astonishment, for Spain has always been a refuge for them when their own country denied them service.

Philip II. of Spain having reduced Portugal to the condition of a province of his empire it continued so for sixty years, when John Duke of Braganza in 1640 succeeded in shaking off the Spanish yoke and having himself proclaimed King of Portugal. From this time a continued war had existed the result of which threatened to dismember the Spanish Empire. In this contest the boundaries of the two countries were the scene of a thousand exploits, in which the bold and martial characters of their respective people were exhibited, in fierce conflicts and daring surprises, such as all periods of Peninsular History is full of. The occasional cessations of arms that took place were but so many breathing times in which both nations recruited their exhausted energies; for neither dreamed of permanent peace. The French and English, who always feared the power of Spain, gave supplies of men and money to the Portuguese to carry on the war.

In 1656 King John of Portugal died, leaving his Queen Luisa regent, during the minority of his son Alfonso. She was a woman of a daring and adventurous spirit, who was determined not to let the laurels gathered by her husband fade. Various incursions, therefore, were made into Spain, but without much success;

for the Spaniards succeeded in capturing Olivenza, a place of considerable importance.

These reverses excited considerable murmurings amongst the people, who having become accustomed to victory could ill brook defeat.

For the purpose of satisfying the national hatred of Spain she renewed the alliances, formerly made by the late king, with both England and France, and receiving from both supplies of men, she got together a force of 13,000 infantry and 4,000 cavalry, the command of which she confided to John Mendez de Vasconcellos, an old soldier who had served with distinction in the Low Countries. It was then determined to besiege Badajos, which from its importance as a place of strength, would, if the siege was successful, add much reputation to the Portuguese arms, as well as serving to keep the Spanish garrison, which now held Olivenza, in check. The duke of St. German, who commanded in Badajos, hearing of the extensive preparations making for its capture, and fearing from the weakness of his garrison and the scarcity of supplies in it, that he would not be able to make a sufficiently vigorous defence, at once despatched an express to the Spanish prime minister, de Haro, demanding assistance.

In the meantime he spared no effort to put the place in as good a posture of defence as time permitted. But a few days elapsed before the Portuguese army appeared on the opposite bank of the river Guadiana, upon which Badajos is seated. This river, which is fordable in summer, was crossed by a stone bridge at the foot of which was the strong fort of St. Christopher. At the top of the hill on which the town stands, stood, and still stands, though considerably changed, the castle. The walls of the town were much dilapidated, and altogether unless timely relief arrived there seemed but little chance of Badajos making a successful resistance. The fort of St. Christopher which commanded the bridge foot opposite the town, was, however, strongly fortified.

When in 1812 Wellington sat down before Badajos, he crossed the Guadiana by a poontoon bridge, but de Vasconcellos, either more confident in the force which he commanded or more lightly estimating the resistance likely to be made by the garrison, determined first to attack St. Christopher's, the fall of which would give him the command of the bridge which led to the town. Notwithstanding that St. German sent out the cavalry of his garrison to engage the attention of the Portuguese until assistance should arrive, they succeeded in opening their trenches and commencing the siege of the fort, which was gallantly defended by the Spanish garrison. From a detached outpost such as this, however, no very prolonged resistance, against so large a force, could be expected; St. German therefore sent in all haste into Andalusia for two regiments which lay there, one of Spaniards, the other Colonel Walter Dungan's "who was afterwards Earl of Limerick,"* of Irish.

* Emanuel Faria y Sousa's History of Portugal, p. 496.

This work was translated from the Spanish by Capt. John Stevens, and published in London in 1698. Capt. Stevens also translated from the French of M. Allemande, Attorney-General of France, "*Monasticon Hibernicum*;" or, the Monastical History of

1858.] *Walter Dungan, sometime called "Earl of Limerick."* 117

These two regiments were appointed to relieve the fort, to prevent which the Portuguese had detached 6,000 chosen men to be always in readiness, besides which the communication between the foot of the bridge and the fort was, by this time, cut off. The governor of St. Christopher contrived to inform St. German that unless he was relieved within twenty-four hours he could no longer hold the place. St. German at once ordered the Marquis of Lancarote, Colonel of the Spanish corps which had arrived from Andalusia with Dungan's, to attempt the relief of the fort with 800 volunteers. In the words of Y. Sousa—

"It was a desperate piece of service for such a handful of men to attempt against such a multitude, yet they charged with such fury, that having broke through the enemy's line, and being supported by a sally from the fort, they gained the redoubts and drove the enemy from their camp. This success cost the Marquis his life; however, though the Portuguese twice attempted to recover their loss, they were both times repulsed, and at last forced to desist."

Although it is not expressly stated that the Irish troops formed any portion of this relieving force, from the fact of their having been brought to Badajos for that very purpose, there is but little doubt, that they gave their fair quota of volunteers for the achievement. A month being thus spent before this fort, the Portuguese at length crossed over the river and invested the town; taking and destroying the fortifications on two hills, which the Spaniards had strongly garrisoned. This was not effected, however, without considerable loss to the Portuguese, while the Spaniards who held them were nearly all killed, there being but few prisoners taken. The Portuguese General next captured the Fort of St. Gabriel, "*But he found not the reducing of the Fort of St. Michael a work of so much ease; for Colonel Dungan who commanded there defended it with extraordinary bravery till it was no longer tenable, and then surrendered it upon articles; when the besiegers had lost 1,800 men before it, and among them many persons of note!*"

The delay to the Portuguese caused by Dungan's determined defence of Fort St. Michael, protracted the actual siege of the town; but the fort having now fallen, John Mendez encompassed Badajos completely, and commenced the bombardment of it. The town suffered severely from the enemy's shot, and to add to the horrors of the siege, war's usual accompaniments, famine and disease set in. This circumstance becoming known in Madrid highly displeased the people, who dreaded that Badajos, one of their most important frontier fortresses, should pass into the hands of their Portuguese enemies. Great efforts were accordingly made for its relief, and it was decreed by the council, that Don Luis de Haro, the prime minister of state, should personally command an expedition to effect it. Merida was appointed as the rendezvous for the force which was to

Ireland. Curious old map, with Abbeys laid down on it, and plates of costumes of the monastic orders."

A notice of this work which is mentioned in MacGeoghegan's *History of Ireland*, if furnished to the "*Celt*," ought to be interesting to its readers.

accompany him, and the enthusiasm for the service was so great, volunteers from all ranks of the people hastening to place themselves under his command, that in a few days de Haro had assembled an army of 12,000 infantry, and 3,500 cavalry. When the Duke of St. German became aware that de Haro was at Merida, he determined to join him there. He accordingly broke through the lines of the besiegers with a thousand cavalry, and effected the junction in safety. From thence the combined force marched towards Badajos but, the Portuguese General not thinking proper to await its arrival, drew off in the night and returned into Portugal. The next day Don Luis de Haro entered Badajos in triumph. In reading this account it must be evident that but for the obstinate defence of St. Christopher, by the volunteers, who forcing their way from the town, caused the Portuguese to raise the siege of that fort, and who, there is every reason to suppose, were Irish, and the still more desperate defence of fort St. Michael, where Dungan commanded in person, Badajos would have fallen before assistance could have reached it.

Thus by a singular chance has this celebrated fortress been twice preserved to Spain from a foreign enemy, by Irishmen; first by Dungan in the seventeenth century, and again by Wellington in the nineteenth. That the praise of the Irish soldiers commanded by Dungan is not exaggerated, is proved by comparing them with their Spanish comrades, who, although their reputation was somewhat tarnished by the reverses they had experienced in the Low Countries, were still admitted to be the finest soldiery in Europe. The spirit had not yet passed away from them, which made a Spaniard exclaim to one who trembled at beholding an infinitely superior force opposed to his party, "Poltroon, know you not that the greater the number of enemies the more of profit and of glory," and in the same spirit of sublime rhodomontade another Spanish soldier spoke of the timidity of a *whole* army in attacking *three* Castilians!

These were not mere empty boasts but the real sentiments of the nation, and accordingly the Irish soldiers who served in the Spanish army, must have performed prodigies of value, to have made their countrymen so acceptable in Spain as there is abundant proof they were.

As it is only glimpses of Dungan that we obtain, how he got out of the hands of the Portuguese we know not, or how the subsequent years of his life were passed.

It is said by Y. Souza that he was subsequently Earl of Limerick, but this must be a mistake, as there were only two of the Dungan family bore that title. This assertion of Y. Souza's throws a certain degree of mystery around the ultimate fate of Dungan. If he died in the Spanish service it is not likely that Captain Stephens, the translator of Y. Souza's history, and who living in England, must have been acquainted with the facts, would have retained the assertion that he afterwards became Earl of Limerick."

Did he then live to assume that title, or is the statement that he did a mistake natural to a foreigner, who was likely to confound the names of strangers?

At the restoration, William Dungan, who had been a Baronet, was created a Viscount, and subsequently Earl of Limerick, and there was an act passed for the naturalization of his wife Maria Euphemia, whom he had married on the Continent, and also for that of Walter Dungan, and Ursula, his issue, who had been born there.

Clarendon, in writing to Rochester, complains of the pertinacity with which the Earl of Limerick pressed his claims for compensation, for the losses his family had sustained in the service of the king, and he wonders how impatient people are who have claims of the kind, "even those who think themselves the best bred." His son, Lord Dungan, the same who had been naturalized, sat in King James's Parliament for the Borough of Naas, and the father was one of the Peers in the same parliament. Lord Dungan commanded a regiment of Dragoons during the early part of the Williamite war, and was employed in many important affairs, but on the day of the Boyne he fell, early in the fight. The subsequent attainders include Euphemia Dungan, alias, Countess of Limerick, and William, Earl of Limerick. The lands confiscated included estates in the counties of Dublin, Carlow, Meath, Kilkenny, Longford, Tipperary, and Queen's county, and comprised nearly 30,000 acres, all which lands were conferred on de Ginkle, by an act of parliament passed in 1693, "while seven impropriate rectories, with the Glebes in the County Tipperary, were made over to the trustees for the augmentation of small livings and other ecclesiastical uses," in 1730.* William, Earl of Limerick, followed James to France, where he died in 1698, when a Colonel Thomas Dungan took the title upon him, and was presented to William III., as Earl of Limerick. He was the last of the name who possessed the title, wanting, however, the estates belonging to it.

Of this Thomas Dungan there is a very interesting account in "O'Callaghan's Brigades," somewhat at variance, however, with other statements relating to him, given by a contemporary authority. He was a brother of the hero of Badajos, and commanded a regiment in the French service, from which he retired in 1678, the English Parliament having voted that all English subjects should leave the French service. Colonel Dungan's departure was opposed by Louis XIV., who wished him to retain his command, and, on his refusing to do so, he was ordered to quit France within forty-eight hours, and a large sum of money due to him was also withheld. Charles II. made him a general, and settled £500 per annum on him to compensate for his losses in returning to his service.† In 1678, he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Tangiers, and in 1682, Governor of the newly-acquired province of New York. Here he made war vigorously on the French and Indians, principally with his own private funds, he having sold his plate and furniture, and mortgaged his lands to procure money for the purpose. Louis XIV. exasperated at the danger to which the French influence in America was exposed by this conduct of Dungan, procured his dismissal from the Government by James II. Subsequently he was invited to return to England

* O'Callaghan's *Irish Brigade*. † Page 351.

by James, who promised to make him major-general in the army, and also to give him a regiment of dragoons on the Irish establishment, but this he refused and remained in America until after the revolution, when he returned to England and sought compensation from William III, who ordered that some of the more pressing claims against him should be discharged. The "Case," quoted by Mr. O'Callaghan gives these details as set forth by Dongan, of the reasons why he considered himself deserving of compensation. The other account of Thomas Dungan's career, to which allusion has been made, and which differs so widely from that given by Mr. O'Callaghan, is contained in "*Oldmixon's History of the American Plantations*,"* a work published early in the last century. In it it is stated, "that he succeeded Sir Edmond Andros in the government of New York. This gentleman was a Roman Catholic, and King James II. put him into this place; he was an old soldier, having been long in the King of Spain's service, and that gave him such an aversion to the French, as hindered his betraying the province to them, either in King James's reign or after the revolution. Before the late king, (James II,) abdicated the government he consented that French priests should come from Quebec in Canada, and have free leave to make what converts they could in New York.

"Accordingly they came; but Colonel Dungan immediately ordered them to be gone, saying, 'their design was to gain over the English and their allies to the French interest, and not to the French religion;' wherefore, like a man of honor, he drove them out of the province. The French king complained of him to King James, who was highly displeased, and 'tis thought that Colonel Dungan would have lost his government, if his Highness the Prince of Orange had not been declared king. This governor was afterwards Earl of Limerick, and is still living in Ireland. There happened nothing extraordinary in his time; for the Indians giving the inhabitants no disturbance, there were no wars to create action and disturb the peaceable commerce of the people."

Whichever of these accounts be the true one† they both combine to show the great cause which led to what is called the "glorious revolution." James endeavoured to give liberty of conscience to his subjects, no matter whether they were dissenters or Catholics, in despite of the dominant party in the church of England. If this was a fault it was one of policy and not an error of the heart. He was the friend and patron of William Penn and of De Foe, and but for the rebellion of his subjects and the ingratitude of those whom he most favoured, England would have sooner obtained a place amidst the *great* nations of the earth; for he would have united all religions by tolerating all, within his dominions and thus made them strong and united. This, however, was prevented by the rebellion, and the Hanoverian ascendancy which succeeded, and which dragged England into continental quarrels the effect of which remains to this day. He was anxious to bring back to his service the many brave officers who were expending their blood and using all their skill in foreign services, but this was forbidden him by the bigotry of a portion of his subjects.

* Vol. 1st, page 125.

† There is little doubt but that O'Callaghan's account is the most correct, for the early histories of America are notoriously inaccurate.

If Walter Dungan survived until the accession of James it is most likely that he too, as well as his brother Thomas, would have returned to his service; and he would then have received something more than a passing notice in a little known History of Portugal, and have his actions detailed at length, in the valuable works of D'Alton and O'Callaghan. Would not the filling up of this imperfectly sketched outline be a fitting occupation for some student of Irish military biography, and are there not many other characters, whose names we meet incidentally mentioned, like Dungan's, who would furnish abundant exercise for the industry and zeal and talent necessary for the task of elucidating their history?

J. O'R.

IRISH ORNITHOLOGY—THE ROBIN.

Natural Family "Sylviadae"—*order*—"Insectores"—*Genus*—"Erythaca."

(Concluded from page 96.)

BUT there is something else about this general little favourite which cannot be copied, and that is a pair of round, liquid, dark, meaning eyes—a study for an elfin artist—weird enough, deep enough, arch enough, like twin black diamonds absorbing a thousand sun-rays. In speaking of the Robin in some countries, covering his nest with oak leaves, as Goldsmith tells us, it is very remarkable how often this habit of leaf-covering is attributed to him. In the beautiful and highly poetical little nursery tale of "The babes in the wood," written I am confident, if not originally invented, by some gentle lady-writer, whose heart teemed with compassionate tenderness—the same remarkable fact is mentioned, and in so touching yet so simple a manner, that childhood has never yet refused its tiny diamond tear to the writer's magic, nor failed to carry away the sweet impression even into the farthest years of maturity. How well and how vividly do I remember to this day the whole plot of the unpretending little drama—the dark, gaunt man, and the snowy-robed babes, and the deep, dense wood into which they were thrust, and there deserted to perish of famine; and how they wandered, hand in hand, along the pathways of the gloomy forest, until cold and hunger began to prevail upon them, and they ate of the berries from the brambles and from the green branches of the brushwood, until night fell down upon them, and wearied, and terrified, and heart-broken, they sank down upon the cold, wet mosses, and in each other's arms wept away their sinless lives, and then how the little Robin came, and with unwearied diligence brought leaf after leaf from the lofty beech and the huge sycamore, until he covered their beautiful dead forms from the wetting dews, and the prowling quadrupeds that infested the wood.

I will mention only one more instance of the leaf-covering property of the Robin, and one, too, which I hope, for the sake of the general good character and moral bearing of our tiny favourite, is but an exception to the gentle tenor of his way. My informant on this occasion is a noted bird fancier, and one upon whom I can well

rely for stating truth on a matter about which he was as much, if not more interested than I was myself. He said that one summer evening he was lying on the hill side over the Nore, and near the property of Mr. Kinchela, of the Bleach Green. He was reading a little book, and was very intent upon it, when his attention was aroused by a violent squabble of birds in a cross-ditch a short distance from the river. For a long time he watched the fray going furiously on, and at last felt so curious and interested in it, that he resolved to have a nearer view; and so ran down from the hill-side, and then cautiously approached the place of combat. The squabblers were all Robins, and young ones also, upon whose breast the red tinge had not as yet been perfected. Suddenly he saw one of them drop down apparently lifeless upon the ground, upon which the whole party also alit, and became very busy indeed about their prostrate fellow. My informant then rushed to the spot, and found the lifeless corpse of an old Robin *covered with leaves*;—the infamous young parricides had slain their father!!! Parent desertion is noted in many histories as a matter of common occurrence amongst the Indians (I think in the N. W. wilds of America.) And on the banks of the Ganges has been found many a lonely tent with its solitary aged tenant, who supplied with water in an antique-looking pitcher, and some coarse rice bread within his reach, was left to live as long as they lasted, and then to die if not in peace, at least peaceably. But in no instance have I heard or read of any race of living creatures killing their parents, except in this one case and one family of the Robin on the banks of the Nore. My informant went on to remark upon the event:—stating that this murder fact would satisfactorily account for the paucity of the race of Robins, who, from their immunity from attacks or catastrophes, with regard either to themselves or their nests, which no urchin would destroy, as well as from the number of their eggs, ought to exceed in multitude the sparrow or the bunting. However, this is an affair for naturalists to discuss and ornithologists to determine, but as to my own feelings on the subject, I think the antecedents of the Robin justify me in coming to the conclusion that the parricidal crime of which this one family have been found guilty, only goes to prove a case of isolated guilt by an abandoned few with whom no respectable Robin would have associated.

Since this paper was written, I have been told by many persons in the country, that as soon as the first tinge of crimson appears on the olive-green breast of the young Robin, the most violent antipathy springs up between the mother bird and her brood. This, perhaps, may be well accounted for by remembering the known antipathy that all animals have to a glowing red colour—particularly bulls, as many a lady has reason to recollect on pic-nic parties, and many a sportsman during his country excursions; or it may possibly be, perhaps, that there are some hot drops of rebel anti-English blood about the bird's little heart that make him hate to see "the Red above the Green."

Speaking of the many localities of nest-building adopted by this little bird, I forgot to mention a very singular one which was discovered in a garden in Kilkenny. The proprietor went one morning to water some favourite flowers, and

taking down the watering pot from a nail in the wall, where it was hanging, there was a Robin's nest with five eggs within it, and being a very humane gentleman, he put it back again into its place, and left it there, until the bird produced her young, and they were fledged, and then voluntarily took their departure.

The cool confidence of the Robin on all occasions wins the affection of everybody, and so well aware of this fact are many of his feathered confreres, that they make use of his boldness often to ensure their own safety. For instance—thrushes are very fond of bathing, but are very circumspect about the locality where they indulge in this very refreshing occupation. They enter the water in groups, assembled together by a peculiar note uttered by the birds who first discover a fit and tempting rivulet. However, before they fairly commit themselves to the liquid element, they let some little intrusive Robin take precedence of them, and if this fearless, tiny, and graceful young customer continues to dip on without alarm or interruption, then, and not till then, do the thrush tribes proceed to immerse themselves without further hesitation. Nuttall thus speaks of the American Robin:—"In dark and gloomy weather, when other birds are sheltered and silent, his clear, sweet, liquid notes are heard through the dropping woods from dawn to dusk, so that, the sadder the day, the sweeter and more constant is his song." The Robin badly bears imprisonment, the cage is very irksome to him, and all bird fanciers know how difficult a thing it is to preserve them as living singing birds. One man told me that he had one for nine months who never sang a stave, but who at last on a Good Friday morning, astonished and delighted his whole household, by bursting into repeated snatches of delicious melody, and continued ever after to sing away without any further tedious interval. But there is no doubt that the sweetest song of poor Robin is *that* warbled out in liberty, and to the open skies; within odour-reach of the flowers, within ear-shot of the rippling rivulets—or at least unfettered and at large, and uttered at will, and from the overfulness of the joyous heart. On last St. Stephen's Day, I was sitting in the ancient Abbey of the Dominicans in Kilkenny; the congregation were awaiting the appearance of the officiating clergyman, there was not a single sound throughout the lofty building, and the golden light of mid-day struggled in through the deeply stained glass of the huge window, when in flew a solitary Robin, and popping about before the assembled people, seemed to wonder at their quiescence, and became bolder and bolder in his advances as he perceived the impunity with which he was received. At length he flew up into the pulpit, and promenaded along the cushions, looking down upon us, all the time, with the greatest self-possession and with the most patronising air possible, until at last, taking a most prominent position, he shook his pretty olive wings, and expanding his crimson breast, with his head leaning a little to one side and one eye gazing upwards, as if attentively listening to the effect of the execution, he uttered out a rich delicious volume of the most exquisite liquid melody, increasing its impressiveness, until he brought every eye upon him, and then, as if satisfied with the effect produced, took his departure as silently and suddenly as he came. I cannot conclude this short paper better than with the "Song of the Robin."

THE ROBIN.

I.

I'LL sing you a song of the Robin,
For he is the poet's own,
All golden and brown,
From light limb to crown,
And he fieth about alone.
He lives in the sun all the summer,
And hunts in the moss and the grass,
And he haunts the bright brook,
'Tis his verse and his book,
And his bath and his tiring glass.

II.

And, oh, in the dark yellow autumn,
He hides in the bronzy leaves,
And shelleth the corn
From night to morn,
And watches it as it heaves.
For he loveth its golden ocean,
And the shades that over it flee,
And the myst'ried sound
That guards it around,
Accords with his harmony.

III.

And he stealeth about like a spirit,
All noiseless upon his brown wing,
And he chooseth a nook
With the boweriest look,
To nestle within and sing.
And oh, such a song as the Robin's
No other bird singeth on earth :
'Tis the melody mild
Of a timid thing, wild,
Too lonely to ever know mirth.

IV.

But so sweet, and so trickly, and mellow,
So gushing and glowing its tune,
That 'tis such, one might think,
As the stars when they wink,

Utter tenderly up to the moon.
Now there is the song of the Robin ;
But no bird can equal his bliss,
Or the peace and the ease
Of his innocent days,
Without a sweet heart like his !

Now there is the song of the Robin,
Who loveth the race of men,
And the poor cabin door,
And the poor cabin floor,
And sayeth to peace—" Amen."

CAROLAN.

RELICS OF OLD READINGS AND GOSSIPINGS.

NEW SERIES—NO. 2.

THE CHAPEL AT KILBENNY.

THE Chapel at Kilbenny stood on a slight declivity of one of the many undulating hills and vallies gradually approaching the mighty Galtees. It was a little rustic building in the form of a Cross, and was so situated as to be seen from every point of the compass. On one side it was sheltered by a thick grove of young fir-trees—on the other, by a high double ditch, crowned by dense clumps of broad yellow furze, under which ran a rapid stream, that made its way through a tract of soft and heathy bog-land. The unpretending house of God was covered by a thatch of straw and fir-branches, on its outside—and the boles of the same trees acted as pillars within—the altar was primitive, and merely covered by a white cloth—and behind it, the vestry boasted of a little fire-place, a shelf, which supported a bowl and spoon, from which the good old pastor breakfasted on Sundays—for his parish was large, and he had a long way to come. The neighbours contended who should supply him with his quantum of fresh new milk in the Summer—or light his fire, in the Winter, to boil his eggs, and have his meal hot and comfortable, when the Maas was over : the fir-trees again doing duty in the matter of fuel, as well as their many other services.

It was on a Sunday morning, that all the folk in the neighbourhood and from all parts of the surrounding district were assembled, attending the holy mysteries.

The Chapel was crowded, the old people occupying the place nearest to the rails of the Sanctuary—the men, with their snow-white heads bowing down in meek reverence—the matrons, in adoring silence, clothed in their wide long mantles—with their hair bound up in large red kerchiefs, the ends of which hung down loosely behind them.

The younger portion of the population occupied the middle of the building—young men and women—whilst behind them, knelt the married rising generation, with their

young offspring, whom they endeavoured to keep in order by many and seasonable admonitions, as they, time after time, stopped their devotion to look after their proceedings. One little urchin caused his mother very many distractions, by his marked admiration of the evolutions of a swallow, which was eddying about the roof, and in a thousand noiseless flights, visiting every nook and crevice that might possibly afford a site for his projected nest-building. The child might be eight or nine years old, with black straight hair hanging down on his shoulders, cheeks brown and ruddy, with rude health and mountain ramblings, eyes black as coals, and large, liquid and lustrous. Whilst under the immediate surveillance of his guardian, his little hands were piously joined and raised in seeming prayer—but the moment her attention was called away, and her beads resumed, those innocent large orbs went once more in search of the headlong flight of the bird, and were lit up with joy and admiration at its many feats of investigation. A look from the gentle peasant mother soon again fixed his wandering gaze, and an appealing whisper into his ear, entirely subdued him; he looked up straight into that kind and benevolent face that never wore anything but a smile for him—the tears rose in his eyes, and the obedient boy set in earnest about saying his little stock of the prayers of childhood, only looking now and then for another approving glance—for another commending smile, as a reward for his ready and willing compliance.

The mass was over—and the venerable Pastor, Father Michael Maher, was just uttering solemnly, and with raised arms, the “*Benedicat vos, Omnipotens Deus*!” when a woman rushed wildly into the Chapel, crying out at the top of her voice—

“Father Michael! Father Michael! the *Wolf* is outside, his troopers are lopping the trees, and hacking the furze-bushes, to set fire to the roof over your head!”

The men sprang to their feet—the women screamed—“My people!—my people!—my *own* people!” implored the Priest, in a loud impassioned voice, “hear me—hear God’s minister, and your old guide, before you move a foot from this sacred house.” The men stood still. “God bless ye,” cried out the grateful Priest, “God bless ye! now I will go myself and remonstrate with these violent intruders.” “They’ll hurt you, Father Michael,” remonstrated many of his flock, “They’ll hurt you if we are not by your side.” “God Almighty will be by my side, and between them and me,” devoutly replied the fearless Priest. He then hid the chalice in a secret part of the wall made for the purpose (a necessary precaution in those sacrilegious times), and solemnly walking down from the altar, proceeded along amongst his flock, and firmly strode out into the open air, holding a small wooden Crucifix raised in his hand.

In the meantime, a very significant movement was made by the peasantry: one body of men rushed to the door leading from the Chapel by the vestry, there they stood watching narrowly the result of the mission of their beloved Pastor, and determined to be ready to aid him if there was need—another body of men stood within the larger door-way, armed with heavy sticks, and resolved to attack the troopers, if necessary, before they could get on their horses; each woman stood close behind her husband, and would not leave her position for any entreaty; poor faithful women, they thought that if there should be a bloody battle, that they might shield their husbands’ bodies with their own.

The children were all placed on the altar-steps, and the old men congregated about the immediate vicinity of the front door, with the positive order, not to let the enemy close it when the fray began. This order at once will show the reader what manner of men these red-coated military heroes were, when the peasantry were convinced they would shut up as many men, women, and children, as they could, and set fire to the building to consume all together. Hence, the order to the old men was absolutely necessary.

Let us now accompany Father Maher on his perilous enterprise, and see how the Minister of the Lord confronted the emissaries of the devil.

About forty soldiers were busily engaged dragging furze and branches of trees towards the chapel. Some of the troopers held the horses of those merciful workmen, in the shade of the fir-grove, whilst the *wolf* himself, sitting quietly in his saddle, superintended the whole operations.

The priest advanced, and caught his eye in an instant, "Ha! ha!" laughed the wolf of the Galtees; "is the old fox unearthed already?"

"Earl of Kingston!" exclaimed the holy and venerable man, "Earl of Kingston! I adjure you in the name of the living God, not to desecrate this sacred Sabbath morning with murder and sacrifice!"

Here, the little boy already described in the chapel, stepped quietly out, and stood between the two speakers, looking at each curiously and alternately.

"How dare you impose your commands upon me, Father Dotard," retorted the wolf, reddening with rising anger.

"I *dare* say anything in the name of God, and under the shadow of his Holy Cross," replied the Priest steadily.

"I dare do more," he continued, advancing towards the hardened soldier.

"At him, Lion," cried the Earl, "at him!"

A huge black dog bounded from amongst the horses, and standing with head erect and blazing eyes, looked about for his victim. Some of the men at the vestry door stepped out to be in time, but the little boy slid gently up to the excited animal, and put his two tiny arms around his horrid shaggy neck. The brute acknowledged the kindness by lowering his head and wagging his tail.

The Earl foamed, and putting spurs to his horse, rode up, calling fiercely to the dog to come to him.

But the noble brute crouched only closer to the child, who patted his great head, and fondled him the more kindly.

"Here, Lion," now fairly roared out his exasperated master; the dog loosened himself away reluctantly from the arms that still embraced him, and crawling towards the horse's feet, seemed to look up to the rider for pardon. But the wolf never pardoned, and had no mercy; he drew a pistol and fired the contents of it into the crouching animal's body; he then drew a second pistol, but before he could make any use of it, there was a cry from the chapel, "Draw in Father Michael amongst ye!" "Take care of the child!"

"To horse! to horse!" roared Kingston.

It was too late, about twenty stalworth peasants had already sprang forward, and getting between the industrious furze-draggers and their horses, quickly overwhelmed the men who held them, and possessed themselves of all the holster-pistols, and the short carbines which were stacked upon the ground. Then taking their stand behind the animals they quietly awaited the further proceedings of the enemy.

The wolf was thunderstricken; his men had now but their swords, which they had been using in cutting down the furze to set fire to the chapel.

To add to his discomfiture, the now confident peasantry heard his order, "To horse," and replied to it by a loud laugh.

Father Maher again appeared as a peacemaker.

"Give them their horses, boys," he said, "and let them go their ways; we are not going to follow their example, either in plundering or murdering, give them their horses, they cannot harm us now, and for heaven's sake let us be quit of them."

"Father Michael, they do not deserve it from us, nor a less thing."

"No matter now, my good friends, let them go, let them go, for God's sake, for my sake."

With a bad grace, and not without much grumbling, the people relinquished the horses; and the crest-fallen soldiers quickly remounted, and sate in their saddles, awaiting the commands of their leader.

"Let my men have their arms, now, Sir Priest," demanded the Earl.

"Hold the arms for your lives," exclaimed Father Maher.

A loud cheer of gratified acquiescence followed this wholesome advice, at which the wolf writhed with impotent rage.

"Take my knightly honour," said he, scornfully, "that no use shall be made of the weapons against ye."

"My children," said Father Maher, addressing the people in turn, "never mind the knightly honour of a man who would burn to death both you and me, in one merciless flame, in our poor chapel yonder."

A shout of denial and defiance followed this second and most palatable recommendation.

"Go on Sir Earl," commanded the Priest sternly, "and repent of your crimes and pride while there is yet time. We forgive you, and may God forgive you your meditated massacre this blessed sabbath morning."

"Forward!" cried the wolf savagely to his men, "forward!" and as they spurred after their lord and master, the poor mangled dog attempted to follow also; he succeeded in reaching the Earl's boot with a feeble bound, but poured over it a mouthful of his heart's blood. The sight seemed to touch even that cruellest of men, and as the dying animal fell back, and tumbled under his horse's feet in his last agony:

"Poor Lion," he muttered, as he bent down for an instant, and saw him expire with a single convulsive shudder.

Yes, even that wolfish heart succumbed to a feeling of human nature, although but for a brute beast. Thus, history tells us, that some solitary hand strewed flowers upon the grave of Nero.

It was not however, in accordance with his habit, that the haughty and intolerant Earl should return to his castle, without satisfying to some extent, at least, the innate cruelty of his disposition. Accordingly, as he and his men rode furiously through the country, exasperated at their late defeat, and thirsting for vengeance on somebody, or anybody, or anything, to allay the fever of their baffled malice. They set fire to hay and haggard, to roof-trees and corn stacks—they hacked the cattle, and pursued their flying owners—and in fine, perpetrated any outrage that chance put in their way, or that their too retentive memories dictated to them. They were the rulers of the land—the rulers and the law-givers!

Unfortunately, in their furious headlong course, they came up with a travelling peasant who was journeying from one part of the country to the other. He was instantly stopped, questioned, and assaulted. The man's name was John Galwey—an Irishman and a Celt to the back bone. He knew the intolerant despots he had to deal with, and that he had no mercy to expect at their hands. Accordingly, his demeanour was firm and resolute, and neither insult nor violence could exact from him that slavish whine of terror and cowardice which his persecutors expected their presence should inspire.

After rifling his person for a long time in search of some testimony of crime or treason—as luck should have it, one of the party found a paper concealed in his hat—a shout of triumph announced the discovery, and the document was forthwith presented to the Earl. The gallant commander, however, was no scholar—at least he was not able to make any hand of the important manuscript. The sergeant of the band thought it was Greek. An old drummer who had served in the line, and was for a number of years on foreign service, pronounced it to be French—that was enough. Of course it was rank treason, and the wolf ordered the prisoner, off hand, to be flogged to death. From a neighbouring farm-yard a horse and car was at once procured, and the man strapped thereto by the belts of the yeomanry; but now there occurred a little difficulty—the *cats* was wanting. That very necessary implement of torture was for once forgotten in the outfit of the morning—an unusual oversight. “Break down some of the boughs from that tree yonder, and scourge him with them,” cried the wolf.

“It is an elder tree, my Lord.”

“Well, Judas, they say, hanged himself from such a one, the better then it is to flog a rebel.”

Accordingly they pulled the boughs, and having stripped their victim, commenced the work of torture in right down earnest. One of the party driving the horse along, whilst all the rest, in turn, one after one, dismounted to inflict the punishment, taking the bloody rods from the hands of their tired companions. The sufferer bore all with scarcely a groan, although the flesh was peeling away from his bare back from the unceasing flagellation.

The wolf eagerly listened for a cry or even a murmur, but no—the helpless man never winced—never even moaned. At length they came to a narrow mountain stream with a clean channel of sand and stones, and whilst the horse stopped to drink, the yeomen amused themselves by rubbing handfuls of the gritty alluvia into

the wounds they were so mercilessly inflicting. This was too much for human nature to endure in utter silence—and so, the poor fellow fairly cried out “O Lord! O Lord!”*

“I do not pity you a bit you damned rebel,” scoffed the wolf of the Galtees, thinking that the man addressed himself to him.

* The following are a couple of stanzas of the ballad found on the person of John Galwey—a ballad well known even to this day in the South of Ireland.

The readers of the “Celt” need not be told that it is neither Greek, French, nor German, but a pure emanation of the dear old Mother-tongue.

CEACHTARCEACHT DO'N MHIÚMHAIR.

“Beir leirín go bí 'n Mhúmhair uairne,
 A nún gíl 'ra ríon;
 'S 'nóir a b-corlad nún dóib,
 Go b-fu! a h-éar ná z-cóir;
 Zuir 'mo mairgbean nílir múnice,
 'S leabh fínean fionn zéal
 'S fearn breadhá aluinn lúcthar,
 Sagh úir uairn a z bneó!

“Céad léan air a h-Mhúmhair nán éirí,
 'S nán a bhair a h-éirí leó;
 Le air znean a zneibneac,
 Do bí fadhán a go leor;
 D'fadhábair fud go zéirí nín,
 'S a lán bair nánair 'nán b-cíntíoll,
 'S zuir a h-éar ná lánínn a z a bhair ná zéirí leó.”

which in rude verse, may run somewhat after this fashion—

A MESSAGE FROM MUNSTER.

Friend and ally—on to Munster—
 Take this letter—and away—
 And, this trial that awaits them,
 Fully, in this language, say:

That many a mild and beauteous maiden—
 And male-child fair, with hair of snow,
 And many a stalwarth youth is rotting—
 Lying in our grave-yards, low.

A thousand ills befall thee, Munster,
 That did not light the battle-fire—
 Sure, ye had weapons bright and sun-like—
 As any warriors could desire.

But, sick and girt with myriad foemen,
 Munster left us in our woe—
 Hark! the bands of war-like Leinster,
 Now, are dashing on the Foe!!

"You!" exclaimed the bleeding rebel scornfully, and looking up into his face—"You! I do not mean you, you cowardly tyrant!"

"Untie the fellow—untie the fellow," commanded the discomfited Earl, afraid of a repetition of such contemptuous language in the hearing of his vassals, "Untie him, and we'll hunt him through the country." This was an admirable thought—a sport, indeed, frequently practised by the heroic corps of whom we write.

The prisoner was unloosed.

"Now—fly for your life, you dog, for, the first man who overtakes you will cut you down."

The mangled wretch was one pool of blood; but, nevertheless, his indomitable spirit was still alive. He stooped, and taking up the gory sticks with which he was tortured, in one hand, he picked up a heavy stone with the other, and letting fly at the wolf, he missed him, but struck his horse's head such a violent blow that the animal bounded into the air and threw his rider backward upon the earth. In the confusion, away sprang the fugitive, still holding the crimsoned sticks within his grasp, and making for a boggy land which he knew must baffle his pursuers. On he ran, panting and bleeding, but still bearing up, as the hope of escape became stronger and stronger. He gained the morass, popped over it lightly, just stopped to raise some water in the hollow of his hand to wet his parched lips, and to cool his throbbing temples; then forward once more, though now more ploddingly and wearily; he was becoming weaker and weaker. He was now on the banks of the Funcheon; the tramps of the troopers' horses were momentarily audible and more audible—well, he could crawl no further. He dropped down into the river, just by a thick clump of rushes, and submerging his whole body, hid his head amongst them. At that moment, the horsemen rode up—they rode past!—he was safe!! He thanked God fervently, as their wild halloos echoed through the mountains, and their foot-steps died away upon the wind.

Some time elapsed after those events, and not a very long time neither, when it was whispered throughout the country that the "wolf of the Galtees" was no more. Many thought the report too good to be true, others disbelieved it altogether, whilst the great majority hoped that if the event did not actually take place, that it soon should. In reality, and in good truth, the stormy Earl's life was ended—there was no longer any doubt of it; the long trailing black flag was hoisted on the battlements of his castle, and his domestics appeared all in mourning. The Earl was dead!—The Earl was dead! The news spread like wild-fire, all over the land. A cry of joy and exultation followed the announcement wherever it was related, and even more; the peasantry forthwith prepared to celebrate the glad tidings by lighting a prodigious bonfire on a high hill very near, and commanding a full view of the dark stone walls where their arch-enemy was lying a cold and livid corpse.

On that hill, on that sultry night of mid-summer, was assembled as picturesque a group of mortals as ever was painted by the magic pencil of Michael Angelo.

In the background was a body of pike-men lying on the grass, each man with his weapon by his side, and the remains of a rude feast scattered about between them.

Near them, moved about a number of women and girls who had of late been evidently engaged in a series of culinary undertakings, for a large pot, hung from a triangle of poles, was still boiling merrily away, whilst the smouldering embers of turf and brambles were fuming beneath it.

The foreground, or brow of the hill, was occupied by an enormous pile of furze, brushwood, and other combustibles, ready for the application of the torch, and promising a formidable blaze that would mount up furiously into the heavens. About these materials of a gigantic bonfire, gamboled in continuous circles, numbers of men and boys, all clad in their holiday costume, and as merry and excited as if they were about to celebrate some annual rustic fete. They were waiting for the waning of the moon, in order that their fire should shine with the greater brilliancy and effect; besides, the darkness was to be the signal for other fires to be kindled simultaneously with their own. At length the propitious moment arrived, and a faggot of flaring furze was seen moving rapidly towards the ready pyre; in another instant a vapoury cloud of waving smoke crept up lazily into the air, swaying about in gusty volumes, and now and then darting forth a rapid serpent-like tongue of flame from its dark throat, then a thin pillar of light stood up straight in the midst of the dull murkiness, and at last, like a great sun, out opened a broad red sheet of unmingled light swallowing up all the dense darkness, as if at a single gulph, and making it mid-day all over the heathery hill. A loud shout heralded in the glorious conflagration, and was repeated again and again, as the reflection of the red glare danced upon the window panes of the distant towers.

At this moment a man was seen toiling laboriously and swiftly up the side of the hill and making towards the burning beacon—he came nearer and nearer—the people above recognised him—another deafning cheer followed the discovery—it was John Galway.

Now he was in the midst of them, but to their many warm welcomes and congratulations, he made no reply.

In his arms was a bundle of dried crisped boughs. Nobody there knew their significance—he cast them into the midst of the blazing mass, and then, watching them as they quickly burned into ashes,

“There ye go!” he muttered;—“follow him, follow him—into ashes, into nothing. God forgive us all, unfortunate sinners.”

The sticks thus reduced to embers were the elder branches, saturated with blood, with which poor Galway had been nearly scourged to death.

CAROLAN.

MY KATHLEEN.

(For the Celt.)

BLUE are the eyes of my Kathleen,
 Bright are her long yellow ringlets ;
 Soft is her step on the village green—
 Light as the May Zephyr's winglets,
 Warm as the sun on the mountain lawn—
 Sweet as the heath of Knocfeerin,
 Tender and soft as the Ceanabhan—
 Fleet as the breezes of Erin.

Loving and kind is my Kathleen,
 Constant and true to her duty ;
 Faithful and fond is my little queen,
 Humble yet matchless in beauty :
 Chaste as the lights that adorn
 The cold starry nights of November ;
 Pure as the calm glance of morn
 Upon the bright snow of December.

Oh ! she is so gentle and dutiful
 Heaven is smiling about her ;
 She is so bashful and beautiful
 Earth hath no idol without her,
 To me thou art honey and wine, my love,
 Queen of the bosom of whiteness ;—
 My spirit is tangled in thine, my love.
 Maid of the sweet smile of brightness.

All day by the rushing blue river
 I dreamt of my Erin and thee, love—
 For thou art the beautiful giver
 Of thoughts pure and lovely to me, love ;
 I'd rather live poor in my mother-land
 With thy sweet young smile at my side, love—
 Than rule as a prince in another land
 With an heiress of crowns for my bride, love.

Soft is the voice of my Kathleen,
 Her song is an echo of sweetness ;
 Like the spell-form'd harp of a fairy queen
 Touch'd by the wind in its fleetness.
 All around Shannon's green sunny shades
 Summer's bright moments I squander'd,
 She was the star among many maids
 To whom my heart's longings hath wander'd.

THE BRIDEGROOM FETCH.

I.

It was a summer's morning. The air was replete with the freshness and fragrance we suppose proper to a southern clime ; from mountain, lawn, and grove, there arose that murmur, confused and indistinct, which breathes peace over our souls, and raises our hearts in an act of thanksgiving to God. On some rude spirits, it is true, the loveliness of our land has no influence ; men gaze on it without reflecting on the goodness of Him who fashioned it in such surpassing beauty, without asking themselves what destiny a spot of so much glory and fertility has been formed to fulfil.

Two men, in deep angry altercation, were stationed on a narrow mountain road leading into the village of Newtownbarry. One, a youth in the earliest bloom of manhood, had reined his spirited horse obliquely on the path, and was bent slightly forward in the saddle, as if to express with more energy the words he uttered with such impatient gesture. The young horseman belonged to the peasant class ; but, as was evident from his mien and attire, he was in circumstances superior to most of his countrymen, and possessed a taste that prompted him, in the choice of a tailor, to select one who could display the personal outlines of the customers to most advantage. Perhaps after all more praise was due to nature than to the artisan, for disregarding the youth's manly and athletic form, his face would have excited the attention of the most indifferent observer. In his countenance, glowing with affection and candour, beamed that manly beauty which is said to be peculiar to those of his years, and which certainly indicates a heart free from the cares and passions of the world. A thin delicate whisker ran up into the yellow locks that clustered on his temple ; a natural smile of cheerfulness dimpled in the lines of the mouth, and comported well with the glance of the full blue eye whose expression told one that though the softer passions found a home in his bosom, they were unaccompanied by the ferocity or scepticism that lurks in eyes of a darker hue.

His companion, or rather opponent, was on foot. He was a man on whom the frosts of sixty winters had fallen, and if they scattered hoar among his hairs, they had knit more firmly the texture of his iron frame. There was that in his whole exterior which betrayed he was an object of dislike to his neighbours, while the lurking sneer of his features told how far he reciprocated the feeling. As was evident from some of his attire, he belonged to the local militia or yeomen, (a body in existence at the period when our story opens) and though he had laid aside the more inconvenient, he had retained the bayonet and carbine, the more formidable accompaniments of his calling.

"Stand ! halt, Sir," shouted the yeoman, protruding the bayonet as if to check the further passage of the horseman.

The beast curvetted at sight of the glittering blade, but the rider managed him with a dexterity acquired only by long experience ; "now," said the young man,

addressing the soldier in a tone of earnestness, "now, Billy Gough, you want to pick a quarrel wid me this mornin'; you know well I'm not afeard o' you, or e'er a man livin'. I never injured you or yours, though it's often enough you said to the contrary; another time, I wouldn't talk much, but."——

"Be George! it's little o' your edyfin' conversation I want, Mr. Thomas Clowry," interrupted the other, spurning a tobacco spittle on the horse's flank and making a bow, intended to be sarcastically polite.

"I know that," replied the other quietly, not noticing the disgusting evidence of the yeoman's hatred, "I know that, an' I know how to keep the likes o' you at a distance, too."

"Thin be jabbers," roared the other "you'd better put your knowledge in practice, if you've any regard for your health, for i' you don't keep your distance from my cattle farther nor you did last week, I'll larn you how to do it, be the tarnal frost, I will, I have enough to do in the day time to keep the king's paice from bein' broke by yiz. Papishees, without stayin' up nights to guard my own property."

"I'll put up wid this for the sake iv the day that's in it," said Clowry, in a tone of meekness, "for every one knows I wouldn't hurt a Christian craythur, lettin' alone a dumb basta."

"You kem iv a good natured family, he! he! he!" laughed Gough, "but good natured as you are, young gentleman, don't be cotch over my boundary, or this baggonet 'll"—

"I care neither for your tongue or your baggonet, nor for the tongues or baggonettes of every blood-thirsty yeoman in the County Waxford; but to-day, to-day," and here the youth paused "I'm goin' on a business for which I've asked God's blessin', an' you stop me, taunt me, insult me, down wid your carabine ould dog, or I'll split your bald pate."

"Ha! bloody Papish," howled Gough, at the same time cowering under Clowry's glance, "you'll swally thim words, I howld you, though now be off; to rise a rebellion I s'pose, or may be, to some of your damned idolathry."

"Hellish viper!" shouted Clowry, excited to a high and bitter passion, "none o' your insults to the religion o' my fathers;" at the same time aiming a blow at the yeoman's head. Gough, thrown off his guard, ducked to avoid the stroke, and was so stooped under the horse that he found his bayonet too long to be serviceable. In saving his head, however, he left a more substantial, and not less useful or respectable, part of his person exposed, when a second stroke of the whip, aimed with more precision than the first, fell with such effect that he performed a back somerset with more dexterity than a professional tumbler on a spring-board at Donnybrook fair. Throwing his carabine convulsively from him, the discomfited soldier sought refuge under the adjacent fence. Clowry pursued, with the intention of continuing the castigation, but his wrath was disarmed by the yeoman's supplicating gestures, and after bestowing on the wretch a look, which novel writers call "pity mingled with contempt," turned his horse's head, and galloped away.

II.

It is not necessary that we accompany Clowry to the various places to which his business led him. It is sufficient to inform the reader, that the young man was, on the next day, to be united to one on whom his youthful affections had been bestowed, and he was now on his way to the bishop of the diocese to effect minor preliminary arrangements required by the discipline of his church. Affairs having been arranged to his satisfaction, the bridegroom, for such we may now call him, turned his steps homewards. We cannot pause to enquire into the reasons that urged him to return by a different road, but, late in the afternoon, he found himself moving briskly up a narrow bridle path across one of those heathery slopes that abut from the northern side of Mount Leinster. If the few hours that elapsed since morning had not chased away every disagreeable impression of the rencontre we have described, the peculiar stillness of the scene would have brought peace to a mind even more perturbed. He was now approaching the dwelling of his future wife, and we may presume that the anticipated happiness of looking upon her whom he so much loved, awakened images of a character such as those who have been in similar situations will readily conceive.

Though there was nothing peculiarly wild in the situation of the Widow Dillon's farmhouse, there was, in its general appearance, something calculated to excite reflections of a less pleasing character than those usually awakened in the contemplation of a comfortable dwelling-house. This probably arose from its being situated in the middle of a sequestered dell, entirely bare, except in the immediate vicinity of the house, of other orders of vegetation than the Irish furze, hedgerows of which chequered the fields in every direction, waving in the breeze with a wild hissing monotony. Either slope of the valley was open to the action of the north wind, and during the greater part of the day, was darkened in the shadow of the precipitous mountain behind. A few remains of those formations that have so much puzzled antiquarians, and which popular credulity invested with the supernatural attributes one may suppose attached to the haunts of the fairies, earned for the place a romantic character altogether independent of its natural peculiarities. If judged only by the latter the locality possessed advantages to one seeking a quiet retreat from the turmoil of the deceitful world.

Whatever might have been the aspect of the vicinity, the dwelling-house itself bore evidence of the comfort which the Irish peasant never fails to enjoy when in a condition which national institutions evolve for the happier inhabitant of less favored lands. The pride and affection of an Irish mother united to give her daughter's home an appearance of respectability in the eyes of the wedding guests. Nor was their gratification less studied in a more substantial way. The atmosphere that surrounded the house was clogged with the odour generated by the culinary preparations within. With the laudable object of providing a wedding dinner superior to such as might be expected from persons in her sphere of life, Mrs. Dillon had procured the services of a spinster who, thirty years before, had been in the

metropolis, cook, slut, and dairymaid in the humble establishment of one Counsellor Botherem. This gentleman, though a lawyer of many words, was one of few briefs, and as the number and quality of his meals was influenced by the number and longitude of his briefs, the spinster's experience, acquired during a service of seven weeks, was confined to the cooking of dishes of the simplest kind. She had, with the widow's assistance, and an occasional suggestion from the maid-of-all-work, already prepared several dishes of a formidable appearance, and those who regard quantity as the first necessary of a good dinner could have no objection to the one which was in preparation for the wedding of Mary Dillon. The widow, the lady of science, and the maid-of-all-work, with several supernumeraries, were congregated beneath the large mantel-piece, puffing and blowing, ordering and counter-ordering, marching and counter-marching, when the hoofscatter of Clowry's horse arrested their attention.

"Wirrastreu!" shouted the mistress, looking through the spy-hole in the wall that separated the entrance from the ample fire-place, "how wor you Tommy, or Mr. Clowry, I ought to be callin' you now, I suppose;—Betty run down an' put the parlor to rights—I'll give you a douce o' the tongs i' you put too much coals on that bakepan—Sally, run look for Mary—how wor you, Tommy?"

"Faith, ma'am," said Tommy, vaulting from the saddle, "I'm betther nor my inimies would wish, an' betther nor I might be if I got my desarvins."

And throwing his horse's bridle over the catch, he was about to enter the kitchen, as the ordinary apartment of the house is termed, when the sight of Mary Dillon turned his steps in a different direction. The apartment in which she stood was opposite the kitchen (to which it is connected by the entrance from the front door,) and which in peasant parlance, is called the parlour. She was below the medium stature of her sex, of so youthful an appearance and so childish a demeanour as almost forbidding us to apply to her the name of woman. A full beam of the declining sun fell in through the solitary window of the apartment, mingling its golden tints with the gloss of her yellow locks, and lighting in more delicate hue the rosy blush of her cheek. A slight perturbation occasioned by the unexpected visit of her betrothed, added a spiritual expression to her beauty, that seemed to surround her with a halo we sometimes feel melt into our souls when we believe ourselves in the presence of a superior being. And, indeed, as the young man gazed on the mould of the neck, the pouting cherub lip, the high forehead, shaded by the pendant locks; as he met the dreamy, melancholy, glance of the eye, he might be pardoned if he attributed to her a nature superior to that of ordinary humanity.

For a while, Clowry paused; but, at length, approaching, and pressing the lovely girl to his full and thankful heart, "Molly," said he, with a depth of affection that rendered his voice tremulous, "Molly, I never thought till now that you wor half so lovely, an' I should be grateful to the heaven that sint you to be my bride!"

"An' should I be less thankful, that's goin' to have the pñde o' the parish for my husband?"

"Ah, Molly, Molly," he returned affectionately, "you should have spoke to me as

warm as that afore now ; I think I would have been a betther man, and though I couldn't love you more nor I do I'd have struv to be worthier iv you than I am."

"That heart," said she earnestly, and pressing her hand to his bosom, "that heart that I feel throbbin' wid the fulness iv its love would make you worthy iv a queen ! an' I'll strive to return every throb it gives, wid as fond a throb of mine. I never spoke so open to you before," she continued, after a pause, "it would n't be becomin' ; but now I don't care for our affection is goin' to be blessed !"

"An' heaven be thanked !" he returned earnestly, "more thanked than if it gave me a land whose vallies wor covered wid the yellow riches iv a thousand harvests, an' its mountains hushed in the roar iv the forests that crowned them, an' its rivers flowin' on wid as much pride as if they added more majesty to the ocean—ay, more thankful for you, my own darlint Molly, than if the kingdoms o' the world wor laid at my feet, for without you, what would the kingdoms o' the world be to me !"

"Or what," said she, looking eagerly into his face, "or what would life be to me, if I did n't live to love you—oh, if I could not love you, I would die !"

"Die ! hush, don't say that word, Molly ; it fell on my heart so—don't."

"It's sthrange," she returned ; "sometimes I feel the same way a'most myself, an' while ago whin I was sayin' my prayers for you—for us all—I came to the word 'death', and a could chill came over me, an' I thought the whole place smelt 'o' fresh clay."

Clowry laughed in the hope of dispelling the gloom he had unconsciously raised ; "May be, its out in the cabbage garden you read your prayers, ha ! ha ! ha !"

"What's this now," said Mrs. Dillon, boisterously pushing open the door, and speaking in a tone of assumed anger, "is it cryin' she is, whin she ought to be as merry as the birds iv May mornin'. Cheer up, cheer up, Molly a *haguir* ; its hard enough on you I know to be lavin' us ; an' now I'm sorry for what I'm after sayin'—Och ! its on'y natural ! I remember I never cryed so much as the day I was married.' But come down to the kitchen the both o' yiz—come down an' dhrink the boys healths ; they wor out in the cabbage garden an' I called them in whin you kem. Troth, the saison is too dhry for puttin' down cabbage, but we wor massacreed last Christmas for want iv it. Come down, an' spake to the boys."

"Mother," asked Mary, "don't ask me to go, I can't speak to thim now."

"Arrah why not child ?" said the mother, "why, if you be so down-spirited as this tomorrow you'll make a show of yourself, an' thim blackguard Meaghers 'ill laugh themselves black at us."

"Well, no mather this time, mother ; tell the boys to drink my health and for tomorrow, Tommy 'll be here early an' keep up all our spirits."

"I'll be up about eleven o'clock, I think," put in Clowry.

"Take care," said the widow, "you don't put off the weddin' till ten o'clock at night as Jack Muldowney did, bekaise he would'nt be paid the fortune down on the nail—ha ! ha ! ha !"

"Ten ! Oh I wouldn't keep yiz waitin' till ten for all the goold in Mexico ! dead or alive I'll be here at ten."

"Be here as early as you can," said Mary; "an' now good evenin', an' mind go straight home."

The couple passed through opposite doors of the apartment, she to her chamber, and he as he had been desired by Mrs. Dillon. As they were about to close the respective doors, each paused for a moment, and exchanged one deep melancholy glance. They seemed to feel that there was an evil impending over them, terrible and inevitable.

Clowry remained only a few minutes, praised the spinster cook, drank a few healths, and cracked a few jokes, then, vaulting into the saddle, he turned his horse's head in the direction of home.

III.

The political relations that have hitherto existed between England and us, have given birth to political maxims, entirely at variance with our received notions of Christian polity. The history of her connexion is a chronicle of subterfuges, which, while they have proved the greater ability of her statesmen, have called into action most of those illustrious men whose names adorn our national martyrology. Difference of interests, language, race, and religion, has been a power in traditional use among her statesmen; the gallows, the spy, the ruffian, have carried out the articles of her political creed; and, even now the cruel appliances of barbarous times have been only abandoned for the more degrading means of seats on the bench, situations in the excise, and dinners at the castle. Her policy has changed with the necessities of the hour; though in all cases the change has been effected by a display of force on the part of ourselves. These epochs of our history have at the least been characterized by the ferment and agitation of the public mind. Our story is an illustration. The period has been chosen when the resistance of the peasantry to the collection of tithes created the temporary disorganization, known as the Tithe Rebellion. The yeomen, the support and sympathisers of the ascendant faction, were drawn from the hated race and religion, and resided in the localities rendered notorious by the many acts of violence they committed under the sanction of law. The slender bonds of social order were rent; next door neighbours were in hostility, and distrust and mutual hatred were spread throughout the land.

The quarrel between Clowry and Gough, which we have described in our opening page, arose from this state of things. The latter was obnoxious to the people, not merely for the insults he had publicly cast on their religious observances, but also on account of deeds of a more detestable character, which he committed during the insurrection of '98. Some of the more ignorant and younger of his neighbours had, in their wild notions of retributive justice, maimed cattle belonging to Gough, and as his patch of land adjoined Clowry's farm, and the latter had been seen a few evenings previously crossing the yeoman's field, Gough was not slow, even on evidence so slender, in laying the crime to the young man's charge.

IV.

Early on the following morning, Clowry, accompanied by a few friends, as well mounted, and as tastily attired as himself, set out from his home, to which he hoped soon to convey his lovely bride. At a certain point of the road, he expected to be joined by his cousin, Mike Murphy, who was a quondam sweetheart of Mrs. Dillon and whose absence from the nuptials, would be regarded by the widow with feelings of displeasure. Chagrined at not finding Mike faithful to his appointment, the bridegroom requested his friends to continue their journey, and in case he should not overtake them, to make the occasion of his absence known to Mrs. Dillon, who, he knew, would readily accept the explanation in apology. Indeed, he was on terms so familiar in her household, that he might hazard a breach of etiquette, without incurring particular censure.

Mike Murphy took a prominent part in the agitation of the day, and, though in humble circumstances of life, was regarded by the inhabitants of his own townland at least, as a political leader of great tact and experience. It is true, Mike's wife and the dozen specimens of humanity that dawled at her heels, formed a respectable portion of his sympathisers; but we of West Britain, who so much admire a Coburg policy, cannot, for consistency's sake, venture to despise the political complications involved in a family party. We must acknowledge, however, that Mike was honest, a statement we could not make, without infringing the rules of common decency, of a majority of those who followed his profession in later times.

Clowry waited nearly two hours for the agitator, and at length, Mike dressed in best holiday suite, made his appearance.

"Good morrow, Mike," said Clowry, a little sulky, "this is a purty way you kep' your appointment; I'm so late waitin' for you, that I'm a'most ashamed to shew my face at the weddin' at all, at all."

"Oh good morrow, good morrow, Tommy—Mr. Clowry," replied Mike in a tone of excitation, acquired by his habit of public spouting, "you must excuse me—the public business—was up all night, keepin' an eye to the damned yeos."

"In throth," replied the other, quietly, "I think you keep an eye to the yeos oftner than you need; an' begor, it 'ud be sarviceable to you if the pair o' them was scooped out o' your head, ha! ha! ha!"

"The public business, sir, my duty to my country," said Murphy, in an indignant tone, "the humblest labourer in the land has duties to perform to his country; an so I said at the meetin' t'other Sunday; an' sez I, speakin' up loud, sez I, whoever pays tithe or church rates, commits a sin again' Heaven, an' inflicts a wound on his bleedin' counthry, sez I; an' moreover, sez I, whoever commits such a sin or inflicts such a wound, should be feathered and tarred."

"That was language fit for a lord," said Clowry, with a smile; and, indeed, we suspect a certain noble lord, from whom one might naturally expect better, meditates the revival of Murphy's school of rhetoric.

Much desultory conversation, similar to that quoted, took place between the two friends, in the course of which Clowry learned that the law officers, appointed to collect the odious impost of tithes, had been out on the previous day, and that, supported by a *posse* of yeomen, they had distrained cattle on the lands of a few farmers, that the seizure was drove into the village of Newtownbarry, where it was to be publicly disposed of at noon.

"I thought," said the agitator, in a tone of regret, "that I could attend the auction, to take down the names o' the bidders, though I think few 'll bid but rank Protestants; but, you see, if we remain long in the village, we wo'nt be in time for the weddin'. No matter, no matter—I'll take the coal o' your pipes to-night wid the new song.

- Oh listen all you Catholics, to what I'm goin' to tell,
How Counsellor O'Connell, he escaped his life right well;
To Belfast town, sure he wint down, to meet 'mong bigot min,
But thousands there surrounded him, to hunt him back agin.

Then says brave Tom Steele to all around, this conduct has me shocked,
An' stepped bouldly from the carriage, wid his pocket-pistol cocked,
Stepped bouldly——

"Oh Mr. Clowry," continued Murphy, "that's a song that might aiquil any o' Moore's himself. Do you know who made it? Phaly Doogan, over from the parish o' Ballen, an' he made it one day at dinner-time. That's the way he makes all his songs, for he says praties and butthermilk is the greatest inspiration in the European world. Them poets is quare fellows, for sartin I'd sing the rest iv it, o'ny here we are in Newtownbarry."

v.

Newtownbarry is more like a hamlet in the appenines than a village under our clouded sky. It is surrounded on three sides by those fertile undulations that characterize an agricultural region, while to the South Mount Leinster rises its heathery brow, adding the peculiar beauties of a mountain landscape to the other pleasing features of the scene. The approaches to the village are in most cases under the pendant arms of venerable trees, and there seems to dwell in the place, some of the stillness which we suppose to take up its abode only in the shadow of the forest. Even the murmur of the Claddagh, which runs through the broad market place, and the sigh of the elms, whose foliage bends to kiss the stream, add but the more to the spirit of repose that hallows the spot. The houses are, on the whole, of a better description than those usually met with in villages of its class, but there is in most of them an obtrusive frown of wretchedness, that saddens the heart, even amid the most beautiful scenes of our lovely land. From the middle of a grove, and standing out in relievo to the dark hills beyond, rises a beautifully moulded

spire, on the point of which a weathercock symbolizes, we are told, the variations that have taken place in the Anglican creed.

When our two friends entered the spacious market place they were saluted with the hum of groups who had gathered in, as they were accustomed every week, from the surrounding neighbourhood, to dispose of small quantities of agricultural produce, and bring their simple purchases in return. The peasantry of various conditions, of every age, and both sexes were running to and fro with that air of busy importance which we assume when we are engaged in the less vulgar concerns of life. The draft beasts were unyoked and attached to the carts, which being reared, presented a grove of shafts, whose perspective was lost in the shadow of the trees beyond. The cry of the venders, the loud laugh of friend chatting with friend, the neighing, squealing, and lowing of the quadrupeds arose from their various quarters, and mingled in a harmonious hum which died away on the bosom of the laney

Flanking the market place was a hotel, in the yard of which the cattle, we have said, were on the previous day, distrained for nonpayment of tithes, were secured, and where a strong detachment of yeomanry prevented the possibility of a rescue. Indeed, it would appear from the demeanour of the people, and the indifference with which (unless, perhaps, with a few individuals) the approaching auction was regarded, that no such attempt was contemplated. The yeomen were, however, prepared to repel an attack and marched from their quarters in close column, driving before them the cattle to the place where they were to be auctioned off, at the opposite side of the village. The column defiled through the place, and every obstruction occasioned by the temporary arrangements for sale, were hastily removed. Though a few boys, excited by the curiosity which boys evince on such occasions, walked in a crowd parallel to the column, most of those of more advanced years had removed from the immediate spot.

The soldiers advanced, enduring the taunts thrown out by the boys from a respectable distance, and grinning at the caricatures made on the awkwardness of their evolutions. They had now advanced close to the first of the row of elms we have said ran up along the street, and around the trunk of this tree the idlers who had preceded the soldiers had taken a stand. The crowd meditated no attack, but some of its members, less considerate than the rest, threw pellets of mud at the advancing column. "Halt, square, present, fire," shouted the officer, and quick as the word of command, the soldiers taking deliberate aim fired a round on the peaceful crowd. There was a loud shriek, the people ran into the houses, or leaped the walls that surrounded the market place. The urchins who had afforded the happy pretence, scampered away unscathed, and after the first volley the street was almost cleared. Two horsemen, whom the reader will at once recognise, were approaching at a brisk pace and in a line direct on the yeomanry, when the report of the musketry arrested their progress.

"The devils! the bloody yeomen, forward Clowry, let us charge them, forward man, they're murderin' us," and with these words the frantic Murphy put spurs to his horse and drove him furiously towards the serried square. Clowry followed with

an impulse to save his friend whom he called loudly by name ; but a second volley brought the foremost horse and rider to the ground. The bridegroom leaped from his horse to extricate what he supposed the corpse of poor Murphy ; he bent horror struck, over the bleeding body ; he heard the orders of the officer repeated and obeyed, he turned his head, and his eye met the fierce glare of Billy Gough settled on him in savage triumph, " fire," shouted the officer, and the last volley was fired. The street was deserted, not a sound but the thick breathing of the ruffian soldiery, and the echo of the musketry reverberating in the hills beyond. A blue spirit-like volume of smoke curled among the rustling foliage of the trees, a number of bodies lying here and there were the sad, sad evidence of the deed of blood.

VI.

On the Bridal day one experiences the sensations, the passions of a life. Hopes may be blighted or realized, but whether or not that eventful day is big with the destiny of the future. Who does not regard it with anxiety, even though habit or temperament accustoms him to look with indifference on the most unusual occurrences of life.

Mary Dillon was too sensitive a being not to rise on the bridal morning with a spirit more than usually perturbed. She was melancholy, nay gloomy, though the humblest member of the household partook of the hilarity of the occasion. She walked out ; to some the song of the birds seemed more joyous than on other days, but it fell on her ear like the chant of a funeral hymn. The guests gathered in. She endeavoured to be joyful ; but her smile wore a sickening artificiality, and the youngest of the party might have noticed the unnatural mirthfulness of her laugh.

The mother observed the sadness brooding on her daughter's brow. It will fly in the presence of the bridegroom, she thought. But no bridegroom came. The friends who preceded him, arrived, and gave the apology he had sent ; the widow was flattered ; she pictured the mirth Mike Murphy would occasion, and the dance and song went on as before. The day wore on. Still no bridegroom. The priest had arrived, and everyone felt how awkward was the situation of the bride. She sat apart ; her arm rested on the back of the vacant chair, close to her own, her fingers playing convulsively in her golden locks. Her eye was anxiously settled on the door ; her ear caught the slightest sound, and her thick breathing became audible in the farthest end of the apartment.

The entrance of the priest suppressed the more boisterous mirth. The select company, gathered in the parlor, had recourse to chat ; they spoke almost in whispers, every one was diffident in entering on a general conversation which they supposed it to be proper to the superior dignity of the priest to introduce. He was a young man, fresh from college, was unaccustomed to mixed company, and his taciturnity heightened the general embarrassment still more.

Mrs. Dillon, like her daughter, sat somewhat apart. Her arms were folded in matronly dignity, a dark circle, round her eyes gave to her features a painful expression of disappointment; her mouth wore a firm, though scornful smile. her pride was excited at the slight she conceived was cast on her beloved child. The spinster cook whispered that the roast beef was spoiled, the widow mentally wished the spinster might be roasted herself.

Evening fell; the farther limits of the apartment were lost in gloom; the blue eyes of the bride still fixed steadfastly on the door seemed to look out from the gloom into which her flowing hair was shaded off, and which throw out the more prominent lines of the bridal robe in bold relief. Evening among the mountains fills the whole being with feelings of awe. Our frames thrill with every deeper shade, till the material part of our being seems at last to succumb to the God-like power of soul. It was, perhaps, this mystic power that drew the guests around the window, they nestled together, to watch the last light of the dying day changing its hues on the summit of Mount Leinster. Lovers ceased to whisper, even to be unconscious of the hand in which their own was clasped. Every eye was settled on the mountain. The light changed its hues quicker than the souls that were hushed to contemplation in its glow became conscious of the change. Sometimes grotesque figures of giants seemed to gallop down the hill sides; again, spectral, terrible spirits seemed to threaten destruction on all below; again, it was sadly beautiful, and, at last, it melted off into the still settled hue of night.

A sharp quick exclamation from the bride startled every one in the chamber, all turned their eyes. The bridegroom was standing by the vacant chair, the outlings of his figure mingled in the gloom behind, his face alone being distinctly visible. It was pale, but not haggard, and bore an expression of mild melancholy. He motioned slowly with his hand as if to invite the bride to rise. She arose. The priest made a movement, as if to commence the ceremony, when he was arrested by a loud cry of sorrow, and Mike Murphy burst into the apartment. Every one turned to gaze on the intruder.

"Oh *mile*, murther, ma'am, honey," shouted Mike covering his face with his hands—Mrs. Dillon, ma'am, Tommy is"——

"Dead!" shrieked the bride; they turned; she was prostrate on the floor; none but herself had seen the entrance or disappearance of the Bridegroom Fetch.

(To be continued.)

The Celt.

JUNE, 1858.

PROVINCIALISM NATIONALISED.

SURELY the words are incompatible—their meaning is antagonistic. We are provincial, and provincial solely, because we have ceased to be national. Ireland has no distinct nationality, and hence she is a province, subordinate to the will and rule of masters, born beyond her soil, resident far from her soil, aliens to her blood, race, and religion. Now these non-resident legislators and rulers are daily moving in the direction of what is called either “assimilation,” or “centralization.” Assimilation meaning not a mere blending of two opposite materials into a new compound, as the chemist combines oil and alkali to make soap; but the virtual annihilation and destruction of one material, so that the other shall remain predominant, and existent after the material brought in contact with it has disappeared, much after the fashion that water might be supposed to be assimilated with fire, in the grasp of whose power it is decomposed and perishes. Yes, to be Anglicised is to lose our national and characteristic identity, to merge everything Irish and Celtic in, not a British union, but a British supremacy. Is this description of assimilation an exaggerated one? No candid man, even though he be a British assimiliist, durst say it is. He knows that the very men who bluster about assimilation, in the same breath will manufacture laws separate and distinct from those of England, for the government of this province of Ireland; laws to insult the people, even as they kneel at heaven’s gate, by seeking to degrade and manacle their religion and its pastors; laws to coerce, to disarm, to exile the branded provincials, who can be thus separately legislated for as helots, by laws never extended to England; and this is the British legislator’s notion of assimilation! But perhaps we do an injustice to our Saxon rulers; though they consider us unfit to have the same laws as Englishmen, in the direction of either personal or religious freedom, they yet think it quite right that there should be an assimilation of taxes. It is not necessary even to consider our strength or our resources; English duties, English income tax, English excise, are henceforward to be shared equally here and in England, and the last blow of the hammer will, in another session perhaps, drive the nail home by adding the assessed taxes of England to the break-back burthen which already bends Ireland to the very earth.

Assimilation, foully misused word, it assimilates our money into the British treasury, our peasants into British soldiers, the blood of our people into cement for the temple of British conquest, and assimilates British liberty back to us—never! “It is a one-sided bargain,” as honest Pat says at the fair, when he finds himself over-

reached in a contract. Then comes that other delusive word, "centralization," the wisdom of which appears to be explainable upon the principle that the British minister has got hold of the boots, spectacles, and long ears and arms of the fairy giant, who sat in his own castle, and thence heard and saw all over the world, kicking and clawing wherever he willed, as a great giant ought to do ; but like the giant he must needs have rest sometimes ; when awaking, and finding wool in his ears and sand in his eyes, his clawing and kicking may tumble down his own strong castle. Which heaven forbid, says every true Englishman, and to which being assimilated, and half centralized, we do not respond, amen !

Having no faith in this mode of assimilation, and no confidence in such centralisation—not believing either to be in the remotest manner for the good of our country ; but upon the contrary knowing and feeling that both are productive of most grave evils to this poor old land, we do earnestly raise up our hands and voice against that provincialism which leaves us unable to resist the ignorant misdeeds of our foreign rulers.

How is this to be done?—is a question often heard from the lips of many a true Celt—a question that has been communed between us and our very soul for many a long year. Is there to be no reply ? We feel there is.

If it be true as we put it, that this mock assimilation be a delusion whose end is to be national ruin to Ireland ; if it be true that this system of centralisation, practicable or otherwise, can but benefit our rulers at our most serious loss, then it behoves us to awake and look about us, and see how we can best resist a system fraught with the deepest misery to us and ours. If, moreover, we find that our neighbours all around us get on better than we do—encounter less insult—have a freer worship—more liberty—less taxes—a commerce and trade such as we might have had, and have not—an amount of home comfort, peace and wealth, and manly independence, we are strangers to. If we find our masters ever jealous of the slightest attempt at advancement in Ireland, actuated by a spirit such as that which annihilated our woollen trade in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and forbid an Irish transatlantic trade in the middle of the nineteenth century, and which buys up, with British place or treasure, every purchasable man of our race, who shews either faith or energy in our cause. If, in totting up the account between us and our rulers, we find we have surrendered our freedom, our honor and virtue, our gold, and our very heart's blood, to swell a British grandeur in which we do not participate, and a British prosperity of which we get no share—then it becomes a duty to awake and look for a remedy.

There is no need for angry words or ill names ; an earnest man can have his own again if it were lost without either dark curses or hard blows.

To look for one's just rights does not need unrighteous word or weapon.

In other words, all these evils may be remedied in a manner within what is called the constitution, and not outside the law.

Discreet men, wise men, true men, are now ready to so look for it.

But all men are not agreed upon the path best to first enter upon. One says, set-

the land question, give stability to the farmer and the peasant before you ask him to face his landlord who is his absolute master. Another says, pull down that Church Establishment which is the foremost and strongest fortress of Ireland's oppressors. A third says, begin with measures of reform. A fourth adds, the only remedy lies in the right to make our own laws—and it is well to know this last class is a large one in Ireland to-day.

"Unite all, try each and never give up," is the motto of a Tipperary letter. We would engrave those words on the basalt of Antrim, and write them upon a banner at Cape Clear, until every eye might read them, every ear hear them, every lip utter them over the length and breadth of the land. Then would the beginning be the end.

But great events come slowly; it takes time to elaborate plans and means, and to satisfy thinking men of the rectitude and practicable nature of what is proposed.

A Nationalist writes from Kerry: "I fear it cannot be done, the quarrel has been too angry and too sore for us to trust each other again." He speaks of young and old Ireland, and it were a sad omen if he spoke truly. We know he overrates the nature of the quarrel, and underrates the good sense of our countrymen.

A large number of Irishmen thirst for this re-union—some of the best men in Ireland approve of it, and we know that the announcement of its begun formation will be the rallying signal for a considerable number of men, who anxiously wait and watch, but have not yet spoken.

Over haste would be unwise, but prolonged hesitation and delay might be seriously prejudicial.

We have already expressed our opinion, an opinion held by us in common with hundreds of our countrymen, that the country has lost two great opportunities, in which it might have diplomatised its liberties, and lost them for no other reason than this: there was no union, no common centre of action, no council or body of men united and ready to deal with the emergency, by advising, suggesting, or directing the country what to do. It was impossible the body could have arisen with the emergency, and it had no previous existence. Therefore the opportune time died out, as though it were barren, and left no result behind it for Ireland. Will men with brains ever working for Ireland, hearts ever pulsating warmly in her cause, permit a third such opportunity to find them still asleep?

Forbid it Liberty—Avert it Heaven.

Nay, were other incentives needed to put us on our guard into the future, they might be found, in the suggestion of events, not improbable; which events, if they find us unprepared to meet them, may jeopardise our very persons, and all on earth we hold dear.

Let us just quietly calculate such an emergency as this, an extension of resistance in India, the loss of the British army now there, every soldier in these countries ordered to Hindostan to meet the foe, and just at the same serious hour, a widening of the breach with France into a quarrel about to end in blows. A hostile army ready to descend upon England or Ireland, no certainty of where the invading cannon might first boom in such a terrific struggle between such rival nations. It would

be the hour when every man should be ready with a soldier's hand to take his place. But if such an emergency found the country headless and guideless, one can well imagine the confusion of all things, the different advices and councils which should be offered from various sources, urging the most opposite courses and for the most opposite reasons. It needs little foresight to say that under such circumstances and with such discrepancy of opinion, all would be lost, and lost, for want of some guiding council. How different should be the result if amid such events, the people had a council to look to, who had already without legal difficulty or embarrassment, organized the country as one man, had already obtained modified tenant laws, and secured the occupier of the soil against his oppressors, had obtained laws restoring back the immense church property of Ireland to purposes of education and poor relief, and had swept from the statute books those odious laws which oppress, or brand as inferior, any man because of his religious belief. The body who would have achieved these, or even some of these measures, and who while effecting them had remained pure from the stains of British corruption, would have proved themselves worthy of the country's confidence, and would indubitably possess it. Under such circumstances such a body of men would be the council and guide of the nation. Their advice tempered by prudence, emanating from sound judgments, founded upon wisdom and patriotism, would be adopted. Who can foresee the evils that would be escaped, the ruin that would be avoided in following such guides, and the good, the blessings, and the happiness, they should secure and for ever to the country they belonged to !

It is no imaginative assumption that such an emergency may come, the science of probability points to it with correct calculation as possible, and contingent upon the events hourly passing before our eyes. Politicians talk of it, statesmen are planning to anticipate it. Shall we alone, of all the world, stand listless and with folded arms, to witness its advent in stupid, besotted, silent, inactivity ? If we were so blinded to the future, so incapable of all manly thought and energy, then, indeed, might our enslavement be considered as an inevitable and a befitting destiny : for, in the face of the world, we should have displayed ourselves as helots, incapable of appreciating, and unfit to enjoy man's station and man's liberty.

Unprovided for such a state of things, we should fall ; but if provided for the struggle, we, at least, would come out of it unscathed and regenerated.

A single example explains what we mean ; other events, equally important, might take the place of the one we have alluded to, or might anticipate it. It matters perhaps but little from what quarter of the horizon the event was ushered ; the serious consideration here would be, how to meet it, what to do, or what not to do. And then would come the further consideration of what was to be done when the roughness of the storm had passed away. No suddenly raised up guiding power or council would be able to pilot the vessel of our country's happiness and freedom, through the unknown currents in which it would be tossed and wrecked, for want of the forethought and knowledge, pre-arranged and concerted to meet it as it should be met.

These are serious considerations, and they are manifold as well as serious. Is the British minister to be met as Irish patriots should meet him, by a truly

“independent opposition?” Organize for it. Is tenant right to be won? Organize for it. Is the church establishment to be remodelled or changed? Organize for it. Is Ireland to have a domestic legislature? Organize for it. To achieve those measures, is it necessary to speak as a unanimous people, rather than as classes or factions? Then let your organization embrace the supporters of all these measures, so that when it speaks it shall be a national voice, and not the voice of a section, or a party which shall ask in an attitude not likely to be denied. And if we fall upon worse times, and more evil days, let our unanimity fit us to encounter the destiny before us. Properly advised, judiciously and constitutionally organized, wisely headed, the people will act and move from a common source and by a common impulse. So moving and acting, the result will be certain. It is a picture with two sides; the one beautiful and glorious, the other sad and terrific. It is time to decide which shall be Ireland’s picture. Irishmen, it is your country itself that hangs in the balance, and your hands hold that balance.

It is a misty and clouded future, hard no doubt to see through it. The waters are troubled, and the vessel rises and falls with every wave. The crew are busy, but are all hands pulling kindly, and under befitting command? Alas, no,—they pull different ways, and obey many commanders. The vessel is going to pieces!—or, under suitable command, all hands pull well, and obedient to a common controul she weathers the storm. She rises out of the ocean, uninjured, resurgent, free. *

THE KNIGHTS OF THE PALE;
OR,
IRELAND FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY C. M. O’KEEFFE, ESQ.

(Continued from page 112.)

CHAPTER X.

“ And from the farthest wards was heard,
The rush of coming feet,
And the broad streams of flags and pikes,
Dashed down each rousing street.
And broader still became the blaze,
And louder still the din,
As fast from every village round,
The horse came spurring in.”

Macaulay.

As rumours had spread far and wide through the province of the spears,* of magnificent tournaments in the city of the swords,† buzzing multitudes came swarming in at

* Leinster.

† Dublin.

the very earliest dawn, especially the Dugals and Fingals, the O'Byrnes, O'Tuthila, and O'Kavanaghs; prodigious crowds, with their wives and children, flocking and strolling from all directions. In their capacious mantles, pointed caps, and tight trews, these bearded strangers loitered round the thick-ribbed walls, gaped at the great portcullis, and heavy iron gates of the city, admired the noble cathedrals and grim towers, but above all, the great lists glaring with quaint devices and curious emblazonry in Hoggen Green. These multitudes did not consist exclusively of spectators. Pious pilgrims, covered with dust and brown with the weather, staff in hand, with long chaplets flowing from their girdles, came trooping and trudging in groups and clusters, to perform their holy "stations" on bare knees round the diamond water of St. John's Well, jealously guarded by the tall lances and long white mantles of the Red Cross Knights of Kilmainham. This roaring and tumultuous scene presented the bustling appearance at once of a carnival, a fair and a religious solemnity. There was a continued advance, like the flow of the tide, in that sea of men—a moving file of piebald pedestrians, mounted horesmen with women behind them, and oxen-drawn cars. Among the crowds the vociferous *flaagahs** were the most conspicuous, from those wands or staffs, nine feet high, made of ash, and garnished with bands of brass or yellow knobs, which they carried sturdily in their muscular fists. This staff was a kind of portable sign-board, which advertised the utility of the bearer without the circumlocution of a placard. These *flaargah* were carried by *ceards* or braziers, mummers, quacks, and *boccos*. The scene abounded with "Irish mimi" (a species of comic actors), *clauragher* (harpers), *Tympanours* (tabourers), *Crowthers* (the earliest violin players), *Kerraghers* (players at chess or tables), *rhymers*, *skallys* (ranconteurs or tale-tellers), bards, and others. Representatives of nearly all the tribes in Ireland might be found in this crowd, in their brilliant jackets, glistening with gold, and their yellow tunics,† with ruffles garnishing the waist, with plaid cloaks and scarlet mantles; *barreads*‡ of many shapes, and brogues of many patterns. If we saw them now, we should laugh at the great "fell of hair" surmounted by a small cap, which they gloried in, and the great beards extending to their girdles, which concealed their necks. Here comes a crazy, covered chariot, creaking and jolting slowly along, drawn lazily by two sluggish beeves, well harnessed with rush ropes, and having staring eyes, looking apparently for some philosophic explanation of the noise and hubbub that thickens around them, but really smelling out and desirous of merely an additional meal of fresh grass. They lazily whisk away the flies with their swinging tails, and patiently waddle forward with their rumbling chariot, which is alive with children and women who have thus dilatorily travelled from some remote part of the interior, for weeks. Here is a beggar on his knees, making his way through the crowd with a great staff in his hand—a prodigious man, who if he stood upright, must be apparently seven feet high. He is perpetually imploring alms and repeating prayers in a rough, grim clamorous tone; a hypocrite in the opinion of the worldly, a saint in the opinion of the poor. Lo! beyond there an affrighted horse spreads destruction, as he makes his way at the top of his speed through the flying people, who clear the road for him

* From *flaargah*, a wand.

See Cover.

† Caps.

with wonderful celerity, as he whirls away or tumbles down the wicker asyla of several families.

Stationing ourselves among the ungreeted poor who loiter near Dame Gate—unheeded by haughty barons and fierce clansmen—we shall observe those who sweep out of the city. First,—with the sound of bannered trumpet and the joyous rattle of the drum, a pair of heralds—their tabards stiff with gold—come riding forth from between the famous towers that flank the renowned gate of our Lady in Dublin. Then a second pair of heralds precisely similar to the first, and like them glistening in gilded tabards, rode out from that embattled portal. Then the train bands of the city—shouldering their halberds or pikes, and capped with morions, come, company after company, through that loop-holed and iron-studded gateway. Behind these striding pikemen, whose warden rode a termagant horse, came the legal functionaries punctiliously pricking forward on sober geldings, one by one, at a snail's pace—the Lord Justiciary, the Lord Keeper, and other functionaries. Then the standard bearer of Ireland emerged from the city, side by side with the sword bearer of Ireland, and these were followed by the Earl of Kildare riding a tall and powerful roan, brilliant with gorgeous caparisons of silk and silver. The Earl was guarded by a band of arquebusers, stern-looking fellows, with crooked powder horns gallantly slung at their sides, with leathern pouches to hold their balls, and matchlocks in their hands. The most remarkable figure in the procession—at least the figure that was most remarked—was the marshal of the city, a small, thoughtful looking man, with a well-proportioned person, a square forehead, and cheeks hollowed by time. Well-known among the townsmen by the familiar title of Tom Neylrod, a more knightly form than Tom's did not sally from Dame Gate. His waving plume was conspicuous for its size and beauty, and he sat on his charger like a lord of high degree. An ardent champion of civic rights and a fluent—if not an eloquent speaker—his appearance was hailed with a murmur of applause, "more power to Tom, the scissors for ever, may be Tom does not ride well." A cloth merchant by trade, Tom exported those noble serges which an Italian poet has honoured by eulogising. The splendor of his helmet greaves and cuisses glowing with gold, might be equalled, but could not be surpassed, and his diminutive stature was compensated by the tallness of his charger and height of his plume. But it was not these things which really made him vain—the jangling of the keys of Dublin, swinging at his girdle, was the true source of Tom's self-importance.

Winding out of the city through the magnificent gate of our Lady, the cavalcade thundered over the hollow draw-bridge which then spanned the river Poddle—a river that skirted the walls and filled the fosses of Dublin—and with all their pennons flying the Fingallian horsemen—who looked like moving masses of polished steel—came sweeping into Hoggen green with a great circuit, where they drew up amid the hurrahs of the mob. The sports of the day had already commenced with the melodious thunder of martial music, for the arena was early occupied by two blind men, whose clumsy eagerness to secure a well greased pig, which slipped out of their clutches with wonderful lubricity, were contemplated with roars of rude laughter by the Plebeians.

CHAPTER XII.

"They passed the Elvira gate, with banners all displayed,
 They passed in mickle state, a noble cavalcade,
 What proud and pawing horses, what comely cavaliers,
 What bravery of targets, what glittering of spears."

Lockhart's Spanish Ballads.

The hunter who pursues game in the midst of the wilderness is, according to illiterate writers, the happiest of the human race. Refreshed by freedom and chequered with vicissitude, his life it is supposed, is enlivened by the excitement of chance and free from the wearsome uniformity which makes civilized existence insupportably monotonous. But this is a mistake. The happiness which is predicated of the savage is really possessed by the beggar. The Mendicant enters a great city as the hunter enters a great forest. Like him he is engaged in a chase, animated with the keen excitements of casuality and chequered with the fascinations of vicissitude. Alternately depressed by fear and elated by hope the tediousness of ordinary life is banished by the agitation of a pleasing anxiety. Every meal is a victory, which, won by solicitation is invariably consumed with a hearty appetite. No man is so happy as the sturdy beggar. The sour and sweets of life are so felicitously blended in the tessellated cup of his life that if to-day he starve to-morrow he dines with a relish and satisfaction that compensates amply for his temporary hunger. However, should the reader doubt this statement—the test is not difficult—let him try.

While the grand procession from the church of the Holy Trinity to the lists was sweeping by in quaint, grotesque and gorgeous splendour, with blazoned tabard and sounding trumpet, with flashing lance and blazoned shield, with every variety of costume—barbed horses and mail-clad riders—the *bocca* roared aloud, "Oh! good christians! the light of glory to your souls, and give a little charity to the poor poor *bocca*—a horn of drink or a *meskaun* of butter—a grain of meal or a streak of flax or a bit of chicken, or anything at all in place of them, and God have it in store before you on the last day. I pray the saints Amen. *Son as Ort* my lord, *Son as Ort* my lady, Oh! Heaven shower prosperity and happiness on your two heads and place your sons on proud high prancing horses, and shield you with his mighty arm from *gilla gilleen** that would whisk away your darlings like the innocent brood of the pibald hen. Oh! good christians give your charity to the poor helpless lame *bocca*, and its he will pray for you for ever and do hard penance for your final salvation:—the penance of the well of *Issa*†—the penance of the fountain of Bride, and the penance of the Lord of the sabbath-day, the red lake, ‡ and the slab-stone of St. Dona. Oh! good christians take pity and have compassion on that poor lame friendless object that crying from want and craving your charity, and may your sins be light and your deservings heavy in the just balance of the Angel Michael on the terrible day, when our souls are weighed in the nice scales of the great judge. Oh! Sir Knight, the champion of the weak—the hero of Green Eire—put the crown of mercy on the helmet

* *Gilla gilleen*—the devil.

† *Issa*, Jesus.

‡ *loc* *beang* the red lake.

of valour, and you'll have victory in war and luck in the tournament. Oh! dear lady have pity on him that's weak, and lame, and crippled, and sore, and hoarse with fruitless crying for charity. Oh! thou rosy branch of flowering beauty turn your bright eyes on the poor helpless beggar. Oh! extend that generous hand—unrivalled in beauty and brilliant with rings to my relief this day. Oh! lady dear there is always compassion for poverty in that breast that's whiter than snow. Mouth of wisdom and pearl of beauty! lovely winner of the highest garland when virgins compete for palm of supremacy. Oh! polished mirror of the women of Fola. Charming daughter of an excellent father, and of the very best mother that ever was seen on the face of the earth! Fragrant head with the clustering ringlets that shall surely marry the imperial son of the mighty king below the ocean, turn your radiant, compassionate, beautiful eyes on the sorrowful, weak, poor, hoarse, crippled old man who has no spot to rest his white head when the rapid descent of the sun leaves him desolate in darkness, groping alone, alone, alone."

"Thigie a *vourneen*, you'll never succeed with that funeral dirge, try a song, man, give the ladies a song," exclaimed a voice in the crowd.

"Yes! give us a song," vociferated two or three of the bystanders, "give them a song, and they'll give you a largess."

Encouraged by this exhortation, the *bocca* cough'd and "made as if about" to sing, but apparently losing heart, "There's no music in me, God help me, no music at all," the cripple screamed out.

"Take courage, man! sing a verse in praise of the ladies,—that's what will open their hearts."

Thus, strongly encouraged, the cripple, after a world of refusals and scratchings, coughed again, and finally began, in the voice of a goat.

"Here's a health to the laugh of her loved little lips;
There's no music in Greece but that sound might eclipse;
Faith the workman well knew how to fashion the fair,
Who arranged her white teeth with such exquisite care."

"Hurrah for Thigie, there never was a better song." The cripple smiled, and resumed:—

"Quaff a cup to her bosom, as smooth as the plumes
Of the dove on its nest, that's embower'd in perfumes;
Though it's veiled in the blossoms, and coyly at rest,
Yet, the hand of a poet shall rife the nest.

Come a health to her hand, all so snowy and small,
For the harp-strings it strikes grow mellifluous all;
Not a leaf in the forest—nor bird in the air—
But it lives on the web she embroiders with care.

Drink a health to her cheek, where the bloom of the rose,
By the side of the lily luxuriantly grows;
In her heart and her soul there's a radiance divine,
And it lights all her form, like the lamp of a shrine.

Come, a health to the nymph from the top to the toe;
For her smile beams delight on a minstrel I know;
There never was a tale, from the time of the flood,
But the bright one could tell you the tale if she would."

"Oh! good Christians, take pity on the poor lame man, that has no place on the face of the wide world to rest his poor limbs, but the back of the rock or the hole of the mountain; he that's as desolate as the bird in the air, or the *madra Alta** that skulks in the wood. His plough never furrows the field; his scattered corn never sprinkles the earth; he owns no bellowing herd to meet him in the evening, lowing for the pail. In his plantation the cuckoo never sings; and when every haggard is crowded with corn, the poor man has not a sheaf. He has no friend to lighten his load; no wife to cheer his despair, and no companion to comfort him. Oh! pity the desolate outcast, who meets no welcome, from little or big, or young or old, or great or humble, in city or town, in baron's hall or swine-herd's hut, but cold looks and bitter rebukes. Oh! pity the poor lame man, whose friends are down below the ground, with long grass flourishing over them. Oh! Oh! Oh! they're dead and gone—they're dead and gone, who left him friendless, and poor, and banished, and sore, to creep upon crutches, and hobble on stools; a poor helpless atom, in the big broad, devouring mouth of the voracious world."

"Oh, that's a holy man," exclaimed a one-eyed fellow in the crowd, with a confidential emphatic manner, "That's a holy man," he whispered.

"'Tis the black mark that was set upon him," observed a bystander in allusion to a popular persuasion that personal deformity was a token of God's displeasure.

"Believe me," said the one-eyed speaker, "he was not always a cripple. For seven years he lived to my knowledge in a black cave, in Borna Breena—doing penance night and day. Well, at the end of the seven years, they say he prayed one day for a *falaing*,* to comfort his poor bones; 'If you're cold in this cave,' said a solemn voice, 'go out and warm yourself in my sunshine,' said the voice. 'Oh, merciful Father,' said the poor hermit, for he was always a little light in the head, 'is it no *falaing* you have to give me only the sun.' 'If you wait for seven days,' answered the voice, 'you shall have a *falaing*.' Well, about a week after, he was sitting one evening at the mouth of his cave, when he saw a brother-bocca slowly hobbling down the ravine, and he trailing behind him a *falaing*, that was worn, and torn, and ragged, and tattered, and patched, and mended, and cobbled, and pieced. 'Oh Lord,' said the hermit, when he examined it carefully, and found it so bad. 'Is this all you could find for me in seven days time,' and with these words—you should not laugh good people—he lost the use of his limbs, and he is hobbling the way you see him from that day to this, glory be to God."

"Oh, it was rheumatism he got," interposed a bystander.

"Oh poverty is a great virtue," exclaimed the one-eyed speaker, apparently deaf to this remark, and speaking very loud, "poverty is a great virtue. Holy poverty! There was *Guaire*, king of Connaught. You all heard of *Guaire*, I suppose, he never had more than one horse in his stable, and one suit of clothes. He gave all to the poor. Oh! poverty is a holy virtue."

O'Farrel felt that kindness to physical decrepitude is a powerful evidence of mental refinement—that if pagan savages beat their women and kill their weaklings, a civilised people are tender to both. He therefore felt gratification on observing the kindness of the populace in giving free room to the pithless cripple in a throng

* Wolf.

† Mantle.

through which a giant would in vain have struggled to force a way. Moved with compassion at the helpless decrepitude of the pygmy, O'Farrel took his dagger from his party-coloured belt—"a well formed weapon, blue edged, sharp pointed and white backed," the golden sheath and ivory haft of which were studded with gems, and the whole of which was worth three hundred pounds in modern money—and jerked it to the mendicant, who catching it like a monkey, poured out a rhapsody of benedictions on the donor as he eyed it with rapture, scabbard, blade, and hilt.

If this precious and dazzling gift had not been imparted to him by the generous but disdainful hand of the chief, the cripple might have continued to creep. As it was, the gift worked a miracle; in the glitter of the gold, his lameness disappeared, and starting up, he stood six feet high in the street! the shout with which the multitude closed in on him at once, was full of joy and derision, but the Dolaher—for this was he—met them, plunged into the thick of them, and immediately disappeared.

CHAPTER XIII.

Ah! Fear, ah! frantic Fear,
I see, I see thee near,

I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye. *Collins.*

Meantime, O'Farrel became, owing to this unequalled act of generosity, the cynosure of all eyes. "Had the heavenly keys," said an ollave, "been confided to Donald O'Farrel, in lieu of Peter, never should a female, however sinful, retire mourning or abashed from the celestial portals."

Amid his intimate friends, Donald O'Farrell was gay and full of mirth; he experienced that gladness of heart, which is the accompaniment of undoubting faith. He was a sincere Catholic. The distinctive feature in the satanic character, is terrible gloom—and individuals and even nations, addicted to unbelief in any of its delusive forms, sink into that melancholy and despair, which devour their dark master—like the arch-felon, they are buried in the dismal. As to his costume, the Irish costume was dictated by common sense, as that of moderns is dictated by idiocy. In the ordinary men it was loose, because the rank and file must act—"The bare-armed warriors of Erin," went into battle half naked. Men who fight in earnest, will always strip to fight. According to some writers, it was their contempt of death that urged them to rush upon the steel-clad foe, in a state of semi-nudity. In the chiefs, on the contrary, the costume was tight, the sleeves of the tunic exhibited the shape of the arm, the legs of the trews revealed the contour of the limb, because command, not action, was the office of the chiefs. In the present procession, at least, consisting as it did, of "broad-shielded O'Farrels and white-shielded English," such was the case; as a poet says:—

"Thus came the Irishmen of valiant hearts,
And active limbs and personages tall."

"Those bearded barbarians would carry your head from your shoulders while you'd say *Dominus Vobiscum*," exclaimed a citizen, as he gazed with oneeye, on the O'Farrel, whose munificence excited malice in his haters." "I much fear that we true men

shall be all massacred by these savage Irishmen before night, for they be naturally wild, rustical, and fierce, you cannot cure them, they be ever desirous of new things and strange sights and gazings, and long after robbery, theft and rapine, and bloodshed—in nothing so much delighting as in tumultuous seditions, and continual strifes. Our lives be not safe to have them amongst us, for I'd have you to wit, they be more fierce, bold, and hardy, than the true lieges. It is very unwise of Kildare to suffer them to muster so strong in our city."

"Dublin, believe me," was the reply of this pale fellow, "has never been in such danger since King Roderick sent the beggars crawling into our streets to undo us. Mark my words, there is some devilish design on foot. I see it in the eyes of those proud and shag-haired villains. Would you not think that all Dublin belonged to them? Wilder men I never saw. See how tall, agile, and terrific they are! See how fierce, intelligent, and steady that O'Farrel is! See the dreadful broadness of his clansmen's swords, look at the great breadth of their shields, and the close thicket of their lances, and the number of their standarda. Assuredly no true man's life is safe where the earth is almost quaking under the feet of Hobillers, Gallowglasses, and Kerns."

"Which be the Kerns?"

"The Kerns are the *naked men*," said the other, "only excepting their shirts and small coats, and many times when they come to the bicker bare-naked, saving their shirts for decency sake; those have darts and short bows, which sort of people be both hardy and clever to search woods and morasses, in the which they are hard to be beaten. They Irish have another sort, you will see them anon, which is harnessed in mail and basnets, having every of them his weapon called a *sparre*, much like the axe of the tower, and they be named Gallowglass. These sort of men be those that do not lightly abandon the field, and their boys bear them three darts a-piece."

"The Kerns be so swift and nimble of foot," observed another, "that like unto stags, they run over mountains and valleys, as I am told."

"God help the farmer that has to feed them."

"Amen."

"If I had my will, every soldier should pay three halfpence a meal, and his man, a penny."

"It would be very right, and a penny more for every six sheaves of oats."

"Very right."

At this moment a man of the O'Donoghues, plaided, shirted comely and bearded, loitered near the group, when the citizen said aloud so as to catch his ear—

"He's a princely *Theesha* that same O'Farrel?"

"Oh, he's a great tyrant, sir," interposed the stranger, "and its kind for him. It runs in their blood. They say his grand-father, sir, overran a neighbour people, a tribe of the *Finn bolza*, and after a fierce and bloody struggle he subdued the tribe, and killed their leader, and when he had them down, says O'Farrel quite high and haughty—for that's the way with them—says he, 'which will you have,' says he, 'my bondsman Bollav, or my dog Bran to rule over you,' says he, 'for you're worthy of no better,' says the tyrant. 'Well, your highness,' says the poor people bowing low and quite reverential, 'we'll have your dog, Bran,' says they."

"Oh Lord!" gaped the citizen.

"For they thought you see, it's not long the dog would live as is the nature of dogs."

"Yea, yea," interposed the hearers.

"And so they choose the dog you see. Well, *daíu Allá*, sir, and so sure as I have this broad sword in my *lauv deas*, that was the devil's dog. And though he was a dog to all appearance, he had the sense of three men, sir, and when he opened his mouth—with a snarl and a grin as was the way with him—if he spoke one word he barked two, and all the people were in a fright, for they did not think 'twas a real dog, and there was no pleasing him, sir, though he had a collar of gold and a chain of silver, and a throne was erected for him, and he lay on a crimson cushion stuffed with feathers on a high place, as kings should do. And when he went out to take the air, they were obliged to carry him on a litter, and he snarling and growling ever and always except when he was asleep. Well, one day the wolves broke into the fold, and the people came running in to tell, and down he springs from his throne, and away with him into the middle of the wolves, fierce as a lion, which turned and rent him, and ate him alive. But that was not the end of him, they say that dog haunts the O'Farrel ever since, in the form of a grisly and hairy man. He is not a man, but he has the appearance of a man—with a long nose, a great rug head, a frightful and ferocious savage, staring through his tresses like a wild baboon."

The moment the O'Donoghue who said this quitted the citizens, they began to cackle among themselves—in an undertone of awe. "The O'Farrel is a black villain," said one as soon as the O'Donoghue was out of ear-shot, "he has villany stamped in his looks." (He was really a comely and worthy looking man).

"He has murder in his face. Did you mark how he scowled when he went by. The Devil is in his two eyes, what must it be with his heart?" "Brother Simon of the order of Friars Minor, has openly preached that there is not the smallest harm in killing or robbing an Irishman," said a third. "Nor is there," cried a fourth.

It has been always the misfortune of the Native Irish to parade their power and talents without using them. Nothing is more dangerous than to show your enemy how strong you are, and by so doing put him on his guard. In this case he will—prompted by the instinct of self preservation, ruin your reputation if not take your life—a circumstance which explains the harshness of the gossipers' observations on the character of O'Farrel.

"Thinkst thou he comes upon protection?" asked a citizen, full of wolfish life, in an eager whisper,—his eye glaring on O'Farrel. (If he had *not* come 'on protection,' the Pale-laws would not punish the murder of a mere Irishman.)

"I fear mainly he doth," was the subdued reply.

"That be a main pity."

"Were he not protected, he should not ride so high and safe."

"True," and the speaker, who had unconsciously unsheathed his dirk, as he spoke, shut it down in despair, and turning on his heel, skulked away, while mentally calculating the possible profits of assassination.

(To be continued.)

GREAT AGAIN.

I.

BLESSED be the voice that breathes it—
 Yes ; she shall be " great again."
 Not for ever, child of sorrow,
 Not for ever, child of pain,
 Not for ever kneeling tearful,
 Craving vainly for her right,
 But a leader 'mid the nations
 In the van of Freedom's fight.

II.

Sons of Erin ! do you love her ?
 Lo ! I see your burning eyes ;
 Sons of Erin ! do you mourn her ?
 Answer, ye grief-laden sighs.
 Then, oh then, why not upraise her ?
 Her the mark for scornful leers—
 Better one brave act to serve her
 Than a sea of useless tears.

III.

Has your life been aimless, worthless,
 By no lofty purpose fired,
 Till you've almost longed for sorrow,
 Or have even death desired.
 Live for country ! Live for country !
 Give her an untainted heart,
 Life shall be a dream of glory
 While you act that lofty part.

IV.

Ye whose deep and earnest natures
 Rise above the common life,
 Men who have the souls of heroes,
 Longing for a nobler strife,
 If Erin's beauty, Erin's sorrows,
 Have not won ye long before,
 Haste, dear brothers, haste to serve her —
 Be her champions evermore.

V.

Do fair children grow around thee,
 Sheltering timid 'neath thy arm ;
 Wouldst thou not thy life-blood lavish
 Aye to save but one from harm ?

Do you garner wealth to give them,
 Toiling daily like a slave,
 Leave the heritage of Freedom,
 And they'll bless you in your grave.

VI.

Yet one more O soul, aspiring,
 Thou who dreamest the dream of fame,
 Vow that men in deeds immortal
 Yet shall read thy honored name.
 Heedless both of ease and pleasure,
 Toil your ever welcome bride,
 Who when thousand's cheeks are blanching
 Calmly stands at danger's side.

VII.

Backward cast your eyes enquiring
 Upon History's mighty page,
 Who are highest there emblazoned,
 Loved and blessed in every age?
 They who strove to raise their brothers—
 They who died for Fatherland.
 Foremost amid earth's immortals
 Ever is the patriot-band.

Dublin, Dec. 10th. 1857.

R. FRANCES.

THE BRIDEGROOM FETCH.

(Continued from page 144.)

VII.

NOTWITHSTANDING the awful termination that was put to a day begun under circumstances so pleasing to most of the parties, no one left the house. All soon became aware of the circumstances of the death of Clowry, as well as of Murphy's wound; Mrs. Dillon recalled the solemn promise the bridegroom had made on the previous day, and every mind was convinced that it was in fulfilment of that promise that the spirit of the murdered man had made its appearance.

The bride was conveyed to her chamber, such means as the rude skill of those present could suggest were applied for her restoration, and after about two hours of slumber, darkened in the shadow of death, she awoke and seemed to be perfectly recovered. At her request, all the circumstances with which the reader is acquainted were made known to her. She arose and signified her intention of visiting the corpse. She was so composed, and spoke in a tone of such command,

that none made any attempt to dissuade her. She declined the conveyance that was immediately got ready ; and made known her strange determination to make the visit on foot. The guests, invited to the wedding, all prepared to accompany her. The melancholy cavalcade set out in groups, the females leaning on the arms of their male acquaintances. The bride leant on the arm of Mike Murphy.

The road was a wild mountain path. The moon shone down calmly and threw the sides of the hills into all the wildness of light and shade. The seething furze threw out their tops to the moaning breath of night, and even there was a melancholy tingle in the noise of the stream that leaped parallel to the road in its stoney path.

"Did you see him?" asked one of the girls of her companion.

"Where? I thought I seen him there above lookin' out on us from the big bush."

"Whisht, child o' grace, do not talk that away; that poor spirit is gone to rest, and, Heaven knows it 'ud be well if poor Mary was gone to."

"Oh! she 'll live no time afther this," said another, "they say he touched her," "an' if he did she 'll die in three weeks an' three days."

"Ah!" said an old woman "she 'll rest in paice this night. I know well by the great strinth that's in her; its not natural, an' its I that ought to know it for I nursed her; its not natural, for sartin, an' wo'nt last long."

An hour's walk or so brought the party into the village of Newtownbarry. The trees over head seemed to bend their foliage in sympathy with the tide of sorrow that swept beneath. In the market-place they came to a halt.

"It was here—here an' this spot," said Murphy, weeping, "that he breathed his last. I held up his head while the heart's blood was gushin' out, an' his last words wor a prayer for Mary Dillon.

All knelt; some of the party, of stronger nerves than the rest, recited a short prayer for the dead. The response arose up before the throne of God. The sweet compassionate moon looked down with a smile almost of charity on the group, sorrowing for their own loss, indeed, yet weeping for the ills of our sad-sweet land.

They continued their journey. They arrived at the little chapel. It is situated on a slope that runs down to the Slaney's bank. The murmur of the river echoed in the aisle. Around the hill, there breathed a living spirit of prayer. Within, fourteen corpses were laid out in the awful repose of death. Death, even in the mildest mien possesses a majesty that no man's mind can soar above, that no poet's imagination has ever yet pourtrayed. It filled the souls of the party who entered the chapel with a feeling, arising from the shape in which it was presented, which it would be profanely to attempt to describe. A few candles were placed immediately around the corpses, the light of which not falling on the opposite walls, only made the gloom appear more awful and illimitable. Groups of faces pale with terror, anger, or sorrow, looked about with tearful eyes for sympathy or encouragement, whilst from the stealth of their movements and the echo of

their footsteps, the mourners looked like spectres watching an unhallowed rite. The old priest, sanctified by the austerity of a life, stood on the altar, and spoke a few words of peace and charity to the groups around. Our party moved on. Murphy led the way to the corpse of the murdered bridegroom. The bride knelt and kissed the pallid brow. The low chant of a solemn hymn sung in the funeral service arose sweetly from a distant quarter of the church. The bride was bent over the corpse. Her head was quietly raised by some kind hand, and displayed the pale features gathered calmly in death.

P. N.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF AN IRISH ARTIST.

BY CAROLAN.

SEAFARING folk speak of vessels on the ocean, tumbling, and tossing, and heaving about most tumultuously, buffeted by boisterous winds, and hoisted into the high skies, by pitch-and-toss loving billows, who, having amused themselves thus, to their hearts' content, fling their unfortunate play-things on the floor of the great sea, as a tired cat would a worried mouse, to eke out the minute portion of resistance still lingering about it, as well as the poor tormented victim is able. The result of all this merciless chastisement usually is, that the exhausted bark drifts about for a short time, swilling water into its thirsty fevered carcass, at every opening pore, until at length, it rights itself with a last effort, settles—stands fairly upright, with the weight of death at its choked heart, and then sinks plump downwards into the terrible abyss of the insatiate main. I had just arrived at the tossed aside, and not fit for anything stage of the foregoing nautical description, and was gloomily sitting in my solitary studio, nearly *settled* and ready to sink; for, it was two months ago since I painted my last portrait. It was on a sunny morning, too, and a Monday morning I well remember, because my landlady's lodging bill duly advised me thereof, and I likewise well remember that I was lavishing a lot of free touches on a portrait of myself which lay languidly leaning back upon my easel; and that I wore a severe, sarcastic, cynical smile upon my lips, as I thus contributed gratuitously to the wealth of a base world: "ay, ay," I thought bitterly; "I have decorated the walls of the rich and of the mighty with specimens of art, which called forth the admiration of thousands, and gained for me a place and a name amongst men whom their country is bound to honour and to remember, but what of that? this shadow of me on this square bit of canvass will soon be the only memento of him whom fortune first fondled, and then deserted for ever" (here I broadened the temple of my portrait some two or three lines more, and concentrated the shading that gave depth to the full eye.) This last improvement was effected with an air of severity intended to add more and more poignancy to the late repentance of sorrowing mankind. Gentle reader, you may be assured that it is only a desperate state of inanity, or the other extreme of unwonted felicity, that ever induces an artist, particularly a young artist, to lay hands upon himself (I mean, to paint his own portrait!—no more,) and again,

you may be equally satisfied, that when he betakes himself to eulogistic soliloquy that there is something monstrously wrong in the state of his finances as well as his fame; so that, in this confession of myself and my mental communings, I trust I will stand exonerated of the charge of egotism, and only be held guilty of the fact of "need."

The whole summary of the state of my affairs, was, that I found myself in what is poetically termed a "fix," and not likely to be permitted to be a "*fixtured*" in my present locality, unless dame Fortune altered her tune to some more grateful melody than her present "slow march." In the meantime, I had to live—and what was to be done? ay, that was the rub! At this juncture, and in the midst of this critical press of emergencies, I heard a measured tread leisurely mounting the staircase; 'twas my landlady's, perhaps? or, some super-resolved cold-blooded creditor, calmly resolute in his fixed and firm determination to make this his last *peaceable* visit; it could not be a client! could it?

I attitudinised artistically before my easel, and the step marched into my chamber.

"Mr. O'Carroll," said a quiet voice, enquiringly. I turned around with an air altogether dramatic, and recognised an old gentleman, with whom I had had some slight acquaintance, professionally. He held a letter in his hand, and received my salute and recognition with the greatest suavity.

"I am come on rather a singular mission to you, Mr. O'Carroll," said he, slightly referring to the document in his hand; "and yet it is in the way of your profession."

"A friend of mine writes to me from the country, to say that he has had the misfortune to lose a dearly beloved brother, whose death has grieved him sorely, and of whom he ardently desires to have some vivid memorial. He wishes to have a cast of his face taken, and urges me to send to him at once an artist, such as I can confidently recommend, and that money will be no object."

The last sentence tickled me hugely, and I instantly took out my pocket-book, most religiously to take down the dear fellow's distinguished name, and ever-to-be-honoured locality. "Not so fast, my dear sir," said my kind patron, smilingly; "there is something else to be said upon the matter—you must know that the deceased has been interred a full week." "A week!" I unconsciously ejaculated;

"yes," he replied, "but the weather is not at all warm, and there may not be as yet any decomposition."

My face reddened and my heart sunk, and I ardently wished that the old gentleman had never done me the honour of coming to tantalise me. My patron seeing my temporary hesitation, rightly divined that the design was repugnant to my feelings; so, politely intimating to me that he would leave me to consider on the matter, until next morning, and then wait upon me again, bowed and departed. "Dead and buried a full week," I exclaimed aloud, as I heard the last beat of the retreating steps sound in the hall, as the door slammed to. "Money no object," was the next consideration; I took up my hat and went out into the open air to think upon what was best to be done.

The landlady coughed as I passed out, as much as to say, "I'm here, sir, if you're

coming to pay the rent,"—but I hurried away to have a marvel over my strange engagement with some of my professional brethren in the city. That night, I supped on a grilled bone with a friend, and after having vainly endeavoured during the whole evening to be most jocose on my adventure of the morning, returned mournfully homeward, about eleven o'clock, still quite undetermined whether or not, to accept of the horrid proposition. However, a pressing note from Snip the tailor, of Anglesea-street, duly deposited in my chamber candlestick, and a surly enquiry of the servant, from my landlady, as to whom it could possibly be who was coming into her house at that unseasonable hour of the night, at once convinced me of the absolute and inevitable necessity of throwing all scruples to the dogs, or of being thrown into a much more unpleasant domicile than I, at that moment, so very dubiously occupied. And so I went to bed, and dreamt all night long of grilled bones and cross bones, and death's heads, and tailors' bills, and a variety of minute statistics immediately connected with lodging-house warfare.

The next morning, my amiable patron came, true to his appointment, and found me not only placable and compliant, but most eager and anxious to enter upon all preliminaries, and to set off to the work without any delay. A cheque for ten pounds to pay my travelling and other expenses opened the ball—this was followed up by an introductory letter to a police constable in the South of Ireland, who once acted under the command of the deceased officer upon whose countenance I was now about to officiate, and who was to see the body exhumed, and to afford me every facility and assistance in the carrying out of my very novel project.

A handsome sum was then agreed upon, as a remuneration for my services upon the completion of my undertaking.

That morning, my landlady, with the characteristic keenness of all her tribe, sent up an apology for her mistake of the last night, with an assurance, that she had been dreaming, and was always in the habit of speaking in her sleep, since the death of her poor dear husband, who always, poor man, kept late hours, and was very aggravating to her nervous temperament, to which was added a *douceur* of two *real* fresh eggs brought that morning from the country, and which she hoped would strengthen me on my journey. Poor soul! she had been listening in a little side room or closet, to all our conversation, and tacked her sails accordingly, with the adroitness of a veteran, well versed in all the variations of the raising of the wind. No matter, it was wise to keep on well with the enemy, so I fraternised with her at once, so much so indeed that she affected to weep at my good nature, as she handed me the receipt for the amount in full due to her, for occupation of her furnished apartments, up to, and ending that 24th day of October, 1832. Snip, too, exhibited to me several fashionable patterns that self same morning, which he had originally deposited in his pocket for a very different person, and a very different purpose, but which from some hints he got below stairs, when he came in armed with a certain legal document of a biting nature, he at once converted into a medicine more consonant with my altered fortunes.

I paid Mr. Snip, however, and ordered him off the premises too, in a voice suffi-

ently ferocious to impress all folk within hearing (as all were, and ever were,) with the romantic fact, that I was accustomed to competency, and was not to be trifled with on any account whatsoever hereafter.

Having settled these little domestic preliminaries, and re-established my very weakened prerogative, I began to think that I had forty long Irish miles to travel before night, and that I should set forward with as much despatch as possible. So, supplying myself with plaister of Paris for my cast, and some other indispensable necessities for the use of the inner man of my own individuality, I took the coach in Dawson-street, and forthwith set off on my travels.

It was late in the evening when we trundled into the little town of C——, then in the zenith of its prosperity, and I lost not a moment in seeking the police serjeant, to whom my introductory billet was addressed. But at the very first police office in the town where I sought information of this very important personage, I was told that the man I wanted, and the station in which he was to be found, were full three miles away from C——.

I was now obliged to hire a car at the coach hotel, and putting upon it my little box of plaister, weighed anchor once more for the redoubtable village of Lanceluff.

After nearly an hour's drive over a most execrable road, during which time my teeth and limbs were kept in a perpetual clatter, I was at length set down, and at the very door of the much desiderated police station.

The worthy serjeant received me most courteously, and after a most harmonious apology, leant on his desk of office, and proceeded to peruse the contents of my famous *sesame* billet. An air of astonishment which went off in a little safety-valve of the gentlest of all gentle minute whistles, expressed the utter amazement of the reader, as, lowering the letter a little, he took a full eye-gaze at me over the margin of the paper.

I was smoking a cigar, and was quite collected. "Sir," enquired the serjeant, with a most meaning smile, "I believe you are not exactly aware of the length of time this deceased gentleman is buried." "A week, or so," I remarked quite carelessly. "Nearly *two* of them," he retorted almost triumphantly; "twelve days at least, to a certainty." The cigar dropped from my lips at this most shocking announcement, and my evident confusion made the serjeant my fast friend, for he piqued himself not a little on being able to disconcert any antagonist, civil or military, and my apparent coolness had put him upon his mettle. "No matter, Mr. O'Carroll," he continued brusquely. "I'll turn out the men at six in the morning, and after we exhume the body, we will then be the better judges; in the mean time, I will show you the way to our little inn, where you can have some refreshment and a comfortable bed." I was not in much humour to make any observations verbal or ocular, as I accompanied the serjeant down the narrow and only street of this sequestered locality, but moved as mechanically forward as if I were in custody, and for something serious. This very moroseness advanced me more and more in the graces of my self-satisfied guide, who was, in truth, a worthy soul and a jovial one to boot, as he abundantly proved by partaking of a right substantial supper, before

we parted for the night—smoking more than one-half of my stock of cigars, two at a time out of sheer waggishness, and punishing much more than a moderate modicum of potteen punch, supplied with an air of the utmost secrecy, but subsequently charged for, in the most open and bandit-like fashion imaginable. I was aroused from my sound slumber at daybreak next morning, and awoke to a horrible consciousness of a splitting headache, and a vile taste of roasted tobacco leaf upon my tongue—however, there was nothing for it, but to be up and stirring, and up I sprang accordingly, and huddling on my clothes, found my friend the serjeant and six of his men fully accoutred with shovels and mattocks awaiting my arrival.

It was a sad and melancholy looking morning, as we wended our gloomy way through the deserted village-street, and turned into a miry bohreen leading to the solitary grave-yard. The wind blew coldly and bitterly, and a light drifting sprayey rain pained our cold features as we pushed along. The shriveled-up leaves of Autumn showered down upon us from the almost naked trees as we stepped into the open dormitory of the dead; and a horrid feeling took possession of me, as I withdrew my hand from the wet slippery stones that formed the slenderly built stile that afforded us its narrow mode of ingress. I will not forget the churchyard of Lanchuff in a hurry—neither will I ever cease to remember my artistic performances within its melancholy precincts. It is clearly before my mind's eye, as my pen runs along this paper: its lank grass and its nettles—its shattered tomb-stones and its crowded graves, and the loose green-stained stone wall, or rather fence, that let the damp winds rumble through it. I wished from my soul, I had never come to Lanchuff.

In the very midst of this scene of most impressive desolation, was the last resting place of the body which I was about to disturb. The men dug away gallantly, whilst the serjeant superintended the operations with a quiet satisfied sort of air, partly produced by my disastrous-looking appearance. I put down my little box of plaster-of-Paris, however, and essayed to enter into an intermittent kind of colloquy, pending the lifting up of the coffin from its gloomy abode. Thump—thump—thump went the sturdy strokes of the strenuous workmen; Oh! such sad and melancholy sounds as they were over that bleak little cell of death! and in the wild grey light that struggled from the murky firmament. How awfully the long puddly ropes dragged their tortuous lengths along the sounding boards, as the coffin grated against the sides of the opened grave; and the men laboured on without ever once raising their voices beyond the earnest tones of queries and directions.

The morning light now broke steadily down upon us, and the coffin was safely deposited upon *terra firma*. Two of the men proceeded to loosen the screws, which operation they performed with very visible repugnance—the remaining number of the party, at the same time, shifting off slingingly away, and affecting to be very busy in examining into the condition of the many mouldering grave-stones; or deeply inquisitive into the arcana of the half obliterated inscriptions—or entering into most excitable conversations about the weather, and the state of the pending politics of the country; even my friend, the imperturbable serjeant, was evidently ill at ease. As to myself, I was in possession of about thirty-three pints of crimsoning blood, nearly

up to the temperature (according to my own exaggerated impressions) of 212 Fahrenheit. The last screw was removed, and the men instantly removed themselves, leaving the theatre of future action fully open to my own individual performances. There was nothing for it but to dash, in *medias res*, or to retreat. I raised up the lid, at the feet of the corpse, hurriedly and abruptly, and a wild gust of wind which came sweeping along from the distant mountains, joined in my precipitancy; for it blew the loose shroud totally away from the naked limbs of the deceased. The flesh looked sound—I put the point of my finger upon it—it was firm. I began to breathe more freely. The serjeant, very obtrusively, (I thought) removed the lid altogether from the coffin—and the wide white winding-sheet flapped about most dismally, in the gradually increasing gale. The face was stark, fixed and sunken, like stained marble; and the flesh was by no means as firm as that on the limbs, but it was whole and unbroken, and likely to remain so, with the exception of a certain space about the nose, which wore a purplish decomposing tinge. No matter—it was much better altogether than I could possibly have expected; and I actually, began to pluck up courage, and to be resolved to set to work in right down-earnest:—so, tossing off my coat, with a bearing so assured, as to make the worthy serjeant look somewhat disconcerted, I forthwith proceeded to mix up the Parisian paste, and incontinently to smear it, with all due precautions, over the pallid countenance of the dead. At this juncture, the truant policemen began to return, and I could observe a stray head or two, cased in golden straw hats, peering furtively over the distant walls. The ample white shroud still flapped away in the wind, as I daubed over the snowy cement with a hurrying hand, and kept balking out my breath to avoid inhaling the cadaverous odour that constantly impregnated the gusty winds. At last, the process was completed, and right glad was I to come to a finale; for, between the ghastly look of the dead, the feel of the soft clay beneath my feet, and the dismantled, unnatural appearance of the aldered, and nettled, and grassy, and moss-slobbered graveyard, I was rapidly becoming heart-sick, and could not have held out much longer. It was now time to withdraw for about an hour to let the plaister “set;” so, I resumed my garment, and accompanied by my non-commissioned friend, proceeded to the village, and to breakfast, “with what appetite I could.”

The drizzling mist had now passed entirely away, and the bright sunlight, over the eastern barriers of Lanceluff, arose majestically in the heavens—the clouds set their big broad sails, and broke off from the centre of the vast concave, leaving a deliciously blue field of ether in the midst, as the dark dampen tresses rolled scumblingly backward, revealing the placid features of the ever peaceful sky. Full of the fond anticipations of being able very soon to bring my untoward undertaking to a happy issue, and gastronomically comforted, too, by a copious breakfast, garnished with spicy provocatives, to bring my collapsing nerves to something of their forenigh's level, I set out again, and almost hilariously, to the scene of action. Numerous heads bivouacked in numerous brazen-looking hats, were now planted chin deep, in various portions of the graveyard wall, the most prominent features upon the front of which were the eyes and the mouths, both being intensely open. The coffin lay

uncovered still upon the grass, but the shroud now clung closely to the dead, defining the outline of the body, and rendering it doubly conspicuous in the refracted light of the arisen sun. I was afterwards told that many of the poor peasantry (cajoled, no doubt, by my friend, the serjeant) imagined I was about to restore life to all the occupants of the graves; and one poor fellow who had but lately succeeded in intimidating a most formidable virago of a wife, was greatly concerned at my unconscionable and unfeeling interposition. With a most confident air, I removed the white coverlid from the bust of the deceased, and directing one of the police to place his hand firmly on the top of the head, essayed to raise off the plaister—But what was my chagrin and utter vexation to find that it had not “set,” that it had not hardened at all—that the composition was execrable—and that all my hideous labour had gone for nothing!

In this horrid emergency, the good-natured serjeant came to my relief—“Never mind, Mr. O’Carrol,” said he, “the morning has been damp and wet—let it alone for a few hours more, under the heat of the mid-day sun, and all will be right.”

I felt that it was a bad business, worse indeed than I wished to dwell upon, so I stood up, after carefully adjusting the shroud, and walked away with my kind sympathiser. As we passed along, my wandering eye, vacantly uninterested, caught a glimpse of a large stone cross, of a most antique shape, which occupied the very centre of the little cemetery—it was a diversion to my troubled thoughts, and I wished, too, to shake off the serjeant for awhile, until I could collect my scattered senses, and think what was to be done, if my journey and its object should turn out a miserable failure. Calling his attention, therefore, to the object of my feigned attraction, I took out my sketch-book, and begged he would leave me to myself for a time, and that I should join him again at the barracks, as soon as I had finished. To this, he very cheerfully assented, and I sat down before the huge stone cross, and began to draw up in my mind a brief summary of my undertaking; its ill luck—its consequences—and the absolute necessity of changing my lodgings in Dublin. In this reverie of revolving communings, my eyes were fixed on the object before which I sat, and I gradually began to become more and more conscious of its presence and its propinquity—and at last, I rivetted my gaze upon it closely—when my admiration of it as a piece of art, set everything else to flight out of my head for the time being.

It was one of those purely Celtic remains of art, only to be found in Ireland, characterised as well by the quaintness of its formation, as the beautiful artistic designs which everywhere were traced over its whole surface. It was strange as well as most interesting, to imagine the appearance and costume of the wild artificer who hewed out this huge stone from its parent block—the rude heart that had conceived its present construction—the bright, proud freeman’s eye that so long had scanned its every minute proportion—and the brown, brave hand, that, with most imperfect instruments, had given a convincing record to coming ages, that both faith and art had dwelt as twin spirits, so very, very long ago in blessed Ogygia of the Saints. What added too, most graphically, to the effect which this fine pure old

relic of antiquity produced upon my mind, was a group of peasants (if I may so term two females) the one, old and infirm—the other, young and interesting, who formed the foreground to that blessed emblem of Christianity. The young woman was kneeling on the earth, her two arms and her head leaning heavily down upon a sunken—greyish—letterless stone, which I suppose marked the last resting place of some poor mortal, once dearly and tenderly beloved; her dishevelled hair—long, loose, and raveny black—hung down in one dark screen over the back of the cold stone, and the heaving shoulders alone, which were in almost constant agitation, betokened the intensity of the too real grief that disturbed her fresh young heart. The old woman looked mournfully on—tearless, moveless, silent, her features wasted, blank and vacant, as if the storm of sorrow had long passed over that human space, leaving all its once living sensibilities scathed and destroyed, and incapable of all farther impressions either of sunshine or of shadow. It was a picture of intense desolation. I forgot my own mean disappointments, in the immensity of their evident afflictions, and proceeded with my sketch with a beating heart and a choking sympathy, and long before I had finished it, the love of art had so much mastered all my anticipations of my mundane exigencies, that I absolutely cared little or nothing either for the issue of my Lancluff expedition, or the utmost malice of my lean landlady in Mountpleasant-avenue, of the metropolis. Sick at heart, and much and deeply depressed in mind and body, I at last put by my sketch-book, and giving one more sympathising gaze upon the poor heart-broken mourners of this solitary corner of the old country, I sauntered away from the scene of graves, into the gabbling little village, determined not to revisit my work of confusion again, until I had fortified myself with as much dinner as I could bolt, despite of all desire, and only in compliance with the ukase of goodly dame Nature, who has so long ago announced her unqualified detestation of that untoward interruption of her machinery called “a vacuum.”

The serjeant was my guest, and we dined at the village inn, as afore mentioned, and upon dishes of that distinguished individual's own particular choosing, and which had nigh been my death—viz: roast goose—hog's puddings—and potato-loaves, together with a flanking plate of saffron-coloured fat pork—a surfeit even in thought. I know I ate some of the goose, for I taste it still upon my palate in all its rich rankness; and my imagination will never permit me to forget, that I really and actually *saw* every one of the viands already enumerated—indicative, as each of them severally was, if tolerated upon the floor of an insensible stomach, of after-visitations of violent dyspepsia—of hideous nightmare—or even of *mania aggraviata*. But the serjeant met the enemy at the point of the fork, and if not a conqueror in the main, at least discomfited the whole force, beyond even a chance of reorganisation. But there was no blinking the great and odious work of the day. We returned once more to the graveyard, and as I had anticipated, found the plaster of Paris as disinclined as ever to leave its adhesive position upon the face of the dead. The good serjeant now again interposed—strongly advising me to let the matter rest until morning—proposing to remove the coffin into the porch of an old ruined church

which was in our immediate neighbourhood, and to leave a couple of his men to guard it from spoliation until the morrow. To this, I at once assented; indeed I was ready, and with an amazing amount of alacrity, to agree to any suggestion, even if it had been that of my most implacable enemy. Accordingly, it was so arranged to the satisfaction of all parties except the men intended for the night watch, but those good souls, I afterwards found out, when nightfall came on, unhesitatingly deserted their charge, after having braced up the coffin well with sturdy ropes, to guard against the inroads of prowling dogs or vermin. That whole night I tossed about uneasily upon my restless couch, at one time endeavouring to persuade myself that I cared not a curse for the issue of my undertaking, one way or the other; at another, that it would mayhap serve as food for laughter and merriment for me hereafter; and I recollect having something like a private intention of trying a tramp, like Oliver Goldsmith, as citizen of the world; and instead of coquetting with destitution, to plunge manfully into its vortex, and become a peripatetic philosopher. But in the midst of my many and intermittent cogitations, I fell bodily and mentally off down right into the arms of Morpheus. I then began to dream away like mad; and I dreamt, again, a scene which I and a brother artist actually enacted about a twelvemonth before, in a small town in the S. E. of Ireland, not more than an hour's railway panting from my native city.

We had just painted the town and county out and out, and had lowered our terms to the verge of meanness, so much so, indeed, that sporting grocers' shopmen, and some pretensions attorneys' clerks, began to offer us disgraceful fees, commencing with off-hand part-payments and warm assurances of future patronage. We saw it was time to flit, and that the novelty of our presences was no longer looked upon as worthy of any further observance. But then we had hitherto lived upon our prompt payments, which were now utterly exhausted, so that not only our further locomotion, but even our very means of subsistence, depended upon a few decent debts, for the immediate liquidation of which, we, on one eventful morning, sent out the most polite, but at the same time most pressing, epistolary requests. The morning, however, passed away without any considerate debtor responding to our applications; and the short hours of noon began to strike despair into our hearts: to add to our chagrin, too, we heard the little dowdy, dumpy, matter-of-fact, slatternly, odious, suspicious and prying sunburnt maid-servant tramping up stairs to demand the market money; I could have kicked her out of the street door. On she came, with her insolent demand upon her blubber lips, a cold-eyed wench, that only minded her business and nothing else, hang her! I seized a fiddle, as she waddled into the room, and commenced, with the deadliest care, to eliminate one of Ward's sonatas, my eyes directly presented at futurity, my elbows squared with a military exactness, and my ears undergoing a severe apprenticeship to horrible sounds. I stole a squint at my companion—ah! he was Yorkshire too—we both were pupils, and apt ones too, under old Professor Adversity. He had totally abandoned himself to the occupation of purifying a stained palette—and so soul-absorbing seemed this delectable undertaking to him, that he resembled the famous Grecian statue of the crouched

knife-grinder listening to the conspirators. We heard our persecutor's unsympathising demand for the "wherewithal" repeated over and over again, with the most stoical indifference. I looked into her potato face as into a dark void—and my Grecian brother did the eaves' dropper, over his palette, with the most commendable assiduity. The cold-hearted jade stood astounded—she evidently could make nothing of us; for, as Coleridge says in his 'Ancient Mariner.'

"I held her with my glittering eye"

"My stolid face, too, began to alarm her, and my companion's occupation did not tend in any way to lessen her apprehension, for, as she afterwards told her mistress in confidence, "the young man was scouring a bit of a stick, as if his life depended upon it." I think she would have bolted precipitately from our mysterious propinquity, had not a loud double knocking at the hall door suddenly disenchanted the knife grinder; at least, to all appearance, it seemed to have that effect: for he sprang upon his feet, flung up the window, and after one sharp glance down into the street, exclaimed with an air of supernatural exultation, "A letter by a livery servant of Gorman's—you dog! with a seal on it as big as a pewter dish in the Old-Man's-Hospital." Then turning savagely upon the more and more alarmed dumpling servitor, he commanded, "Off to the door, Harpy! and bring us up the letter from the intelligent young lad knocking for admittance." She fled. It was all right. We ate our dinners that day right heartily, and improvisatrised the mum-scene of the morning over and over again to our heart's most innate glee and satisfaction; but the dumpy servant always regarded us ever after with the genuine and evident symptoms of wary suspicion. The breaking morning found me thus dreaming away fantastically, and I awoke only to recall with bitter anticipations the odious work before me. I could not rest, and think of it; so up I started, and dressing myself hurriedly, snatched up a small deal box containing a few artistic implements, in case of success (and here I chuckled maliciously at myself) and set forth with dogged resolution to encounter the besmeared corpse in the porch of the ruined old church. The rude starting stones hurt me sorely as I heedlessly strode along the narrow bolgreen, and the grass and the lank weeds wetted me to the skin, as I tramped across the hemlocked paddock to the place of my destination. I now loathed the unnatural desecration of the dead—and in proportion as my worldly aggrandisement faded away into uncertainty, the consciousness of the unchristianlike nature of my undertaking took forcible possession of my convictions. But there was no mode of retrogression—my task *must* be accomplished, or, I must be laughed at—lose my engagement and its perquisites—and give up all future hopes of patronage from the same quarter—and then to leave the business half done. why this must at once appear to be the result of fear, squeamishness, or incapacity—for, of course, I thought nobody would give me credit for abandoning it through a scruple of conscience; although I am sure a poor man has a right to get *tick*, at least, for that same very attainable commodity, before either a rich man or a sceptic.

Well, I tapped the corded coffin at my feet with my wet boot—the sound was as dull as lead—there was no fear of any one stealing away the body in the night—

Oh no!—Ah! how gingerly I handled the half-rotted ropes, and how cold and flabby they felt, and how my heart sickened in anticipation of the rank effluvia that the opening of the lid would eliminate. But this mode of proceeding would never answer. The winds began to moan through the rents of the old building, and there was an earthy smell upon the air, which, with the raw coldness of the morning, and the dampness of my clothes, began to drive me into so abject a state of mind, that I was ready to cry with chagrin and utter discomfort. It required a smart dash of resolution to put an end to this state of things, so, with a contemptuous “pshaw!” at my own debasement, I flung open the coffin, and with trembling fingers proceeded to try the consistence of the cursed cranky plaister of Paris. I wore a smile of self-derision as I made the experiment, for I confidently anticipated the result. But judge of my joyful disappointment, when I found it as hard as marble, and as dry as a board. I flung myself on my knees, not to pray—for, somehow, young men rarely or never think of being thankful to God for anything—but to find out what fortune equally propitious to me in affording a facility of removing the composition, and of fully disengaging it from the decomposing features of the dead. I placed my hand firmly upon the scalp, and then essayed to make a lateral movement of the whole solidified mass: it came with me; but came so freely that I feared it was bringing the cadaverous flesh along with it. I turned round to get a small vial of oil that stood near me, and actually cried out aloud and involuntarily, as a big, apoplectic, broad, grinning face almost came in contact with my own; the worthy serjeant had stolen march upon me, and as I joined, or tried to join, in his uproarious merriment—(a miserable failure by the way.)—I saw that the old church was actually beset by spectators. Five or six white faces, surmounted by turf-bronzed straw hats peered, goggle-eyed, through a dilapidated arched window above us—others were twisted serpent-wise about the ancient doorway, their shock-haired heads protruding extensively inwards,—and others bestrode a detached portion of the dismantled walls, to which they clung with an evidently muscular tenacity, through apprehension, of course, that the horrors about to be revealed below by the riffer of the dead might be such as to overcome their powers of preserving their just equilibrium. I now felt that I was called upon to act heroically, or if need should be, to cover my defeat with the assured glorification of success—with the generalship of a Gregg—with the brazen audacity of a Gavazzi—so, I flung off my coat, crumpled back my shirt sleeves, and gave a splash of the cement to my bare arms; added to this, I threw my hat upon the ground, and tossed my hair rakishly off my forehead, at once transforming myself into a sort of artist-brigand, much to the consternation and dire expectation of all my rustic spectators. I was resolved that they, at least, should know nothing of my discomfiture, if such there should be. The serjeant clapped me on the back, and so I went to work with a will, and most valorously into the bargain. I tried the composition again, and lifted it half off the poor human subject. My heart beat violently against my ribs, I looked beneath the plaister, all right; the cheek had not even been abraded, but, as I thought to liberate it altogether, it held fast about the nose. I was stifling with fear and disgust—I could

stop to manœuvre it no longer—but plucked it away. I saw with a glance that merely the nasal tip had been separated—so, twisting the winding sheet rapidly over the body, I snatched a large napkin from my deal box, folded up the cast in a twinkling, slammed down the coffin-lid, and seizing upon my coat and hat, strode, with the white box under my arm, in the most necromantic looking manner possible, out of the theatre of my daring diablerie. A groan of wild horror followed my retreat, to the effect of which the serjeant added fearfully, by discharging a large horse-pistol.

The poor peasants, dropping from their perches at all parts of the old building, fled like maniacs across the country; indeed, the retreat from Cornuna was but a fly-crawl, compared to the fugitive powers of the bewildered inhabitants of the vicinity of Lanchuff, who never before had witnessed any Christian-looking man invading the habitations of the dead, and in the double capacity, too, of a mountebank and a plunderer. Little did they dream, and never would they believe, that the principal performer in the scene they had just witnessed, was, at that moment, inwardly protesting that, “not for Damer’s estate” would he ever be induced to act *primo buffo* any more on any so discreditable an occasion. Arrived at my little inn, I flung off my wet garments, indulged in a luxurious shave, and after a copious and most refreshing ablution, stepped down stairs to breakfast, and in the highest spirits. The serjeant was waiting for me, and with the agreeable information, too, that he had a loan of a jingle from a friend, on which he undertook to drive me into the town of C——, whence I was to take coach for Dublin.

The said jingle had nigh dislocated every bone in my body, but that apprehension was not half so painful as the fear of its cruel convulsions breaking my plaster-cast, and rendering all my dreadful pilgrimage nugatory. This fear haunted me whilst I bid farewell to the good-natured serjeant, and accompanied me into my lodgings in Dublin—not the *serjeant* but the *fear*.

When I was safely ensconced within my quarters, I opened my deal box with many a dismal foreboding; but every card I now held appeared to be trumps; everything was safe and sound. The hollow shell of cement exhibited a perfect model of the dead man’s features, except where a small portion of the nose adhered; but this I knew I could easily remove with a sponge and a little warm water. Up to this time I had been nearly an hour locked up at my mysterious employment, and so! very contrary to usage, a death-like stillness pervaded the whole house; the cause of which I afterwards ascertained to be, that my landlady suspected I had failed in my mission, on account of the taciturnity with which I received her interested welcomes (home?); and knowing the constitution of my purse previously to my departure, a lively apprehension seized her skilful mind, that the atrophy of my means might prove contagious, and cause an endemic disease within her well-beloved treasury. But when I found that (as Richard said to Richmond) “the chance was mine,” I lugged at the bell-pull in the most furious manner, and gave such a minatory order for warm water and a basin, as set all untoward suspicions of my solvency at rest, at least for the present. So I cleaned out my cast, well and

thoroughly, oiled it elegantly, and poured into it a skilfully prepared emulsion of composition, undulated it, skilfully and artistically, until it smoothened to a beautiful surface; and, after a short time, had the rapturous felicity of producing a most perfect mask, which, after minute and most satisfactory examination, as well as a series of mental comments and muttered apostrophes, I duly deposited in a secure little cupboard, there to await the arrival of its owner on the following morning; for which purpose I sent him a note, apprising him of my arrival and of my success. Then I tumbled out the contents of my purse upon the table—counted it out—amount fifteen shillings; twelve of which, in the blandest and most killing manner possible, I handed to my rapacious old landlady, not knowing how soon I might want to draw upon her patience again, and merely remarking to her at the time, that possibly she might want money, and that I had so much to spare. Then, after listening impatiently to the acrid old vixen's repeated assurances of her never-faltering confidence in my honour and integrity, with the air of an injured nobleman, I glided into the street; the hall-door paused, in the depth of its respect to me, and I had turned the sharp angle of the pathway before it ventured to close, very humbly and very obsequiously, upon my honoured heels. Away I went to seek the domiciles of a few of my most intimate confederates, and to regale their ears with my most notorious adventures.

On the next day my patron paid me a visit, and being highly pleased with the excellence of the mask, gave me a cheque for twenty pounds, on David La Touche and Company, under the influence of which I sat down and wrote, without once pulling up, this rude sketch of "An Incident in the Life of an Irish Artist."

AFTER THE STORM.

"The noblest death a man can die,
Is when he dies for man."

THE fearful hurricane is past,
The sun shines on the quiet wave;
Where has the wreck of life been cast,
Where is the gallant sailor's grave?
His brave companions could but tell,
He bade God speed them, and farewell!

A fierce wave dashed across their boat,
And hurled them in the foaming spray,
They heard but this, they could but note
His hands upraised as if to pray;
Ere looming like a wall of white,
A billow swept him from their sight.

For three long days the tempest raged,
Beneath its strength the tall trees fell,
And rushing mountain torrents waged
Fierce war, in many a quiet dell.
Three days the stranger vessel lay
A helpless victim in the bay.

And though the waves were widely flung
Across her bare and streaming deck,
Those three long days the seamen clung
Freezing and famished to the wreck ;
While brave men, battling with the main,
To reach them, gave their lives in vain.

The storm is past, and o'er the wave,
Again the startled sea-birds play,
But those who, in their zeal to save,
Thought not of danger, where are they ?
Three corpses rest upon the shore,
And *one* the deep will not restore !

Gone in the prime of manhood's years,
The good, the generous, and the strong ;
Give him the tribute of our tears
Who sleeps the ocean spoils among,
And while the deep sea billows roll
Above his head, God rest his soul !

Often he dared the fearful strife
At duty's call of storm and sea,
Where e'er was hope of saving life,
Reckless of peril, *there* was he,
Defying it with sailor pride,
And as he lived so hath he died.

Emblazoned on the roll of fame
The soldier's warlike deeds are shown,
And shall not *he* man's honour claim
For others' life who gives his own ?
No soldier death than *his* more brave,
They die to slay, *he* dies to save.

The traces of the storm are gone,
Its memory will not soon depart ;

Time softens grief, but He alone
 Can heal a mother's stricken heart,
 Who heard, above the clouds of air,
 The noble sailor's dying prayer.

ETHNE.

On 9th of April Captain Kelly of the steamer "Pride of Erin," and three out of his boat's crew of six, were drowned in Dundalk Bay, while endeavouring in a raging sea to rescue the crew of a wrecked vessel.

THE JESUITS IN AMERICA.

GREAT as have been the services of the Society of Jesus, as well to the advancement of the arts and sciences as to religion, in every country to which members of that order directed their steps, in no part of the world is their history more worthy of admiration, or a better refutation of the calumnies so unceasingly uttered against them, than in South America.

In asserting this it is not meant to depreciate the honors which accrue to the order from the enterprise of its members in other quarters of the globe, as missionaries, whom no dangers could appal—no fears dissuade—from carrying out the object of the Society, which was the triumph of the Gospel; neither can it be forgotten that while so earnestly labouring for religion, they did not forget to use the opportunities which their penetrating into countries, known only to Europe by name, gave them of, extending geographical knowledge, which had hitherto been so limited, and so erroneous that imagination took the place of reason when foreign countries were being described. Travellers of Sir John Mandeville's stamp, he who has been described as having given with equal seriousness true and accurate accounts of things as they were, and "the story of Gog and Magog, the tale of men with tails, or the account of the Madagascar bird which could carry elephants through the air," having been exclusively relied on up to the sixteenth century, during which the Jesuits commenced that crusade against heresy and infidelity and *ignorance*, for which they have been so famous and so much maligned.

The Jesuits were mainly instrumental in dissipating these extravagant ideas by the clear and rational accounts they gave of the countries which they visited, and which have been corroborated, in almost every case, by modern travellers. Long before the vain-glorious, but brave and enterprising Bruce, had so triumphantly proclaimed his discovery of the source of the Nile, it had been visited and accurately described by Father Peter Paez, a Portuguese Jesuit missionary. Kircher, the learned Jesuit, fixes the date of Paez's discovery as the 21st of April, 1618, while Bruce did not reach those fountains until November, 1770, or a century and a half later!

Indeed the best account of modern African discovery is to be found in the records of the Jesuits, particularly those of the Portuguese branch of the order.

In truth very little has been added to our knowledge of that mysterious continent beyond the position of places being fixed with a greater degree of certainty, by means of the better astronomical instruments invented since the sixteenth century. Even Dr. Livingstone, indefatigable and earnest as he is in the pursuit of African discovery, found that in much of what he proposes for the benefit of the natives, he had been anticipated by the Jesuit missionaries of 250 years ago. Dr. Livingstone says, "Coffee was introduced by the Jesuits 250 years ago," (in Angola) "and it propagated itself all over the country at different periods. . . . This was one great good the Jesuits did in that great country. . . . When going down to the sea coast, I found large numbers of the people able to read and write, and I found that they had been taught by the Jesuits, who had been expelled the country by the Marquis Pombal. They keep up the practice of reading and writing to this day; and if they had the opportunity of reading other books, I have no doubt they would generally peruse them. At present they have nothing but the 'Lives of the Saints,' and a few other unimportant books. But all speak with the greatest respect of their teachers the Jesuits: and I believe the Jesuits must have been really good men when I see the fruits of their labours to this day."

He also confesses that when going through a region, which he believed had never before been traversed by any European, amid the rank luxuriance of the African forest he came upon the ruins of a Catholic church, amidst which lay a bell, marked with the sacred monogram I.H.S.

"*Good men*" indeed they were, and great was the fruit of their virtue, attested not only by many thousand conversions of the pagan inhabitants, but by numerous miracles!

In India, too, the most blessed results flowed from their exertions, and also in China, where the branch of the Church planted by them, and watered by their blood, still bears abundant fruit!

In fact in every part of the world where human efforts guided by divine grace, had a victory over the evil principle to gain, were these heroic men to be found, fighting the good fight with all their hearts and all their strength, their only reward, the saving of souls!

Other motives have been imputed to them, the love of power, the desire of gain and of political influence, and the mastery of men's minds, that through their weakness they might rule them. The baffled spite and malignity of the infidel and the schismatic, have been evinced by a demoniac ingenuity in discovering causes aside of the real ones, for the extraordinary abnegation of self displayed by this order, and which so successfully combated the wicked designs of those who in their pride believed that their weak imaginings were of equal value with a divine revelation.

The best refutation of these charges is to be found in the proceedings of the Jesuits in South America, while invested with almost irresponsible power, the result, as well of the extraordinary influence their virtues gave them, over the

minds of the natives, as of the extensive powers conferred on them by the European monarchs who exercised a sovereignty over that country.

The general history of the discovery and conquest of America by the Spaniards, is already sufficiently well-known, and need not here be touched on. The importance of this discovery in its effect on the people of Europe, cannot be underrated, but it would appear, that by some immutable law, great material benefits cannot result to any particular people without corresponding evils being entailed on another. Thus, England grows rich from the spoil wrung from Hindostan and from Ireland, and both Hindoos and Irish are "improved off the face of nature!" Spain, too, grew rich by her foreign discoveries and conquests, but at the same time, laid the foundation of her subsequent weakness, by her boundless ambition. England is now beginning to feel the effects of having pursued the same course in India, a course which her writers so eloquently denounced when practised by the Spaniards in America. The Spaniards in the West, and the English in the East, pursued alike the comprehensive plan of extorting by force the *treasures* of the conquered, which were all they sought. The lust of wealth was their only incentive in both cases.

The discoverers of America had a higher motive at the commencement than the mere desire of extending the dominions of Spain. It was not until the fall of Grenada, and the final subjection of the Moorish power, that Ferdinand and Isabella could be persuaded by Columbus to assist him in setting out on his career of discovery; even though he promised that he would confer larger possessions on them by their so doing than had ever been held by any former monarchs. The following extract from Columbus's journal, addressed to the sovereigns, and which he began to keep from the time he set forth on his first adventurous voyage, will indicate the mingled feelings that prompted him in his career as a discoverer: "Therefore your Highnesses as Catholic christians and princes, lovers and promoters of the holy Christian faith, and enemies of the sect of Mahomet, and of all idolatries and heresies, determined to send me, Christopher Columbus, to the said parts of India to see the said princes, and the people, and lands, and discover the nature and disposition of them all, and the means to be taken for the conversion of them to our holy faith." He then recapitulates the conditions upon which he was to pursue his voyage, and the reward promised him in the event of success attending his search for "Cathay." From this it is evident that the desire for the conversion of the pagans whom he might discover was one of the impulses which prompted Columbus to the discovery of unknown lands. The whole tenour of his life, which was remarkable for genuine piety, proves it, and his intention of devoting any treasure which might fall to himself for the purpose of promoting a new crusade to the Holy Land, shews the religious enthusiasm of which he was capable. But unfortunately different motives actuated the great body of the earlier American discoverers, and even Columbus himself appears to have been drawn aside from his first intentions by the magnitude of his discovery and the

great riches to which he thought it would lead. *Gold* became the first object of everyone's thoughts, and to obtain it cruelties as great as those practised by the English in India were executed upon the peaceful natives of the American islands. They were subjected to the most horrible tortures to wring from them the secret which the cupidity of the Spaniards led them to believe they kept possession of, namely, where immense quantities of the coveted metal were secreted. Washington Irving says, "so intolerable were the toils and sufferings inflicted on this weak and unoffending race, (the natives of St. Domingo,) that they sunk under them, dissolving, as it were, from the face of the earth. Twelve years had not elapsed since the discovery of the island, and several hundred thousands of its native inhabitants had perished, miserable victims to the grasping avarice of the white man." The voice of religion was unheard by men whose god was gold; yet the Church, ever true to humanity, was nobly represented by the venerable Las Casas, of the order of St. Dominick. He prayed and strove for those who were being subjected to such misery, and, by his exertions on behalf of the oppressed natives, himself incurred no inconsiderable danger at the hands of his own countrymen.

The rapid disappearance of the American race, when brought into contact with the white man, it is true, is referable to other causes as well as to oppression. The discoverers of America found various degrees of civilization existing on their arrival. Some of the nations, such as the Mexicans and the Peruvians, having made important progression in the arts and even sciences, yet still one general character was strongly impressed on the whole aboriginal race of the American continent. One who knew the race well says that "the Red Man appears to have received from nature every quality which contributes to greatness except *tameability*; he has shewn in many remarkable instances intellectual capacity, talents for government, eloquence, energy, and self-command. There is something noble and striking—something that commands respect and admiration in the Indian character. The Indian *avoids his conqueror* while the Negro bows at his feet." Las Casas records that, to escape the Spanish yoke, many killed themselves, and mothers destroyed their children that they might not live to be slaves: nor were they content with passive resistance, for they permitted no opportunity to pass without retaliating on the Spaniards with desperate but unavailing bravery, so superior in arms and in skill were their enemies.

A contest, such as this, could only be ended by the extinction of either of the opposing races, for the Spaniards were determined that the Indians should only exist as slaves, while the Indians would not or *could* not so exist, and so a few generations, but for the intervention of the Jesuits, would have seen the race swept from the earth in Catholic South America, as, from the operation of similar causes, has occurred in the Northern and Protestant portion of that continent.*

* This paper being exclusively devoted to the efforts of the Jesuits in South America, we are obliged to omit all notice of their still more extraordinary exertions in the Northern part of the Continent.

In a sketch like this it would be out of place to enter into any details of the proceedings of the associates and successors of Columbus in their career of discovery and conquest. It is enough to say that one common character distinguished their whole conduct towards the native American. Nothing short of a special interposition on behalf of the oppressed Indians could save them from complete destruction. But this interposition was granted ! In 1586, the Jesuits entered Paraguay. This was not the same country which has since excited so much attention from the system adopted by its dictator, Francia, of exclusion of all foreign intercourse.

The country known as the Paraguay of the Jesuits now includes La Plata or the Argentine Republic, and a considerable portion of Brazil. It extended along the whole course of the Pazana and the Rio de la Plata to the east, and as far as the straits of Magellan on the south, and embraced an immense tract of land watered by large rivers, and containing innumerable lakes and swamps which gave forth, in many places, the most deadly miasmas to infect the air. A portion of it is covered with impervious forests, while great plains, the Pampas, or Prairies of South America, are completely divested of trees. Many long chains of mountains intersect it, some of them among the greatest in the world. Great variety of temperature exists, of course, in so large an extent of country, and there were considerable differences existing between the various tribes who inhabited it. But in general, according to Charlevoix, they were "dull, cruel, and inconstant; treacherous, and excessively voracious, and cannibals, given to drunkenness, void of forethought or precaution, even in the most indispensable concerns of life; lazy and indolent beyond the power of expression; and except a few whom the love of plunder or revenge rendered furious rather than brave, most of them arrant cowards; and those who preserved their liberty, were entirely indebted for it to the situation of the inaccessible places where they had taken refuge.

It was to this people, so unamiable and without any interesting traits of either mildness, bravery or intelligence, and accordingly so much inferior to the Indians of North America, of the American Islands, or of Peru, that the heroic society of Jesus, determined to devote all their energies, so that they might be preserved from that extinction which threatened all their race when brought into contact with Europeans. Here too was a splendid harvest for their still higher labour of saving souls; for where were their efforts likely to be more acceptable to God than in a region where he was so little known?

It was in 1616, that the Spaniards first entered the port which they called Rio Genaro,* gold alone their object. The same year they reached the mouth of the Rio Plata, where the expedition was surprised by the natives who put the commander de Solis to death.

As it is with the Jesuits we have to do, it is needless to touch on the various expeditions which followed, or to describe the sanguinary reprisals and barbarous slaughters that preceded the foundation of the city of Nuesa Senora de Buenos

* The Rio Janeiro of the Portuguese.

Ayres, in 1535, or the subsequent proceedings of the European Colonists. It is enough to say that they were fast subjecting the natives in every direction. Towns were springing up with rapidity, and in their neighbourhood agricultural establishments, well cultivated and thriving, were established for their support. Indeed, in the early part of Spanish colonial history, not even that wonderful thing of which we hear so much, and in which we believe so little—viz :—"Anglo Saxon energy," could exceed the efforts of the Spanish colonists. Previous to the coming in of the Jesuits to Paraguay, in 1586, the Franciscans had charge of the colonies, but they were too few in number to supply the spiritual wants of the European colonists, much less to attempt the conversion of the natives. Yet still, something was done, for Father Lewis de Balanos, one of St. Francis Solano's disciples, founded a colony of Christian samong the Guaranis, one of the native tribes. He also translated into their language a catechism; but at length, through his great age and infirmities, was obliged to resign his charge, which fortunately fell into the hands of the Jesuits. The following description of the state of religion, at their arrival, is extracted from Charlevoix's *History of Paraguay*. It will be seen from it, how important both to the natives and colonists their services were—"The secular clergy were too few for the Spaniards alone, with whom they were entirely taken up. The regulars, fewer in themselves, were still more so, in proportion to the subjected Indians committed to their charge, whom, besides the bad example and cruelties of their *Encomenderos*, made it almost impossible to inspire with any relish for the Gospel. Many towns had not so much as a single clergyman. The children grew up without any instruction, and very often the sick left the world without any spiritual assistance. Don Francis Victoria, of the order of St. Dominic, bishop of this diocese, which he governed for twelve years, did not find in it, when he arrived a single secular priest, and scarce any regulars who could make the Indians understand them; so that he found himself, to his infinite sorrow, obliged to lay aside all thoughts of converting them. The Jesuits now began to be known in America; they had been, even upwards of thirty years in Brazil, which Father Joseph Anchieta had filled with the odour of his holiness, and the splendour of his miracles. They had likewise, settled in Peru; and had already made in both these kingdoms an infinite number of conversions; so that everyone published, that this new order, whose founder was born at the time Christopher Columbus began to discover the New World, had received from heaven a special mission and a particular grace, to establish in it the kingdom of Jesus Christ."

The bishop, accordingly, determined to introduce the Jesuits into his diocese, and to effect this he wrote the most pressing letters both to the provincials of the company in Brazil and Peru, to send him the assistance he so much needed. They at once complied with his request, and the two first priests who arrived were received with the most lively demonstrations of joy and thankfulness. Notwithstanding this favourable exception, however, the task which now lay be-

fore them, was one which no mere human power could achieve with success. The system of governing the natives adopted by the Spaniards was their great obstacle. Portions of the land were assigned to Spanish adventurers, and with the land the native population, who, according to the terms of the grant, were not only to be treated kindly, but were to be instructed in Christianity, and taught some handicraft trade. After two lives, which time was thought sufficient for their civilization, each tribe was to enjoy the same civil rights as the Spaniards. The Spanish lord was called an *Encomenderos*, and the district over which he presided an *Encomiendas*. If an Indian tribe voluntarily submitted it had important privileges granted it. Its municipal officers were selected from their own body by the members of the tribe, and the municipality was regulated by the forms adopted in the Spanish towns. The *Encomenderos* of these districts had a right to the labour of the workmen for only two months in the year; while it was only those between the ages of eighteen and fifty who were liable, and the women and chiefs, and their eldest sons, as well as the municipal officers, were completely exempt from this obligation.

These laws, so mild and benevolent in theory, and which reflect so much credit on the home Spanish government were, unfortunately, nearly completely disregarded in the practice of the colonists, and so long as avarice remains a stronger feeling than justice such must ever be the case between a conquering people and the conquered. On the pretext that they were not sufficiently civilized, instead of the subjection of the natives terminating in two lives (for it must always be observed that a people who are being plundered are not, in the estimation of their plunderers, civilized) they were granted over and over again to the colonists, and thus rendered absolute slaves to the Spaniards.

To effect the chief object of the Jesuit fathers, which was the conversion of the heathens, it was first necessary to awaken sentiments of justice in the minds of the European Christians, for they knew that it would be in vain to point out the superiority of Christianity while its teachings were so little visible in the conduct of its professors. They soon discovered in America, what Protestant missionaries in India have never dared to admit, that it is in vain you hold out the bible with one hand while in the other is the manacle of the slave. To make an oppressed people Christians from conviction they saw was impossible, and accordingly their first efforts were for the emancipation of the Indians. This zeal in their behalf made almost every white man in Paraguay their enemy, for the evils that slavery produce in a country on the dominant class, had commenced their effect here, and accordingly the Spaniards thought it beneath them to exercise any manual employment. According to their new notions of dignity, they could not do without slaves!

Accordingly, as the Spaniards increased and the natives melted away, a regular slave trade was established to kidnap members of the more remote tribes, who had not hitherto been conquered, and this was pursued in the most relentless manner. The first step of the Jesuits was to obtain a royal edict from Madrid

forbidding the Spaniards to make war on the Indians unless in self-defence, and declaring that the king "would have none but missionaries employed to reduce them." "He wanted no subjects by compulsion, nor did he seek to deprive the people of these countries of their liberty, but to reclaim them from their savage and dissolute way of life; to make them know and adore the true God, and render them happy here and hereafter."

If it be true that it is temporally that nations are punished for their sins, great as the fall of Spain has been, how much greater will be the fall of England? The intentions, at least, of Spain were good. She had some other object besides the drawing of riches from her heathen subjects, but when England's punishment comes she will not even have good intentions to justify the evil consequences of her acts.

It will be necessary to pass over rapidly the history of the various obstacles that impeded the efforts of the Jesuits in effecting their objects. It is enough to say that they were those which cupidity and interest always interpose to defeat right and justice, and which required all the virtues of patience and unbounded charity to overcome. At times the slave hunters assumed the disguise of Jesuits to entrap the Indians, and thus destroyed their newly inspired confidence in the fathers. Again, the preachers, when declaiming against the cruelty of the Spaniards from the pulpit, were reproved in the most unmeasured terms by the men in authority, even in the churches. The natural obstacles, too, that impeded them were of no ordinary nature, and some of their adventures in a wild and almost impassable country, in which they had to endure at times the extremity of danger from floods, heat, and disease, in following the poor Indian children of their adoption into the refuges in which they had taken shelter—these cannot be perused without the extremest admiration, or without recognizing a patience and heroism which we can only account for as being the gift of God!

(To be continued.)

LEE-MOUNT.

I.

THESE wide-spreading laurels that bend to the Lee,
 How snugly they shelter my Mary and me !
 Now May brings her showers of white blossoms to view,
 And bathes the green sod in a noontide of dew ;
 The red-breast builds here on this moss-covered mound ;
 Here purple, and yellow, and white shrubs abound ;
 Here wavelets glide by, with a murmur of glee,
 At foot of my cot, in this bend of the Lee !
 Oh ! white is the bosom of Mary Machree !
 And round is the form of my Mary Machree !
 And low is her voice, and her song sweet and free
 As chaunt of the red-breast that sings to the Lee !

II.

The cottage-fire guiding my pathway at night—
 The sparkling faggot, so cheery and bright—
 The round robin here, on this bank by the Lee—
 All speak to my heart of my Mary Machree !
 The star that falls back of the dark-heaving cloud
 Cares less for the love of the star-gazing crowd ;
 The flower that breathes sweetest where dark shadows be—
 My Star—and my Flower—my Mary Machree !
 Oh ! white, &c.

III.

And hers are the kind words embosomed in truth ;
 The downy cheeks bright with the blushes of youth ;
 The foot-step, as light as these soft summer showers
 Which gleam through the sunshine and freshen the flowers.
 The bud of the daisy, all crimson and white,
 The strawberry, blushing, half hid from the sight,
 The trout, seeking shades in the clear-flowing Lee,
 All speak to my heart of my Mary Machree !
 Oh ! white, &c.

MAC CARTHY MORE.

EMIGRATION.

At this period of the year when hundreds are abandoning the shores of Ireland, to seek homes in remote countries, it may not be inappropriate to offer a few words of advice and caution on the subject of emigration. I am the more inclined to do this as I have received within the last few days a letter from an Irish American who says "hundreds of our poor people are yet out of employment. If you can do anything to keep them at home do so? Remonstrance is useless, but they should be kept informed of their fate should they come to this country. I would not advise emigration until next spring, a year from this time."

In going to the United States, or indeed the colonies in general, the temporal prosperity of this life is not always secured, and the consolations of religion are almost invariably forfeited. How often must the bed of the wayfaring emigrant be made at the foot of some gigantic tree in the middle of some vast and dismal forest where the brooding miasmata during a single night may subject the emigrant to disease that will cling to and prey on him for years—how often must he bivouac or permanently dwell within the rough walls of some crazy hut, through the yawning chinks of which the freezing blast will howl and whistle, and the scorching rays of summer find their unwholesome way. In isolated situations of this nature the consolations of religion are for the most part wholly unattainable. Yet death is most frequent in his visits in the very places where the priest can rarely if at all attend. Intending emigrants should therefore weigh well the hardships and dangers inseparable from an abandonment of home; and should exercise caution before they take a step which may prove irretrievable. Emigrants must remember that physical evils and spiritual destitution far worse than physical misery, may not be confined to their individual persons—exiles subject their children, too often, to the same spiritual destitution with themselves. The evils of emigration are of a hereditary nature; they descend from father to son, and the exile who escapes the physical pestilence, lingers out life only to see his children the victims of the moral pestilence of unbelief. Not to talk of towns, so often is the emigrant's lot cast in localities situated miles away from human habitation, near dismal wastes, and horrid forests, where the sound of a mass-bell never floated on the air, that the father who emigrates almost inevitably entails religious indifference on his offspring. In this fact we find an additional reason for the exercise of caution on the part of the emigrant. He should weigh well what he is about; he risks not only his own health but the eternal happiness of a future generation. The moral climate is fatal to the young, while the physical climate especially in the United States, is deleterious to the more mature. He is a responsible being, and may have to answer before the throne of Eternal Justice for the sins of those who are yet unborn, if he expose his children rashly to the manifold temptations which will swarm round their unexperienced steps in a country with which he must be unacquainted.

Many an emigrant in the "far west" would gladly exchange the agricultural wealth

that fills his barns, and resign all that he has acquired, for the sound health which he enjoyed when a penniless labourer in Ireland. Too late he finds that happiness is impossible without this blessing of health. The rich soil which furnishes him with abundance of food, breathes at the same time the miasma that afflicts him with ague. Many years must pass away before those regions to which Irish Catholics generally direct their footsteps shall become salubrious. In order that health should prevail in the vast countries which the muddy and sluggish waters of the mighty Mississippi traverse, the dense forests which tower along its course, must be cleared away, and the deep rich brakes and marshes, pestilent with noxious gases, must be drained and dried up. The felling of those ample forests, and the drainage of those prodigious swamps, must be, of course, the labour of centuries. Unfortunately, it is not merely the Western States; over the immense regions of Upper Canada, beyond Lake Superior, the ague hovers in all its horrors. Even the length and severity of the rigorous winter, which mantles external nature with snow, and arrests the application of labour, and precludes the cultivation of land, cannot preclude or arrest the destructive ravages of pestilence. The choice of climate must be therefore a point of vital interest to the emigrant, above all, if he have a family. In order to ascertain whether a given climate will agree with his constitution, he must subject himself to its action, and experience, in his case, is too often death. Indeed the calamities of emigrants may be generally traced to an utter ignorance of the condition, climate and prospects of the lands which they have chosen for their future home.

There are thus three reasons, at least, which should arrest the intending emigrant, and make him seriously deliberate before he takes a step, which may prove irretrievable; namely, the salvation of his soul, the health of his body, and the fate of his children. These three objects, which should be so dear to him, are certainly imperiled, and may be destroyed, by emigration. He runs assuredly a great risk. Should he, however, succeed in satisfying his conscience, should he overcome his scruples and misgivings on all these points, he must remember that without crossing the ocean there can be no emigration. This is the first step in his career, and not the least in his perils. Life, soul, and children, are imperiled quite as much in an emigrant ship as in a back-woods' settlement. The existence, hopes, and happiness of emigrants, of every rank and station, are often more or less endangered in that first step—the voyage out. The accommodation of the emigrant, in long and distant voyages, is literally a matter of life and death. The male emigrants, even in the shorter transit to America, risk much, and the females, when “intermediate” and “steerage” passengers, sometimes forfeit all. We shrink from any attempt to raise the veil which conceals the horrors connected with the latter subject. But these, of themselves, should suffice to deter at least females from emigration. A great number of necessities must be collected and looked after, in preparing for a long sea voyage, if only of a month's duration. The accommodation and character of the ship are first in importance. Next to these, it will be necessary, in order to guard against disease, that light and ventilation be carefully attended to. Passengers should be very apprehensive of deception on this point, for a vessel, when visited in port, appears at

all times more cheerful, airy, and lightsome than when at sea, where port-holes are closed, skylights let down, and stern ports caulked in. If the cabin be situated near the centre of the vessel, the motion will be easier, and the swaying up and down of the stem will be avoided. But in securing this advantage the passenger often foregoes what are still more necessary—light and air, which are not to be got there. A porthole, having a glass “bull’s eye,” will admit that indispensable requisite, light; while, if facilities exist for opening and shutting this porthole, it will likewise furnish air. So long as the vessel is in harbour, the bull’s eye generally, when shut, admits light, and when open admits air; but these attributes disappear when the vessel is out at sea. For then the bull’s eye loses its transparency, and becomes impervious to both. This is occasioned by what are called dead lights, which are let down and carefully secured, so as to exclude air and light. If a poop exist in the vessel, the cabin passenger should, if possible, secure his berth in this part of the ship, which as it is above the deck must be more light and airy than a cabin below. The poorer emigrants who are stowed away between decks, in what are called the “steerage” and “intermediate” berths, have seldom much facilities for obtaining light, as their quarters, unlike those of the poop, are near the water’s edge. The air and light which the steerage passengers enjoy, can only reach them, for the most part, through the hatchways. Should the hatchways be kept shut, the air and light are excluded, which endangers the passengers. Should the hatchways be kept open, the spray that comes on board descends into the hold, and endangers the ship. Preferring, as he generally does, the safety of the ship to that of the passengers, the captain almost invariably, in bad weather, closes the hatchways. Were it not for a small “scuttle,” as it is termed, which is for the most part kept open, for the admission of air, the humbler emigrants would invariably perish of suffocation. They owe their lives to the “scuttle,” which stingily admits a little air into the steerage. Three or four hundred passengers, buried in darkness and gasping for air, swarming between decks, present a revolting spectacle. To describe its horrors is impossible. Many are always sick, and the wonder is that any are ever in health, for the odours from the piebald provisions of the passengers, and the effluvia of hundreds of passengers, produce fevers of the most virulent kind. It is evident from all this, that Catholics should exercise caution before they determine to emigrate; for they compromise their souls, their lives, and the happiness of their children, even in the very first step—the selection of the vessel which wafts them to the land of their adoption. Possessed of health a man may attain fortune in the oldest country; deprived of this inestimable blessing a man must sink into poverty in the newest and best.

C. M. O’KEEFE.

CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS HAVING RELATION TO IRELAND.

Popular Education in Ireland. Sketch of its Rise, Progress and Present Prospects.

By James W. Kavanagh, Esq., Head Inspector of National Schools, &c.

Dublin : Hodges, Smith and Co.

WE have read this valuable essay with pleasure, but a pleasure not unalloyed, when at its conclusion we learned that the reward of the author's labours has been a quarrel with the Magnates of the Educational Board he had been working with. We could have understood the results, if it had been a vote of thanks for his memoir, and the able suggestions which have been made in it, or promotion for a public officer who had proved before the literary and reading world that he had been thinking over his duties, and planning for the real interests which had been confided to his care.

We feel strongly that Mr. Kavanagh's talents have been either unappreciated or most probably jealously dealt with. He may justly feel as proud of his sensibly written paper as the Board will one day feel ashamed of their illiberal treatment of him and it. We shall return to this subject when discussing "National Education," of which it will properly form a part.

Irish Waste Lands, versus Emigration and Foreign Wild Land Settlements, specially addressed to the Poor Law Guardians of Ireland. By James Hayes, C. E.

Dublin : W. B. Kelly.

THIS is one of the most suggestive pamphlets we have seen for some time. It is addressed to the Poor Law Guardians of Ireland, and offers for their consideration a plan for rendering the waste lands of Ireland productive to the country and available at once to support our people at home and to arrest the wild and ruinous tide of emigration which has been annually washing its best blood out of Ireland. His reasoning is sound and logical, and his figures and facts most conclusive; while he urges his views and opinions with the earnestness of a man whose nature partook largely of a genuine philanthropy and a truly Irish love of the best interests of the country. Every Poor Law Guardian should read it, and the Poor Law Guardian who will first move in his own Board-room that a copy of the book be procured for each of his fellow guardians, will be working in the right direction—and will do good by having read amongst his fellows, and maturely considered, these valuable suggestions of Mr. Hayes.

*The Earls of Kildare, and their Ancestors. By the Marquis of Kildare.
Dublin : Hodges, Smith and Co.*

THIS is a very elegant book, from the pen of a member of the family, naturally proud of his olden ancestry. It is got up in Hodges and Smith's best style, and is gracefully written. It embodies a large amount of the feudal history which belongs to our country after the Anglo-Norman invasion, but is less enriched by family documents or traditions than one might have expected from the author, at whose command all these sources lay. Indeed strange as it may appear, many of its facts are taken from sources outside family records altogether.

The Fitzgeralds claim descent from the family of the Gherardini of Florence, and seem at all times to have been imbued with intense military ardour and a proud intolerance of all controul.

Two members of the family have immortalised themselves in Irish memories, "Silken Thomas," and the equally unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The Marquis's sketch of the former is quite a touching chapter of his work, while the memoir of Lord Edward is worked off in a single page, and leaves the reader sorrowing that one who must know so much has told so little. He does say that Lord Edward died of his wounds, but he does not say who Pamela his lady really was, disposing of the mystery with the cautious words, "she was said to be the daughter of Madame de Genlis."

It is a singular fact in the history of the Kildare family, the number of them who turned their arms against England, from him who declared in the council chamber at Mary's Abbey, "I am none of Henry's Deputie, I am his foe * * * I will choose rather to die with valiantness and liberty than to live under King Henry in bondage and villainy," down to that true patriot who just sixty-eight years ago, tore the British cockade from his hat and trod it under foot. Both Geraldines perished leaving an interval of two hundred and sixty years between the blood that flowed at Tyburn under the axe, and that which the dagger is said to have spilled in Thomas-st., Dublin. Offaly, better known as the Deputie Silken Thomas because of the silken fringes worn on the helmets of the one hundred and forty horsemen who constituted his Dublin escort, has left after him a letter addressed to his servant John Roothe, and which the marquis gives in his book, from which we extract a passage of touching interest. His proud spirit, which would not make his bodily sufferings known to his equals, divulges them to his follower thus, "*I never had eny mony syns I cam into pryson, but a nobull, nor I have had nothyr hosyn, dublet nor shoye, nor shirt but on ; nor eny other garment but a syngill fryse gowne, for a velve furred with bouge,* and so I have gone wolward and barefote and barelegged dyverse tymes (when yet hath not being very warme) and so I shuld have don styll and now, but that pore prysoners, of they gentylnes hathe suntyme givyn me old hosyn, and shoye and old shyrtes.*" Devoted Geraldine, gallant soldier, thy brilliant career did indeed close sadly, but your memory will live in the records of your country, and it is

* Budge, lambs fur.

little wonder that popular and credulous belief should still identify the promised regeneration of Ireland with a Geraldine leadership, tradition as the marquis tells us, still existing that a Geraldine may be seen every seven years, "Riding across the Curragh of Kildare on a white charger, shod with silver, and holding a cup in his hand; and that when he shall appear without the cup his race shall become extinct; but according to another legend, when his horse's shoes are worn off, he will return to destroy the enemies of Ireland." May the noble author, remembering the high destinies of his house, love and labour for Ireland, and then shall our prayer come, that no sprite, but a living Geraldine, may yet cross the Curragh upon a shoeless horse!

THE LEGEND OF THE CURRAGH.

I.

THE broad moon looks down on the plains of Kildare,
On the gorse-dotted Curragh, so ample and fair—
And as far as they eye glances over the scene,
Neither mountain or moat breaks the level between,
No tree marks the landscape—nor castle—nor hall—
Nor peaceable sheeling—nor militant wall—
But all the vast plain is as smooth as the sea,
When the grey gull skims closely in search of her prey.

II.

Lo! something moves out of the shadows, afar,
'Tis coming!—and coming!—It troubles the air!
'Twas a cloud!—'tis a shape!—it is caught by the moon,
Come hither—we now must discern it soon.
'Tis a war-horse!—He comes with the speed of the tide—
He tosses his head in his panoplied pride—
He is here!—ha! the rider!—A warrior in mail!!
His Visor is up—and his visage, how pale!
And raised to the light, is his gauntleted hand,
Which grasps in its hold, like the clutch of a brand,
A cup, all ablaze with a lustrous glow,
That shows to the night, his wild courser of snow:
From the crest to the fetlock all milk-like and bright,
Save the red flashing eyes staring out of the white.

III.

Oh ! he rides like the wind !—and his bearing is grand !
 Who is he ?—what Magnate ? what Prince of the land ?
 Mark ! how the swift hoofs of the wild courser shine !
 Like the streaks—in the sun—oozing down the tall pine—
 Never—never was seen on the breast of Kildare,
 Such a knight !—such a steed !—such a proud-pace pair.
 Who is he ?—who is he ?— Oh ! who should he be
 But the heart of the land ! and the soul of the free !
 The lover of Ireland, in life and in death !
 The strength of her body !—the pant of her breath !
 The seed and the kindling ! at home, and away—
 Of liberty's lightning ! and free-born sway !
 Who is he ?—A ray of the time-honoured line !
 More loved than our kindred !—the staunch Geraldine ! !

IV.

* Thus over the Curragh—the chronicles say,
 When seven long summers pass slowly away,
 The Geraldine, ever, will ride o'er the plain—
 On his white phantom-steed, with the long flowing mane,
 But when he appears *without cup in his hand,*
The last of his race will be gone from the land.—
 But should he ride forth, and *his steed be unshod*
Of the bright silver shoes that so often have trode
 The Curragh's rich sward, as, to-night, you have seen,
 When they flashed, as he passed, in the moon's gentle sheen.
Then, soon will he come with his fierce chivalry,
 To MAKE IRELAND A NATION—HER CHILDREN FREE ! !

CAROLAN.

* There is a tradition, that at the end of every seven years the Earl of Kildare may be seen riding across the Curragh on a white charger shod with silver, and holding a cup in his hand ; and that when he shall appear without the cup, his race will become extinct. But according to another legend, when his horse's shoes are worn off, he will return to destroy the enemies of Ireland.

The Celt.

JULY, 1858.

HOME RULE.

THE first publication of the Celt had for its motto, "The wise man gathereth knowledge and ruleth his own house." The converse of the adage, would be, "He is a fool who permits his own house to be ruled by a stranger."

The motto is as applicable to the political as it is to the social circle, and history has proved its deep truth, for it does not record a single people who were happy and progressive, under foreign rule, or a single nation, who having achieved a victory over another, ruled that other for any continuance without making its interests subservient to those of its rulers.

And this is just what any reasoning mind would have speculated to be the inevitable result wherever any one man or any one nation was permitted to controul, direct and arbitrate the fortunes of a neighbour. History points to it in all bygone times. Philosophy declares it for all future. It is human nature. And the only wonder is that men who individually durst not entrust their own private fortunes to the care of any neighbour, will entrust the management of the wealth, resources, liberties and lives of the aggregate nation, into the hands of another nation, its neighbour and rival.

What Irish aristocrat would entrust the undisputed control of his estates into the keeping of even his most esteemed fellow landlord? What merchant would leave the affairs of his counting-house and the arrangement of his trade in the hands of another merchant, and that merchant a rival? What farmer would desire that another should be the master of his servants, and regulate the sowing and the reaping of his lands? Would any one of the three listen with common patience to the doctrine that his property would be best cared, the sources of his wealth be best looked after, his real interests best advanced by his permitting a rival neighbour to look after his affairs? Does any Irish draper or grocer believe that his interests would be best managed by allowing his commercial concerns to be regulated altogether by the wealthier draper or grocer who lives next door to him? Nay does he not know in his soul that were he weak enough to allow of such an arrangement, that wealthier draper or grocer would manage his small business solely to make its interests subservient to his own, and that moreover he would hold down his enterprising neighbour so that he should never grow up into the position of a rival? Every man will admit this is human nature. Man is ever prone to speculate on everything around him, as something put there that he may avail himself of its usefulness if he so consider it.

And if this be true of the individual, where are the facts that would lead to the inference, that the aggregate of men who constitute a great rival nation, become less selfish or less designing, or are constituted more generous and noble by being aggregated into as it were a great company looking after their own national interests and their own individual and collective aggrandisement?

Is it not a truth that even men who are individually honest and pure become, when associated in public companies, juries and corporations, downright schemers and jobbers?

Every village, every town, presents enough of such facts to enforce the truth of what we say, while common sense in its own way enforces that truth as rational and in accordance with man's passions and nature.

Let us pass from this limited sphere of observation into the records of nations, and seek there how any one people have ever regarded the interests of neighbouring nations. There we find the one principle ever presenting itself with a force a constancy and a permanency that would almost warrant the designating it as a natural law. A law that might be called "the law of appropriation," or "the law of repression." Its action being to appropriate, and if it cannot appropriate, then to repress the growth of its neighbours' wealth.

And if this national robbery or national jealousy be more markedly displayed in one nation than in another, it is in that nation which has either attained or is aiming at a great commercial position amongst the kingdoms of the earth. Such a nation becomes to others a common plunderer, a very highwayman, whose pistol or whose dagger is at the throat of every state worth rifling.

It is the history of the world from Scipio to Pitt. From him whose every discourse told the Romans Carthage was a rival; the exordium and peroration of whose every speech was "Carthago delenda est," down to the viler statesman, who wrought the union with Ireland, and wrought it with gold, bayonet and gallows. A union cemented in blood and corruption, perjury and fear.

In both cases the result was the same. Carthage had her trade annihilated by compelling her to remove from the sea coast; Ireland by being drawn closer into the embrace of the master who holds her down, has lost wealth, trade, commerce, happiness, and honor, that all these things may be more assuredly and safely possessed by her ruler.

These truths are so palpable that one almost wonders it should be necessary to write them, and it would not, were it not that long slavery and degradation familiarises man with his degradation, reconciles him to his debasement.

Byron makes his prisoner, who had grown old in bondage, exclaim.

"My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are."

An older poet writing of foulest sin, says:—

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
That to be hated, needs but to be seen,
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, next pity, then embrace."

Is it thus with slavery? does man become so degraded that he "hugs his chains," and "blesses his oppressors."

Away with such hideous thoughts, we think better of our countrymen, than to harbour even in imagination the idea of so foul a deterioration of Irish manhood.

And yet how comes it, that any nation or people will for a long term of years, submit to be oppressed and plundered, without complaining when it may, struggling when it can, escaping when it is able?

It can only arise, we think, from some one of the following causes:—

- 1.—The subdued may be too few relatively to their masters.
- 2.—The subdued may be too sunk in vice and degradation.
- 3.—The subdued may be too ignorant and too stupid to see the real evils of their position.
- 4.—The subdued may be mentally and physically inferior to their rulers.
- 5.—The subdued are borne down and held down by a force of law and arms beyond their power to resist.
- 6.—The subdued are divided and impotent because of divisions, fostered in the name of class, or religion, or personal interests.

The first cause, that of want of relative strength, must not be understood as a mere abstract measurement of physical force, but rather as the moral power which always results from the knowledge of a great physical force behind it. The emancipator of the Catholics put it forcibly when speaking of the Repeal rent, he said, "a million of shillings from a million of repealers, and then every shilling has a man behind it." This is the true moral force which properly displayed will and must ever prevent the necessity of physical force. And in proportion as this principle becomes rightly understood in governmental diplomacy, sabres and rifles will become valueless.

The recognition of the wishes and the will of a unanimous people, involves the knowledge of the impolicy and folly of not listening to their just demands, and hence it is that Canada and Australia are legislating at home, because they were known to be unanimous in desiring it. And each, though vastly inferior in physical power to England, has had ceded to it from England that right to self-legislation, which is denied to divided Ireland.

We do not view this question at all as a physical force question, and if we did we would be prepared to dwell not a little upon the fact, that Irishmen and their descendants make a large proportion not only of England's army, but also of the population of her largest and greatest cities.

We would be prepared too to show, that upon her own shores Ireland need not fear any of her neighbours. But such is not needed in our cause.

We look for Ireland's rights by moral and constitutional means, and will dream of or listen to none other, until these have failed. And if properly used, they cannot fail, and must win.

The second cause, that of inability, arising from vice or crime, is not, and never has been, a cause in Ireland. It is now recognized all over the world, that the

Irish people are far purer and freer from crime than any European nation; and that in the scale of morality, Ireland stands higher than England herself.

The third cause,—“ignorance and stupidity,” is every day losing its force in Ireland. Stupidity never formed any part of the national character, and if for a long term, the cloud of ignorance hung over the mind of the masses, it arose from those laws which forbade knowledge and education, but the general education, and the political training of a half century, has totally changed the intellectual aspect of the country.

The fourth cause, which rests upon mental and physical incapacity, is disproven, as applicable to Ireland, both by history and philosophy.

English armies and England's state has been each ruled by Irish heads, and by those heads guided to great deeds and glorious victories. Irish talent has illumined the senate, the bar, and the professions in England. It has startled the old world and delighted the new. It has won monuments in France and Italy, and scattered its essence over the habitable world.

Alas! its trophies have been achieved, and its services given in every clime and in every land, save that of home, for there, if not repressed, it was at least discouraged, and it is at this moment, perhaps, as sad and as singular a fact as the history of the world presents, that three men who were persecuted as rebels in Ireland, and forced by circumstances to abandon the land of their birth and love, are now bidding fair, in the lands of their adoption, to prove to the world Irish capacity and Irish talent.

Thomas F. Meagher in America, has with a stirring eloquence, thrilled the great republican heart, and will, ere long, sit in that republican senate, and most probably fill the post of Attorney-General, which his great Irish rebel predecessor, Thomas Addis Emmet, occupied when like him, driven into exile.

In British Canada, Thomas D. M'Gee sits in the Native Parliament, and displays the deep capacity of that head, upon which a price was set in Ireland.

And in Australia, he whom Carlyle called the “great organiser,” he whose views upon his own land were despised in England, the incorruptible, the true and the gifted Duffy, is one of the government of that great new country, and is minister of public works and land in Australia.

It is a singular fact, too, that the first great step made in parliamentary reform, this session in England, the abolition of the property qualification, is virtually the result of the open and manly blow Duffy struck at it before a Committee of the House.

Irish rebels, in your far and distant homes, you also bear evidence to the intellect of the old land, where you are still fondly remembered.

History proves the intellectual capacity of Irishmen, and philosophy has measured their physical strength. We will not go into the whole table; suffice it that the experiments of the philosopher Quetelet, and the Engineer Field, shew that the Irishman is both taller and weightier than the Englishman.

The Englishman's strength averaged 403 lbs. The Irishman's, 432 lbs., and in further experiments made at the Institute of Civil Engineers in London, of raising weights with the aid of machinery. The Englishman averaged from 11,505 lbs. to

24,255 lbs. The Irishman averaged from 17,325 lbs. to 27,502 lbs. And in enduring privation and fatigue, what soldier in the world excels an Irishman?

The fifth cause.—An over power of law, chains, and arms, needs not to be argued in a discussion where moral force is the agent contemplated to be used, but if it were necessary to deal with it, the examples of Holland, America, and Belgium, would shew what valor and right can achieve against might and numbers arrayed in an unjust cause.

The sixth cause.—Ireland's dissensions arising out of party differences and religious disputes; and personal interests in the existing state of things resulting from the patronage of Ireland's masters.

Alas! herein lie the real causes of the continuance of Ireland's bondage; these are the evils to which all good men who favour the new organisation, must direct their best abilities; and when the Irish have ceased to fight with each other for factitious purposes, when they shall cease to outrage all Christian charity by quarrelling in its name, when they shall cease to crawl at the feet of the master's table and beg its crumbs—then shall deliverance be at hand.

Yes, when these failings shall be better understood, so thoroughly comprehended that their continuance shall be impossible, Ireland will be able to assume an attitude that will achieve self-legislation.

When she thoroughly understands the disgrace of her position; when she learns to ask herself should she not win what Greece has won, Belgium has won, Canada has won, Australia has won—the right to make her own laws. To do it, it needs but to be unanimous to Repeal the Union, unanimous in the proper way and in the proper time.

That odious Union of which Saurin said, “you may make the Union binding as a law, but you never can make it obligatory upon conscience. Resistance to it will be in the abstract a duty.”

Thirteen years ago a great man sate like a sovereign in a noble chamber in the Irish Metropolis and there were gathered round him the gifted men, the political leaders, the municipalities, the representatives of the trade, commerce, and people of his country, and amidst waving banners and emblems, and surrounded by a band of unsworded officers in green uniforms, and amid the flourish of national music, the smiles of the daughters of his country, and the homage of an entire nation, he might indeed have fancied himself a king.

Upon that day, amid that gay pageantry, noble and gallant men signed a solemn pledge. There are living ears to which we would repeat it.

“We being convinced that good government and wise legislation can be permanently secured to the Irish people only through the instrumentality of an Irish legislature, do hereby solemnly pledge ourselves, to our country and to each other, that we will never desist from seeking the Repeal of the Legislative Union with England, by all peaceable and constitutional means, until a parliament be restored to Ireland.”

Glorious pledge! noble sentiment! approved by your country, sanctioned by your

venerated Bishops and Clergy. Of the great and good men who responded to that pledge, some have passed from amongst us to man's eternal home; lightly lie the green turf on their bosoms, and may their souls rest in peace. And some are sojourning in other lands—may they yet smile in Ireland as Ireland will smile on them. And many are here at home in Ireland. Surely, sure'y not forgetful of that pledge. Pledged men, awake to its fulfilment!

THE KNIGHTS OF THE PALE;
OR
IRELAND FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY G. M. O'KEEFE, ESQ.

(Continued from page 149).

CHAPTER XIV.

“The king hath taken order that they should rear an arch,
From house to house all over in the way that they should march,
They have hung it all with lances, and shields, and glittering helms,
Brought by the campeador from out the Moorish realms.

With antics and with fooleries, with shoutings, and with laughter,
They fill the streets of Burgos—the Devil he comes after;
For the king hath hired the horned fiend for twenty marevedies,
And there he goes, with hoofs and toes, to terrify the ladies.”

Lochart's Spanish Ballads.

QUITTING the well-walled city of Dublin, and the renowned gate of our Lady, we shall loiter (with the reader's kind permission) towards the warlike and tapestried lists, braying as they are with “loud 'larms, neighing steeds, and trumpet's clang.” But stop! what is that? lo! This is a great pageant which moves out,—all buckram, amid prodigious shouts from George's-lane, and which greets the procession of mail-clad riders and plumed steeds. A very stiff looking angel, trumpet in hand, stands with expanded wings on the summit of this pageant, and is hailed with bursts of laughter and cheers. In the absence of angels of celestial origin, we may remark whose visits were—(and indeed are)—lamentably rare in Dublin, the cunning citizens, especially the guild of carpenters, were wisely fertile in furnishing a continual succession of “brand new” imitation angels. This, of which they were justly proud, and which cost the guild of carpenters no small labour, thought, and money, was a specimen of the counterfeit angels, with which in the absence of better, the citizens were fain to be content. Putting its trumpet to its lips in a

machine-like manner, it blew or appeared to blow a prodigious blast or salute through its trumpet. It was really of course a trumpeter—perfectly human, and half-drunk, cowering within the pageant, who produced the trumpet sounds, for to blow its own trumpet was difficult to Irish angels, at least at that period. Awakened apparently by the keen sound of the trumpet, two bellowing giants came shuffling awkwardly forward, with enormous mouths, and goggle or saucer eyes, staring unmeaningly at vacancy. One with great limbs and long beard, holding a prodigious club, towered on one side, and on the other side was another giant holding the jaw bone of an ass—a symbol, (as learned spectators averred) of Sampson, while others less erudite but more witty, seriously maintained that it was a symbol of the ingenious artizans who made the pageant. While the great majority of spectators were gazing at the giants, the sword-bearer of Dublin, a tailor by trade, with a keen and rather fierce expression of eye that somewhat detracted from the comeliness of his well-formed features, was observed to regard the “pageant” with unmistakable displeasure. He was a middle-sized man with broad shoulders, and well knit frame. The tailor’s mind was fierce and bitter, his language copious and fluent, his voice harsh, and manner vehement. The brightness of his keen glance indicated talent, while his careless language betrayed that negligent education which since the Norman invasion has so often detracted from considerable genius in Ireland.

“These giants of thine,” said O Farrell to the sword bearer, “appear to be sore-plagued with rheumatism—so stiff be they in their joints.”

“I wash my hands out of them,” replied Tom Barkins, for such was the sword-bearer’s name. “That’s some of Lardy’s *flabbergaster*. I have neither hand, act, or part in them.

The Lardy thus alluded to was a civic councillor—a fierce opponent of Tom Barkins.

“I opine their lungs be plithisicy—they seem sore troubled with a ronfling or wheezing.”

“They’re a disgrace to the city,” was the fierce reply, “and to the dirty *gyouts* that made them,” answered Barkins, “and it was to disgrace Dublin they were got up. But the same Lardy makes it a point to throw out all his malignant bile—and that’s not much—at the city that feeds him. If I had my will there should be no such cagmag in Dublin. Is it not a crying scandal,” he asked, “when they stand the city at this moment in four pound sterling each, including workmanship and materials, to bring before the people such clumsy, rickety scare crows.”

“I should not be bound to furnish giants to the good city at that cost. But what be the materials of your counterfeit Goliaths?”

“They’re made of hoops of various sizes, deal boards, nails and paste-board, buckram, size, cloth, and old sheets. One giant costs more than the nine worthies.”

“But stay, the angel is about to be eloquent. Let’s hear his celestial doggrel.”

At this moment a voice, by no means angelic, issued from the lips of the pageant and pronounced in a husky key the following rhapsody composed by a Dominican friar for the occasion:—

" Nobles of this fruitful land,
 Of noble soul and open hand,
 Lords of the verdant plains and hills,
 Lords of the men with bows and bills,
 Lords of the brown and belted train,
 Of generous steeds and golden grain ;
 Chiefs of the white and fishy floods,
 Lords of the deer-frequented woods.
 Chiefs of the helms ! all hail to you,
 And your gracious Dames right fair to view ;
 And health to your henchmen bold and true."

The moment the angelic recitation was concluded the conversation re-commenced.

" And so these worthless materials—old sheets and paste you say—cost four pounds sterling"

" So *they* say" replied Barkins, " and to give them their due I believe them, bad as they are—but," he added, " there is moreover tinsel, tinfoil, gold and silver leaf, and colours of different kinds, with glue to no end and also arsenic—one shilling and four pence worth, to put into the paste lest the giants be eaten by the rats." * *

Subsequently while the whole city was ringing with shouts and merriment the guild of weavers came solemnly along, preceded by two bounding fellows named " Green" or wild men—attired in a panoply of rushes—who brandishing their " fiery clubs" or torches over their heads in an extravagant fashion, capered, jumped and danced to the terror and delight of all the screaming urchins of the city, so as to clear the way for the solemn procession of the guild. We may here remark that all civic industry in those times was based upon guilds. The privileges of labour were protected by the guilds, while at the same time the privileges of aristocracy were respected by the people. The artisan having privileges of his own, did not envy his superiors who had likewise their privileges. In *those* days it was—so to say—difficult to be born, but easy to live. In our days on the contrary it is difficult to live but easy to be born. To learn a handicraft was then hedged round with difficulties. Having made his way through these—having once entered the guild—the working man had nothing to fear—he enjoyed subsistence and security for life. The security enjoyed by the civic population, rendered the whole fabric of society happy, firm and secure ; political revolution, like industrial revolution, was impossible. The exuberant joy which filled the popular heart (as the fruit of this security) expressed itself in a material shape. Hence the antic mummers, laughable devices and grotesque masques—hence the amusing pageants and holiday processions—hence the hilarity which roared and the fun which frolicked, and the broad mirth which laughed in town, city and hamlet, through the long and happy tract of mediæval time.

CHAPTER XV.

"Think when we talk of horses that you see them,
Printing their proud hoofs in the receiving earth."

Shakespeare.

On the skirts of Hoggen green—crowded with men, cattle and horses—great fires were flaming in vast holes scooped in the soil over which capacious boilers made of leather filled with parsnips and hogs' flesh, and capable of holding three cows, were suspended on a rickety construction of forked timber, and nearer at hand oxen were roasting whole with great order and solemnity. Four of these animals, when so roasted being sufficient for a band of Kernes—consisting as the band invariably did of forty men with their gillies. Fresh *creachs* of cattle arrived ever and anon, and wended their way through the multitude while bellowing vociferously, and Irish tongues were wrangling with characteristic volubility, with reference to these *creachs*. The cry of "cralth cayree-uhth" frequently resounded over the buzz and hum of the encampment announcing the approach of a new herd of lowing kine which made their difficult way at the goading instigations, and loud shouts of their wild drivers—men armed with clubs and *maydogues*—a kind of short sword, with which the wearers made battle when overtaken by their pursuers—pursuers by the way often understood to be the right owners of the oxen.

These drivers lived in waggons or carts, roofed with skins; and wandered from place to place with their wives, parents, children, and cattle—a nomadic tribe, strangers to tillage, yet subordinate to leaders whom they themselves selected. Here a gang of rascally horse-boys and apprentices, were eagerly employed in playing at "pitch and toss," blended with a chattering tribe of "mona shules"—females in a mantle and smock—the inseparable concomitants of those military underlings. Shouts of pure exultation arose from the horse-boys, when a powerful charger or dextrier with fiery eyes and distended nostril—barded from counter to tail—with frontlet of steel, and a heavy axe at the saddle-bow, came prancing proudly with arched neck, forward, guided by a lad, whose imperturbable features and cold blue eye betrayed his Saxon blood.

The exultation of the mob of apprentices was occasioned by the appearance of the charger—an appearance which tacitly promised the long and stirring continuance of the jousts.

"Who owns the horse?" queried a man with one eye, coming to the side of the young equerry.

"His master."

"And sir prythee, who is his master?"

"He, who owns him."

"Thou art very courteous, and prythee, who are both!"

"Both is not in the mystery. There be but one,"

"And who is he?"

"My master?"

"Hath he no name?"

"He hath a name—a good a and noble."

"Then he bears an ape in his shield."

"He would, an he bore thee."

"An thou answer'st me so again," said the angry interrogator, his one eye flashing as he spoke, fingering his poniard, "I'll kill thee."

"Thou hog's draft, why questionest thou me!" roared the page, and quick as lightning he also unsheathed his poniard. The burgher with faltering hand slunk away from the glowing face of the youth, and was soon lost in the crowd.

While restraining the proud plunging of this noble steed, and leading him along by the bridle, a figure stood suddenly before the boyish leader of the charger—shrouded in a hooded mantle which cowed his head and draped his limbs, and completely enveloped his interior costume. It was one of those famous Irish mantles, which according to an English writer, sheltered the wearer "from the wrath of Heaven, from the offence of earth, and from the sight of men." The figure was of apparently colossal height, and proportional bulk, but his face shrouded by the profuse fringe of his capacious mantle, seemed too low for his height; that is his breast ought to be where his face seemed to be situated. At sight of this noble and dignified person, calm and lofty, the youth so bold a moment ago, turned pale, and the snorting and alarmed charger seemed to participate in the fears of the young equerry. The stranger, who was no other than O'Farrel, having slowly made the circuit of the charger, and viewed it on every hand, and seeming satisfied with its appearance—by a single gesture of his right arm he stripped his person of his mantle, and flung it to the *golla each*, or varlet. His appearance when thus stripped excited in the bystanders an ejaculation of admiration. Sheathed from top to toe in complete steel—his face concealed by the bars of his helmet—he stood as it were a statue of burnished and glittering metal. His greaves, his cuises, his vambraces, and his helm, were polished to dazzling brightness—like a mirror, and glowing with gold. Holding the steed by the head, and with wonderful activity vaulting from the earth, he seated himself in the saddle by a wonderful effort of agility, and rode slowly and proudly towards the lists.

* * * * *

CHAPTER XVI.

"Many's the frolic-fight we've had,
For many a time you've made me mad,
But while I've a heart 'twill never be sad
While you smile at me full on the table.

Assuredly you are my wife and brother—
My only child—my father and mother—
My outside coat—I have no other—

Oh! I'll stand by you while I'm able."

Ode to Whiskey.

"And let me the cannikin clink, clink,
 Let me the cannikin clink.
 A soldier's a man,
 Life's but a span,
 Why then let a soldier drink."

Shakespear.

"The Gallowglasses of Ireland, says Stanihurst, "be gentlemen tall of stature and grim of face, whose weapon is a kind of pole-axe." "All gallowglasses are naturally cruel—without compassion," says Dymmok, "choosing rather to die than to yield, so that when it cometh to handy blows they are quickly slain or win the field. The stroke of their halberd is deadly where it lighteth, they being men picked and selected from the mere Irish for their great and mighty bodies. They are armed with shirt of mail, a skull and a skein. The weapon they most use is a great halberd, and being thus armed, and reckoning to every gallowglass a man for his harness-bearer and a boy to carry his provisions, he is named a 'Spare' of his weapon."

A group of gallowglasses such as Stanihurst describes, with axes six feet long, seated round a board, were alternately quaffing a mixture of milk and usquebah from cups of wood or clay, and chorussing a succession of songs at the top of their manly voices. When a shaven crown, a cowed figure of a monk, came, staff in hand, shambling by, these revellers—"the steel-basinetted rascals"—hailed him with a shout of derision. "Cionnurf an Macair," they roared laughingly, "Cionnurf myn ara an 'leannan"—"Sir Monk, how fares thy lady?" As a sudden hectic mantled the attenuated visage of the monk with the crimson of vexation, their mirth swelled to ecstasy, and a fierce explosion of savage laughter—bursting discordantly from their hairy mouths—followed the interrogatory.

Strange to say, the very man who thus insulted the monk turned on his boon-companion who had insulted no body. "How now, varlet," he roared—"How now kitchen page? in my presence! to mock the man of God? I would have thee to wit, Sir Scullion, thou slight'st no man of God in my hearing," and then with his mailed fist he affected to rain blows on his unoffending comrade—a rich smile glowing on his lips and a forced frown scowling on his brow. "Comrades all, as the monk shows no fight, let us have a lilt. Come young hemp with the beard, grapple the rails, give us a squeak."

The party thus courteously addressed lost no time in complying, by quavering in the voice of a goat—

I.

"I went to the wood says Bobbin to Robin,
 I went to the wood says Robin to Bob,
 I went to the wood says Ion O'Dunn,
 I went to the wood says every one.

II.

What to do there? says Bobbin to Robin,
 What to do there? says Robin to Bob,

What to do there? says Ion O'Dunn,
 What to do there? says every one.

III.

To shoot at a doe says Bobbin to Robin,
 To shoot at a doe says Robin to Bob,
 To shoot at a doe says Ion O'Dunn,
 To shoot at a doe says every one.

IV.

How did you fare? says Bobbin to Robin,
 How did you fare? says Robin to Bob,
 How did you fare? says Ion O'Dunn,
 How did you fare? says every one."

Thus the singer went on (inventing verses as he proceeded) to something like twenty stanzas, and quite ready apparently to go on to five hundred—when losing all patience the brawny gallowglas exclaimed—

"Come, Bobbin us no more. I'd liever be put to bed with a mattock than furthermore hear thee. Sir, in one word," he continued, striking his palm against the board with a strength that made it bound with the detonation of a hand-gun, "Thou shalt no longer *rhime, Dar Criosd*. Mean'st thou to rhime us to unreason? Thou hast a good voice to beg bacon, forsooth! come brush and lope. By bess and glymm an' thou art not as bold as a millar's shirt,* to squeak thy black psalm in the company of gentlemen of the blade, I am no true Christian. By the body of my champion I'll prove that thy Robin, and thy Bobbin, and Jon O'Dunn, were unmentionable knaves—bare-legged lossels—a scurvy ribald—and meet furniture for the gallows! nay black villians, and never should be introduced into a free company of soldiers and gentlemen of the blade. I bar witchcraft. Mean'st thou to rhime us to unreason?" After this escapade he retired to his seat, and having stretched his huge limbs—powerful enough to carry an elephant—the gallowglass leaning back in his chair, roared the following song:—

"Give this object an alms for he's lame, sore, and sad,
 And may Heaven make your little ones all lusty and glad."
 "Oh! you scurvy rapsallion, how dare you come here,
 Where this moment your doxy was drinking my beer?"

"Why you skinny old beldame you're hideous to see,
 You should blush to belie a poor pilgrim like me,
 For its seven blessed years, by my black shirt I swear,
 Since I buried my Breid with her pole of brown hair.

There is mist on the mountain that shadows the day,
 And sure fish beyond counting abound in the bay;
 There's another old man and a trull by his side,
 Who'd beg, steal, and stroll through the whole world wide,

I'll trudge into Louth in my blanket so brown,
 And a hood of woven hose for a cap on my crown,
 With my bags on my left, and my wallets on my right,
 And they choaking full of meal when I'm wagging home at night;

* A millar's shirt, collar's a rogue; it is therefore said to be bold.

Should I meet a gentle maiden with her distaff on her knee,
 When her mammy's at the market and there's no one near to see,
 I shall sit down by her side and with whispers soft and low,
 Set her cheek beyond the roses, while her neck outdoes the snow ;

I'll buy a rope of yarn of the nicest, newest twist,
 And I'll tie it to her arm, and I'll hold it in my fist,
 Should any drunken gaffer then attempt to kiss my dear,
 I shall sharply jerk the tether though I'm muggy with my beer."

"May that be your seven years sickness," roared several of his comrades, (when the singer had done), striking the table at the same time by way of lending rhetorical emphasis to the eulogy.

"A better song," cried a solitary voice, whose owner, singularly enough, was nick-named "Red eyebrows," "was never sung since Parolan with the mighty shoes landed in Innis Banba."

"True for you," shouted another. "Now you said it, give us the fist *Dar Criosd*—you're the blade."

"Aye by the immortal lord of war, a blade of steel and a hilt of gold."

"Devil a doubt of it"

"Could there be anything better ?" "Never a better"

The singer smiled broadly at the flattery of his parasites—for every great man has his parasites, and why not the singer?

"You should have sung that song" muttered Eqbeul, a brute of a fellow with a lowering brow, speaking very emphatically, "when dressed in the character."

The singer winked with affected indifference, though, disconcerted by the remark, he changed countenance—observing "You're a very foolish fellow," but meaning "You're a crafty vagabond." But, like other great men, he did not say what he meant. He affected indifference—exclaiming by way of apology, with a flourish "*Si Dieu se faisait homme d'armes*" as the Frenchman says "*il serait pillard*," and then he chirruped and whistled, and seemed very merry, and was certainly noisy. Eqbeul was indebted for his name to the conformation of his lips—they pouted excessively. In modern times they might no doubt be compared to those of a negro—our ancestors less familiar with negroes compared them to those of a horse. Hence he was named Eqbeul which means horsemouth. He was a slow sort of character, and was conscious of his slowness. With a head as thick as his lips, he delighted in shewing shrewdness and occasionally made hits that disconcerted wiser people. His body was powerful, but his mind was weak—a weakness which disclosed itself in his cups. On the present occasion so soon as he was half drunk—in a maudlin state—tears stood in his moist eyes—which reminded you of those of a bull—he blubberingly grasped a comrades, hand. For a moment he could not speak—his intense sentimentality choked him. At last he gasped out with moist lips and wiping his eyes "Ah my troubadour," and by the way he applied this epithet to every living thing—dogs, men, or horses, they were all troubadours "Ah my troubadour," he repeated, with what was intended to be a most winning smile, but was really a grin. Should I pass the *thooah** to the

* Battle axe.

left," and the speaker made a sinister motion with his big finger, meaning to say, should I die suddenly "bury me like a Christian." He grasped his comrades' hand "Two inches, if you have no time to go deeper—but some clay at all events. Eh?" His comrade reciprocated the pressure. "Never fear my hearty, I'll be your grave digger, but this is no time for codicils; A fig for sorrow, let us have a song."

"A song—a song," shouted several, simultaneously, "Silence for the song."

And the former singer coughed and began:—

"You'll see me richly mounted a jogging to the fair,
With my wife behind me seated arrayed in raiment rare,
And such woe will gloom your visage just to see the match I made—
Why 'twill never quit your bosom till you're bedded with the spade."

"And whence should spring a passion so fatal to my life
That I should die of mourning because I'm not your wife;
Or who could prize a false one, deception all his trade,
Who every Sunday morning adores another maid."

"Your clansmen love to vapour, and boast about their kine,
They say you're very wealthy—you never must be mine.
I scorn to flatter mortal—I heed not who they be,
They'll wed you to a laggard—some lout of low degree."

"Fair sir, I'd give you freely possession of my hand,
But gossip whisper shrewdly you've neither home nor land.
You squander all your winnings in wassail, wine and beer,
And that's the worst of ways, sir, to keep a house, I hear."

"I'll never take the trouble to force you to comply,
Your clan is cursed with treason, your temper hot and high,
I'll spend my winnings freely with laughter, mirth, and wine,
Nor care a single rush, love, though you be never mine."

"And do you not remember, beneath the rowan tree,
When seated in the cowslips the oaths you swore to me.
I never told my mammy—I kept my promise true,
And now alas! you leave me, a dark disgrace to you."

"You'll wed a ragged cowboy—in indigence to pine,
And many a gloomy day, love,
You'll weep you were not mine.
He'll load you with a pannier and bind you with a cord—
You'll curse the hour you alighted the soldier and his sword."

Though this song was received—as it deserved—with general applause, Equeal was still lugubrious. He stretched out his palm—or rather his paw—and implored promise of inhumation. His eyes were not remarkable for their vivacity, but they had the tranquil placidity of herculean power. If beauty did not mould the contour of his lips art came to his aid—his ears, to make amends, glittered with small gold pendants. He was always remarkable for the polish of his hawberk—his mail shone like silver. There was not a man in his "battle" whose axe and armour were more faultless when the company was paraded on state days. It was a common observation that if the rock of Dunamais were to march it would not move with more steadiness than this big-lipped and lubberly axeman. Beside him sat a kern who

had been more favoured by nature than the gallowglass, but less by fortune. The sharp blade of a "skian" in some hot and perilous encounter with the clamorous O'Byrnes, had caused his nose to deviate slightly from the native perpendicular—it had got a twist which detracted from the regularity of his features. With the view of drowning the lugubrious solicitations of Eqbeul, this man, whose voice was good though his features were disfigured, roared out—

When my lord of the Marches
Rides out of his hall,
For to ransack the forests
With kerns so tall.
All music and pride
At the dawn of the day,
With their war-axe and dirk
And their battle array.
They're as fierce as the wolf,
They're as swift as the deer,
Without mantle or shoon,
Without mercy or fear.
We should kill them, the villains,
As dead as a stone,
Yet will folk say it's wiser
To let them alone.

"There's a hole in the ballad. Can any one favour us with the rest of it?"

"Well, if any one could, my hearty, it is the comely Troubadour who favoured us with the first."

Here a harper or *jongleur* with lanthorn jaws and hollow flabby cheeks—his small red eyes looking obliquely through his bleared eyelids overhung by bushy eyebrows—resembling the bristles of a boar, was hailed by Malomna as "Captain-general of the ragged army." In compliance with the rude invitation of the axeman the jongleur appeared at the entrance of the booth. He was one of those musical botches who roamed among the common herd, because they were not gifted enough to figure in the Baron's hall, or chieftains, "dune." He was received with a shout or rather a scream of welcome, because the lugubrious pleadings of Eqbeul were certain to be drowned in the twangings of his *claursha*. He was taken by the hand, seated at the board, and presented with a four cornered *meth* of mead, which was accompanied with the Irish proverb "a draught before a tale." "A generous man is a fragrant rose," answered the harper with another proverb, smiling as he took the meth in two hands. Having swallowed his draught and wiped his lips in the wide yellow sleeve of *lene*, he jangled the *teada* of his instrument and burst into the following song by way of compensation for his reception:—

"Arise, fair maid, never sleep so sound,
While your true love is mourning in woe profound,
If you quickly arise we shall hasten soon,
On our fleet fair steeds into rich broad Muan."
"Sir knight of your love let me know your name,
Lest I fall when afar into grief or shame."

* Munster.

" Fair girl, you shall know neither woe nor sin,
 And the name of your knight is Sir Ristead O'Brin ;
 I hold fair halls in which chiefs attend.
 Where the lord of the green wood must wait and bend."
 " A chief who has castles and knights to call,
 Has some beautiful maid in his lofty hall ;
 If lordly hands fill your wine cup high,
 You need not a handmaid so humble as I."
 " Oh hasten with me to my bower of state,
 Where there's mantling wine, and where Barons wait,
 For revel, and dance, and joy are there,
 And a golden pallet which you must share."
 " Sir I am not used in my father's shed,
 To see wine cups shine when the board is spread,
 Nor music, nor revel, nor joy is there,
 Nor golden pallet which I can share."
 " Away love away by that western wold.
 Where coursers are waiting with bridles of gold,
 And heal a heart you have broken in twain,
 Delude me no longer, nor sport with my pain."

At this moment young Lord Howth, pale with his vigil, came riding by in armed procession to the lists with retainers.

" Both with bill, bow, and brand,
 It was a noble sight to see,
 Hardier men both in heart and hand,
 Were not in christendy."

When one of the gallowglasses, animated doubtless by *aqua vitae*, elevated his battle hatchet high in the air, and shouted in a peculiar tone, "Thursday night." The young knight thrilled in his saddle, almost bounded while the gallowglass flopping into his seat called ferociously and drunkenly on the minstrel to divert attention, "Come, my game chicken, strum us another tune from your three cornered jingle."

In ready compliance with this rude request the minstrel twanged

" I saw the black knave with his back to the tide,
 His hand on his forehead, his shoon wet beside,
 The false one, the false one, she's crimson with shame ;
 Oh ! falsest of false ones—falsehood's her name,
 They told me last week, and they told me to-day,
 With the black knave she went, in the wine house to play,
 Oh ! false one, Oh ! false one, you're crimson with shame,
 You're the falsest of false ones, and falsehood's your name.
 I went to the town, and I strolled through the fair,
 I drank myself drunk just to lighten my care,
 The false one ! the false one ! she's crimson with shame,
 She's the falsest of false ones, and falsehood's her name ;
 The cheeks of the children are streamy and sad,
 I empty the flaggon—my heart is not glad.

Oh! false one—Oh! false one—you're shadowed with shame.
 Oh! falsest of false ones, and falsehood's your name
 Little Parran and Neula they weep, sob, and sigh,
 They're heavy, and gloomy, and ready to die;
 The false one! the false one! to leave me in grief,
 And go and gulp wine with the black frowning thief."

"How many soldiers think'st thou there be in Dublin to-day?" queried Malomna.

"Soldiers," roared the other in high disdain, "soldiers quotha," and he spat out his saliva. "There be Kildare hogs enough, and Fingallians swine, and Longford rubbish enow—Buddahs and spalpeens enough; but I flatly deny there be here any soldiers. By the immortal god of war," he roared, "all the soldiers in Dublin gather round this board."

"Well said! well said! ha, ha, ha. Thou'st right by the Mass. By the hand of St. Kevin I believe thee."

"Nay, nay, the Kernes are fine fellows," exclaimed another.

The Burghers quail,
 Within the Pale,
 To see the piebald Braccan.*
 While wanton wiles,
 And sweetest smiles,
 From beauty bless the braccan—
 The braccan—the braccan,
 The many-tinted braccan;
 Princesses hands
 Have spun the bands,
 That form the noble braccan.
 Hurrah then for the braccan, &c.
 Devoid of fear,
 The boys appear,
 The wights that wear the braccan,
 In danger's hour the braccan,
 In beauty's bower the braccan,
 The chiefs who wore
 The crown of yore,
 They shouting show'd the braccan,
 The braccan—the braccan,
 The crimson colour'd braccan, &c.

"Strike the vessels ho! here's to Kildare," ejaculated the gallowglass.

The Earl of Kildare riding by at the moment, shook his head as he passed these roaring revellers, and observed in Norman French, "Audacious rascals! daring robbers, and laggard warriors. They spill my aqua vitee—they spill not the enemy's blood in like abundance." "Those roisterers surely be the plague of this land," observed his companion Lord Devlin, and spoil the Buddah's and Broohies without reek or remorse—use them at their pleasure—spend upon them after their lusts—commanding all and not to be gainsaid by any." †

* Pronounced *braccawn*—the plaid—the Latin *Braccm*.

† *De Concilio Hibernia* in Miscellany of Irish Archaeological Society.

"Whom be these particular rascals?"

They be men of McComas's band. After his father's death, McComas raised 400 defensible men to fight O'Brien, and restrain his intended mischiefs, whom at his own charge he has kept from Christmas last, whereby the faithful people of those parts were much comforted, and better enabled to restrain O'Brien. But not being able to keep his retinue longer without some competent aid from the king, or oppose O'Brien, he has marched his band into this place with the hope of obtaining fifty marks from the king's representatives."

"Is this the McComas that was in the French war?"

"Yes."

"I remember a McComas in the French war, well."

"After that Bonlogne was surrendered there encamped on the west side of the town beyond the haven, an army of Frenchmen among whom was a Thrasonical Goliath, that came to the brink of the haven, and there challenged any one of the English that durst be so hardy as to bicker with him hand to hand. And albeit the distance of the place, and the depth of the haven—this McComas, loathing and disdain his proud brass, flung into the water, and swam over the river, and fought with the challenger—strake him for dead, and returned back to Boulogne with the Frenchman's head in his mouth."

JULY.

I.

You have twelve most beauteous daughters, Mother,
All models of grace and care—
Some dark-tress'd, as the starred midnight, Mother,
And some, as the noon-day, fair.

II.

But one is the Queen of Beauty, Mother,
A spirit of light and love—
Whom Earth adorneth with flowers, Mother,
Wherever her footsteps move.

III.

Whom the air's bright minstrels worship, Mother,
And welcome with hymns so wild,
That the sunbeams start from the clouds, Mother,
To glance at the radiant child.

IV.

Whom the mountains shield with shadows, Mother,
And the valleys, with incense, hail,
And clothe with the purest fragrance, Mother,
Coaxed from the teeming dale.

V.

Whom the fountains bound with gladness, Mother,
 Ever to see or to hear,
 And the woodlands, with myriad arms, Mother,
 Doth bless, as she glideth near.

IV.

Oh ! oft in the wavy meadows, Mother,
 I meet the bright sylph at noon,
 And 'neath the awed sky at even, Mother,
 Crowned by the stars and the moon.

VII.

A vase in her shining hands, oh ! Mother,
 And her robes all blue and white,
 And her face full of love, like dawn, Mother,
 When crimson tingeth the light.

VIII.

Her eyes are the dove's and the sun's, Mother,
 And her hair the cloud-wreaths of day,
 And her lips wear an angel-smile, Mother,
 That winneth the soul away.

* * * *

IX.

You know how to love my daughter, Poet,
 The fairest beneath the sky,
 Then take her and love her for ever, Poet,
 My child—my sweet child—July ! !

July, 1858.

CAROLAN.

ANNIE O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER I.

"Come in the evening or come in the morning,
 Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
 Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
 And the oftener you come here, the more I'll adore you"

Davis.

Every one has a favorite walk. Mine is near the ruins of an old church, by the side of a bright little river. It is in the greenest of valleys, which elopes down from the beautifullest blue mountain in all the world. On Sunday last, while leaning on the broken "battlements" of the one-arched bridge, I was roused from my cogitations by the usual salutation, "A fine day sir," uttered in a cheery, manly voice. The speaker was a young peasant of my acquaintance. He held a span new "hurly" under his arm,

and with a bit of broken glass, was scraping away some roughness from the handle. I saw that he was in a hurry, and merely asked where was the harling?"

"The Ballingary boys, that challenged to meet twenty-one of us, at Mohubber," was the reply. "They're to be on the sod at 4 o'clock—what time o' day might it be now, I wonder?"

"Within a quarter of four."

"Begor it'll be tight on me to be there agin the match is med—good evenin' sir;" he jerked the piece of glass into the river, and rolling up the skirt of his coat into something approaching the shape of a lady's "bustle," dashed up the road towards "the flags" (a quarry so called) at a tremendous pace. When he reached the rising ground he shaded his eyes from the sun with his hat, and looked in the direction of the place of rendezvous. I saw that he was in time, for leaping over the wall, he whirled the hurly round his head, and having executed a couple of imaginary "sky pucks" he bounded over the next fence and out of my view.

Trifling as this incident was, it touched some hidden spring of memory—and the past came rushing upon me with painful distinctness. I remembered how on a day just like this I accompanied my old friend Frank Mulhally over to the widow O'Brien's comfortable thatched farm-house at "the grove." Mrs O'Brien was after returning from mass—the car stuffed with oaten straw, and covered with a blue woollen quilt, was at the door. The good woman was in the act of changing her black silk apron for one of coarser material, preparatory to some culinary operation, having reference to a shoulder of mutton, which the "servant girl" was unrolling from a snow-white cloth. The widow's only daughter, Annie, with her gloves and bonnet still on, was mounted on a chair in the yard, trying to reach to a great double wallflower which had taken a fancy to blush, not "unseen," (and *such* a pair of eyes now flashed upon it) over the barn door. I take a long walk into the country every Sunday, but a more lovely girl than Annie O'Brien I should'nt meet in a *month* of Sundays. On seeing us she leaped from the perch lightly as a bird, and blushing bade us welcome. While arranging her nosegay in a vase on the window-sill, I thought I saw her give a "longing, lingering look," at the blood-red wallflower over the barn door. Impelled by a spirit of gallantry, which has ever been my bane (my wig and blue spectacles, notwithstanding) I got upon the chair and with the help of my umbrella succeeded in grabbing a handful of the flowers. But instead of getting down in the ordinary way, I jumped backwards, not observing that an unruly bull calf had his nose at the moment under my coat-tails. The consequence was, I alighted upon the animal's back, he plunging forward with a very respectable attempt at a bellow, carried me round and round the dung-hill. At the first start my blue specks dropped down below my nose—then "away went hat and wig." I felt conscious of cutting a rather ridiculous figure, so that it was greatly to my relief the horrid brute gave a "hois," and deposited me safely in a big-trough. I soon recovered my equanimity, and joined my friends in laughing at the misadventure. But I remember being haunted, for several weeks after, with very troublesome dreams, in which Europa, John Gilpin, and your humble servant appeared "rolled into one" in a very extraordinary fashion.

Half a glance told me that Frank and Annie were lovers. Mrs. O'Brien, too, appeared to have misgivings on this point. The consequence of which was that her behaviour towards Frank was somewhat variable—from the boiling point of cordiality down to zero—and up again.

"Ah then Frank," said Mrs. O'Brien, "where wor you this seven years? The not a sight o'you I seen since the fair of Callan. Why would'nt you walk over of an evenin,' and take a cup o'tay with us, and tell us all the news?" Here a glance interchanged between Frank and Annie brought Mrs. O'Brien down to a very freezing mood—"But," she added, "it is'nt gallavantin' about the country a young man ought to be and times so busy—People must industher in this world, *Mr. Mullally*." "That's true, ma'am," was Frank's reply in a rather melancholy tone; while Annie's musical laugh would peal out uncontrolled at these examples of the antithetical on the part of her mother.

Between the *shanahus* of the portly widow, and Annie's eloquent eyes, more than an hour flew by very agreeably. We might have prolonged our story till "all hours," but a rakish specimen of a slimardagh boy, with a formidable "cro-mooge," which he "streeled" behind him in a rather ungainly fashion,—after a series of unheeded becks and grimaces, at length put his head into the window, and in a sort of reproachful pig's whisper, said to Frank, "They're waitin' for you." We rose to accompany our friend of the cro-mooge—Larry Comerford by name—to "the meadows." (For the benefit of the uninitiated, I beg to remark that a "cro-mooge" is a *natural* hurl-bat in contradistinction to the artificially formed "hurly," the "wattle" differs from both in having, at the end, instead of a bend like the hurly and cro-mooge, a nob about the size, and something of the shape of a sheep's head.

"Don't forget to call in on your way back, in the evening," said Annie. "You know, Frank, however busy the times may be, people can't be expected to work much on Sunday evening," and she glanced slyly at her mother, who hurried to "hush a chicken off the half door as if its remaining there for another moment, would have caused the house to tumble down at least.

On reaching "the meadows" a scene presented itself, which for life and picturesqueness, I have never seen excelled.

CHAPTER II.

"And feats of strength and sleights of art went round."

Goldsmith.

The picked men of the two parishes were to hurl that day. Groups of young girls wandered through the fields, or roved from place to place, their glossy hair streaming behind them, and shining in the warm sunrays. Others sat upon the green bank of the river, sometimes stealing a glance at the reflection of their own bright faces in the pellucid water; and hastily suppressing the revolutionary tendencies of a rebellious tress, or tying a neck-ribbon into the killingest bowknot imaginable, when "somebody" was seen approaching; the said somebody exclaiming as if he was startled out of his seven senses by the unexpectedness of the meeting, "Wisher is that yourself, Nelly," just as if the "schamer" hadn't recognised Nelly's wavy form and lilac gown

all the way from the "big tree" beyond! But by far the greatest part were linked, hand in hand, in lines and circles reminding one of wreaths of flowers; these were engaged at various games, the mysteries of which I am not sufficiently conversant with to dilate upon them.

A crowd was collected in one place to witness a trial of prowess between two of the greatest stone throwers in the country. With chest and throat exposed, and arms bare to the shoulders, these men wore models of herculean strength and symmetry. There was a grace too in the manner in which they planted the left foot at the stand, and swung the heavy stone round their heads, slowly wheeling round till the back was turned towards the point to which the stone was to be cast—then back to the original position, while the body was bent backwards, the right arm extended in the same direction 'till the hand nearly touched the ground—the body was then thrown forward, every muscle from the foot to the tips of the fingers strained—and the huge stone was hurled with a force that reminded one of the battering machines of ancient warfare.

A shout proclaimed that Daniel Doheny (the hero of the neighbourhood) had put the stone up to the best mark. His opponent girded himself for another throw, but was met with good-humoured shouts of "the one mark, the one mark," meaning that he should allow it to be a drawn battle. Not appearing satisfied with this, after a good deal of jostling and confusion, and cries of "fair play, boys," it was agreed that his wish for "another throw" should be complied with. But now it was found that the stone was missing. Some one dreading the defeat of his favorite, had stolen it away and dropped it into a pool of water at a little distance. At this Daniel Doheny's opponent shook his head with the air of an injured man, and untying the "turkey red" handkerchief from round his waist and wiping his face with it, he gave vent to his feelings in a soliloquy—uttered in a voice of the intensest melancholy, to the following effect:—

"Heavens be with sweet Fethard!—where no man would be *deçaved*!"—

And Daniel Doheny's opponent heaved a heart-rending sigh, and looked the very picture of resigned martyrdom.

"Begor, I had nothin' to do with it," said Daniel Doheny.

"Don't tell me that at all, Daniel," said his opponent, "I'd be long sorry to suspect you for a piece of maneness of that sort."

"Sure I know myself I'm not a match for you at a heavy wheelin'-stone, whatever I might with the pushin'-stone," said Daniel Doheny. This mollified his opponent considerably, and I left them talking in quite a fraternal mood; while a "gorsoon" was running up for a 28lb. sledge to the forge.

I now joined a gathering which was collected to see a "running-leap" over the river. A slight, muscular, though somewhat "nobbish" young fellow, was in the act of handing his gold watch and chain to a by-stander. He then took off his coat and vest, and substituting an elastic belt round a rather lady-like waist, for his braces, motioned with his hand to clear the way. Taking thirty yards or so of a run (with a sort of springy slowness at first, but getting more rapid as he neared the leap) he

sprang from the ground, and actually *sailing* through the air, alighted with the agility of a wild cat, on the opposite bank.

"Tare-an-agers!" exclaimed a six-foot-and-a-half collier, "but that was a bully leap!—who is he?"

"Who is he," replied a stout little man about sixty, with drab cassimer shorts and blue angola stockings, which set off a remarkably well-shaped leg to advantage. "He's the best piece of flesh that ever was reared in this parish. Be horns! I'd go to Kilkenny to see him play one game o' ball—and 'tisn't to Kilkenny—but to the streets o' of Dublin." And the stout little man spoke in a very oracular tone.

"Wish-a now?" said the six-foot-and-a-half collier.

"I never seen so *purty* a left hand," added the little man in drab shorts and blue angola stockings—while his chubby face shone, and sparkled with affectionate admiration, as his eye rested on the young man who had leaped the river; and who was now surrounded with as great a crowd of admirers as a favorite race-horse after winning the first heat.

"I'll tell you what I seen him do: I happened to be at the fair of Carrick, last Lady-day. How-some-ever." Here I hurried off to witness the great event of the day, leaving the delighted little man in drab shorts to spin his yarn—which he continued to do, holding the long collier by the lowest button of the waistcoat, and standing on his "tippy-toes," and looking up as if it was to a man with his head out at a sky-light he was talking.

The match was made and all the preliminaries arranged. No one could help remarking that the Ballingary men had the advantage in height and strength; every one of them measuring at least six-feet-two in his vamps. While on the other hand the Mullinahone boys, though of smaller stature, were so well knit and swift of foot, and had so much never-say-die pluck in them, that they were hardly even known to come off second best. They were sure at the very worst to have goal for goal in spite of the almost superhuman efforts of their gigantic neighbours.

Frank Mullally with the leader of the other side advanced into the middle of the field. Frank tossed up the ball perpendicularly between them; their hurlies crashed together as they struck at it—and then came "the tug of war." Every eye flashed with eager excitement, while "more power, Ned" "good again, Tom"—"stick *too* id, Barney," and similar phrases of encouragement, might be heard from time to time, from the panting competitors. (For an animated description of this national pastime, I refer the reader to the "Celt" for October, 1857).

"Our side takes the first goal—how-some-ever," exclaimed our oracular friend.

"How do you make that out?" said the six-foot-and-a-half collier.

"Because the ball is between Frank and Fitzgerald now, and one open puck will send it to the goal—he has no chance with Frank when it comes to a race."

Frank strained every nerve. His adversary was more strongly built, but not so swift a runner. So instead of continuing the race he seized Frank round the body. They dropped their hurlies and grappled with one another. In a moment there was a crowd around them; some calling out to "put 'em asunder," while others were "for making a ring."

"Two hands *under* Fi'garald," shouted Larry Comerford in an excited tone, while he cast a "who dare" look around.

"Fi'garald" let go his grip, and "took a fair houl't."

Considerable excitement began to be evinced now. Some of the hurlers left their posts, and elbowed their way fiercely through the wood. Sticks swayed over the heads of the closely edged mass, and those on the outside, who could not see what was going on, pushed against one another, exchanging looks of defiance—as mutual suspicion of foul play crossed their minds. The whole affair assumed the look of an incipient faction fight.

"Devil a fear of a fight where Frank Mullally is, any way," said an old man with long grey hair—"I see him throttle his own cousin at the fair *uv* Kilnackin for shoutin' *caravat*. If they want fightin', as Frank says, 'tish't with one another they ought to fight. *Doin' the work uv the enemy*," exclaimed the old fellow with emphasis, as he struck his stick against the ground and looked around him with the air of an orator.

His prediction proved correct, for at this moment the "ring" broke open, and the two young men, both very red and almost breathless, hurried to resume their places at the game—which during this time was kept up by almost a score of the players who were so well matched, that neither side could get the goal. As Frank stooped for his hurly he put his hand to his mouth and found that he bled slightly—his adversary looked anxiously at him, and as if impelled by a single impulse, the two young men rushed to meet one another. Their right hands were extended and locked for a moment in a friendly grasp, that showed that there was no ill will between them, and while the crowd cheered, till the hill of Ballingary gave back the echo, they bounded after the ball which at that moment flew past them.

CHAPTER III.

Ah! but our hopes were splendid,

Annie dear;

How sadly have they ended?

Annie dear;

The ring betwixt us broken

When our vows of love were spoken,

Of your poor heart, was a token.

Annie dear.

Davis.

The widow O'Brien's only son, a young man of much promise, had died a few years before; it was supposed in consequence of over exertion at some athletic exercise. The country people would tell you that he "threw up his heart's blood." A meeting of the young folks for any purpose of amusement reminded Mrs. O'Brien of her loss; and the wound in the mother's heart would open and bleed afresh. Her daughter never left her side on these occasions; it required all her gentle tact to divert her mother's thoughts from her bereavement. This was the reason why Annie did not accompany us to the hurling.

We met them on our way back. Mrs. O'Brien entertained us with an dissertation upon the superiority of the old "red apple" potatoe—the extinction of which

esulent she regretted very much. Frank and Annie loitered behind. What the subject-matter of *their* conversation was, I leave to the imagination of my fair readers.

A half-suppressed groan made us turn quickly round—it was from Frank. Annie gazed at him with a look so sad, so sorrowful, so despairing, that though I scarcely knew why, my heart swelled in sympathy for her. He pushed back the rich dark hair from the snowy forehead—then clasping her convulsively in his arms, he pressed his lips to her pale cheek, and was gone. Annie stood like one turned to stone. Her mother hurried towards her and enquired anxiously what was the matter. She pressed her hands over her eyes as if trying to recollect—then, while her lips parted and her eyes—her magnificent eyes—opened, as if in wonder at something she could scarcely comprehend, she said, “Frank Mullally is going to America!”

“Poor things,” said Mrs. O'Brien after a long pause, “’tis no wonder for ’em to be heart-broke at parting one another! And if I could help it,” added the good woman, while she wiped away the fast falling tears with her apron—“if I could help it the *say* would never rowl between ’em—but Frank himself knows the reason.”

Annie had moved into the house as if she were walking in her sleep. I caught another glimpse of her as she drew the curtain and let down the window of her own little room. Her face was still deadly pale, and her hand trembled so much, that she threw down the vase from the window sill. The vase was broken, and the flowers were scattered.

Poor Annie!—it was an emblem of your own young heart.

CHAPTER IV.

“God of justice,” I sighed, “send your spirit down.

On these lords so cruel and proud,

And soften their hearts, and relax their frown,

Or else,”—I cried aloud,

“Vouchsafe thy strength to the peasant’s hand,

To drive them at length from out the land.”

Davis.

We beg, now, to introduce the reader into a miserable roadside cabin. There is nothing to distinguish it from the very worst of its class; but a lace-bound lady’s pocket handkerchief, which, small as it is, is nearly double the size of the window, against which it is hung by way of curtain,

“Annie,” said a weak voice from a bed, or rather a bundle of straw, in a corner of the dark, damp room, “you wouldn’t guess who I was dreaming of.”

“I don’t know, mother—I hope you feel better.”

“A little easier, *avoumeen*,” said Mrs. O'Brien. Then recurring to her dream again, she added, “Frank Mullally! of all the men in the world!—Don’t you remember that it was this very day two years he took his lave of you.”

Poor Annie made no reply, but her eyes filled, and her lips trembled, and, in spite of her efforts to check it, a big tear dropped upon her emaciated hand. Too well she remembered it! “The disateful villian,” exclaimed the widow, while

Annie looked bewildered at her supposing that she alluded to Frank. This idea was soon removed, for her mother continued—

“He knew well when he threatened to turn us out if I took in a son-in-law, that if we had Frank to look after the farm, with the help of his friends, we'd be able to clear off the arrears, and hould the place under the ould lace in spite of him. But he only wanted to have us unprotected under his thumb. If that man 'ill ever have luck 'tis a quare world, Annie.”

“Don't think of him at all, mother, there's no use in it.”

“Annie, as sure as I'm a livin' woman, Frank Mullally will come home again.”

“Oh! mother don't say that—how could we bear to see him?”

And she looked round the wretched hovel, while the blood mounted up to her very forehead.

“Is there e'er a drop of whey, *alanna*?”

“No, mother, but Jude Doran promised to be here in the evening with some milk.”

“Poor Jude is a grateful crather—well, Annie, give me a drink of the wather—the blessed wather, that the good God sint in plenty to the poorest of us—and I'll try and get another sleep.”

And this was the widow O'Brien of the Grove—the bustling, open-hearted, charitable—and in no slight degree, the important and ostentatious “Mrs. O'Brien,”—she, whose claim to the very pinnacle of rustic respectability, none dared gainsay, for it was incontrovertible; to wit—thirty cows, and a brother a priest!

And that drooping girl, kneeling upon the cold clay floor—*she was* “the flower of the parish,” the favorite of old and young, the queen amongst the fair maidens of the green valley. To this they were brought by an act of legalised robbery, which could be perpetrated with impunity, only in a land like Ireland—ruled over by the cold-blooded stranger.

And had they no friends?

Their relations could be counted by the hundred. But the first cousins happened not to live so near them as the second; and the second were, of course, not so nearly related as the first; and, what is every body's business is no body's business. Yet had they one true friend: so true that if laying her head on the block would have lightened their sufferings, the sacrifice would gladly have been made. This true friend was Annie's old nurse, Jude Doran. Poor Jude's worldly wealth consisted of one old, limping, hairy, white goat—the most patient and persecuted animal under the sun. What she lived on was a mystery. For if poor Gin but looked crooked at a single blade of Attorney Prattle's grass, woe to her. And so well did she know this, that if she chanced to stray a little way along the road, munching a bramble here and there, if a step was heard approaching, she would shake her old tail in terror, and hobble home as fast as her three good legs would carry her. If her mistress happened to be out, and the hasp on the door, (unlike the ostrich, which hides its *head*), poor Gin would stick her other end into a cavity in the ditch, and look fearfully in the direction of the coming footsteps. The poor old goat managed to live, however; and her poor old mistress brought a bowl of nutritious milk morning and evening to Annie and her mother.

I do not remember who it is has said, "The poor are the best friends of the poor." The words are as true as if He who preached the sermon on the Mount had spoken them. * * *

"I didn't see so fine a funeral this many a day—a power of jantin' cars!"

"'Tis a fine responsible funeral, sure enough—but that's no wonder: wasn't she related to the strongest families in the three parishes?"

"But is it true Dick, they wor in sich poverty?"

"Why then it is thrue, Larry; and 'tis little any one thought her father's child 'id ever see a poor day. I'm tould they owed on'y the one year's rint; and be all accounts they'd clear up the last farthin' if they got fair play."

"An' where was the great frinds *thin*, Larry? Begor, if they're only good for comin' to one's berrin' I'd as lief be widdout 'em."

The plumed hearse stopped opposite the stile leading into the churchyard. The velvet pall was removed, and—oh! mockery—an unpainted, rough deal, paupercoffin was exposed to view. So it was. The widow O'Brien died rather unexpectedly, and her "friends" forgot until the last moment that the family dignity should be upheld. A hearse was sent for in hot haste, to the next town. The relieving officer had provided the coffin. The family burial place was railed round; Mrs. O'Brien's remains were to be placed next the tomb of her brother, the priest. Four highly respectable men, with silver-mounted whips, carried the coffin inside the railing. A poor old creature, with a patched cloak, crept after them.

"Stand back, my good woman."

Ah! sir, — she toiled for her, she watched for her, she closed her eyes, and placed her in her pauper coffin; will you not let her drop a tear into her grave?

"Stop," said the highly respectable man, as the first shovel full of earth was about being thrown into the grave. The man stopped, and was obliged to go down again into the grave—the head of the coffin required to be moved one inch to the left. What a blessing is a useful friend!!

"Stand back, my good woman."

Poor Jude Doran!—she retired to a little distance, to pray and to weep. The highly respectable man took a pinch of snuff.

CHAPTER V.

"And yet it is for gold I go,
And yet it is for fame,
That they may deck another brow,
And bless another name;
Aileen,
And bless another name
And when with both returned again,
My native land to see,
I know a smile will meet me there,
And a hand will welcome me
Aileen,
And a hand will weldome me. *Banim.*

I looked up from my book. "Surely," I thought, "that car has stopped at the gate." The latch was raised by some familiar hand; a stranger could not have found it so

readily. There was a hurried step upon the gravel, followed by a loud knock at the door. I drew back the bolt, and Frank Mullally grasped me by the hand. "Is she alive?" "Yes, she's alive—but"—"But she's *dying*—and a *pauper*. O God! why did I not know all this in time." He flung himself into a chair, and covered his face with his hands. I begged of him to be calm.

"I will be calm," said he, resting his forehead on the back of the chair, "but tell me all." "It is a short story, Frank; and unfortunately a common one in Ireland. Bad crops, and the cattle disease first—the landlord—the poor-house—death afterwards. Annie received her mother's blessing with her last breath, and was sent the next day to the hospital in a raging fever." "And her friends?" he asked in a husky voice. "I won't attempt to excuse them," I replied; "but neither will I wrong them. There are few in this country now whom ruin does not threaten; and when people's own cares weigh heavily upon them, they are not apt to remember the cares of others. However, Annie's uncle has resolved to provide for her when she gets strong enough to leave the hospital. But I will not conceal the truth from you, Frank: I was talking to the doctor yesterday, and he fears that a more insidious disease than the fever is preying upon her."

"And it is for this I have toiled and struggled! My own gentle Annie! whom I hoped to meet in the full flush of womanly beauty—and have I come back but to see you laid in the cold grave? O! Annie, your heart was broken! *She was murdered*," he exclaimed, in a voice, and with a look that terrified me. "Do not suppose," he continued bitterly, as if he guessed what was in my mind, "do not suppose that I will touch a hair of the guilty wretch's head. Sending him to an untimely grave could not bring the flush of health back to the cheek of Annie O'Brien."

I could not prevail on him to retire to rest; he preferred, he said, stretching upon the sofa. But when I awoke at interval, during the night, he was still pacing slowly up and down the little room.

I went with Frank's sister, Mrs. Cormack, next day to the poor-house. While making some inquiry in the clerk's office, the vice-chairman of the Board entered. He had *brute* written in every lineament of his face; and his face did not belie him. He called for the return of deaths during the week; and pored over the list with a look that a savage might have worn, while counting the scalps of his enemies. "The devil wouldn't kill the Irish," he exclaimed, as he flung the book upon the desk.* The rations were reduced to a minimum the last Board-day—and the number of deaths disappointed him. He had hoped there would be twice as many. This humane gentleman was the late Mrs. O'Brien's landlord. On reaching the door of the convalescent ward, we heard loud voices in angry altercation. "Let the girl alone, Peg the Boar—do you think she'd talk to a rip of your sort."

"Silver tongue—mind your own business—blast"—but I won't pollute my page with their disgusting ribaldry.

* Fact.

We entered—and O Heavenly Father!—there was the pure, innocent, gently-nurtured country maiden, shrinking into a corner, and surrounded by these abandoned women, whose very breath was poison.

Annie recognised Mrs. Cormack, and tottered towards her,

"Take me out of this," she cried in a piteous tone, with a look that would have melted a heart of stone. "We are coming for you, Annie," said Mrs. Cormack. "Ah!"—she exclaimed, as if recollecting herself—"but where have I to go?" and she appeared about to shrink away again. "You will come home with me, Annie—to the banks of the beautiful Nore, which you were so fond of. Don't you remember Frank?" The poor girl looked down, and remained silent for a few moments; it was easy to see that her thoughts had flown back to "old times." Then lifting up her eyes, while a faint blush and a fainter smile flitted over her now worn, but unearthly-beautiful face she said, "you know, Mrs. Cormack, what friends Frank and I were; but I am glad he is not here now. What would he think if he knew that Annie O'Brien is a poor pauper girl?"

I could stand this no longer; I rushed out into the open air; I felt something in my throat that was choking me.

CHAPTER VI.

"I do not think where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me,
And I, perhaps may soothe this heart,
By thinking too, of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn,
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore."

Rev Charles Wolfe.

It was all in vain—all that skill, and kindness, and gentlest care could do. The soft April days had come, and the air was laden with a thousand balmy odours—but in vain, Annie O'Brien was dying. The shadows were lengthening; it was evening. There was something awe-inspiring in the dreamy stillness that reigned in and around the house. It was only broken by the ticking of the clock, and the muffled "hah, hah—hah, hah" of the flail from the barn; and these only served to make the silence more palpable. Mrs. Cormack read the "Litany for the dying." The fair girl's lips moved as she repeated the responses, and she looked upwards, as if the earthly film had already dropped from her eyes, and the spiritual had become visible to her. "Raise the window." It was raised—and now all was again silent. A shadow flitted across the room; a bird had lighted upon the window-sill. Scarcely had their eyes turned in the direction when a clear, flute-like "cuckoo,

cuckoo," pealed through the silent room. Mrs. Cormack made the sign of the cross. The incident was so extraordinary,* and taken in connection with the dying girl, she fancied there was something supernatural in it. The bird having uttered its "two-fold shout," flew away. Annie's face was lighted up with an unearthly smile. "I hope there is no harm in it," she said, "but I fancy that was my little sister coming to call me away."

"No harm in the world, Annie."

"Mrs. Cormack, put on my habit." Mrs. Cormack proceeded to put on the robe, worn by persons belonging to the Society of the Blessed Virgin; a figure started up from behind the bed to assist her. *You here too! you poor old cripple—and you have never stretched your old rheumatic bones upon a bed for the last three weeks. "Hold the crucifix, Jude."* Jude Doran knelt down, holding the sign of salvation before the fading eyes of her worshipped darling. "The blessed candle!" Mrs. Cormack hurried out to light it. And now the whole household knelt around the door to pray. A loud wail from the faithful old nurse told that all was over. Frank rushed out into the lawn to hide his emotion. He looked up to the blue sky to try if he could see her there.

CHAPTER VII.

They'd right the suffering Isle they loved—these exiles far away."

Martin M'Dermott.

The elder blossoms had twice fallen upon Annie O'Brien's grave. On my way to the old church, I passed Jude Doran's mud-built cabin; the door was hasped on the outside; and poor old Gin—not much the worse of the wear—was lying across it, evidently determined on making the most of the straw she was munching, and occasionally turning up her right eye towards the silvery clouds, with a knowing look—as much as to say, "I see something like rain up there—for all how sunny it is." Gin's fellow sentinels were a pair of stumpy, sooty old hens, with bundles of straw tied on their backs to keep them from "trespassing." I met Jude herself coming out of the grave-yard. She was nearly bent double with age and infirmity, and her old bones were so stiff now, she was obliged to carry a short stick with a crook at the end, to help her to move. "What in the world brought you here, Jude?" "Miss Annie, and the poor mistress, sir," she replied, pointing in the direction of their graves; and holding up her beads, to signify that she was praying for them. I blessed the faithful creature in my heart. "I always pray for Miss Annie," she continued, "with her own weeny little beads, though my poor old fingers can hardly feel the stones they're so little. She brought it from the nunnery in Thurles, sir," and Jude placed a little blue glass rosary in my hand. "Oh sir," she continued, with the garrulity of her class, "if ever there was a born angel she was one. When she'd think the pain in the back 'id be at me, widout pretindin' to

* It really occurred under similar circumstances, to my knowledge.

anything, she'd make me stop worken, and hould a skein o' thread for her—or may-be 'tis out in the garden she'd siud me to watch the bees for feard they'd be swarmin'. Wasn't she as beautiful as waxwork, sir." "She was indeed, Jude—and good as she was beautiful." "You may say that, sir. 'Tis many's the scouldin' I gave her for running like a wild thing through the fields; she was cracked after the flowers, sir."

"Oh! whin the black villians turned 'em out, and when the poor mistress used be frettin' and complainin', Miss Annie 'id put her arms round her neck and tell her that God of'en sends us poverty and sufferin for our good; it would do your heart good to listen to her. She had words at will, sir, and read a power o' books, though she usen't to pretind to id."

"Well, Jude, go home now, and have the sugar-bottom chair ready for me, and I'll call on my way down; you must tell all about '98, and how bravely your brother died; and how the rascally yeomen put the rope about your neck to frighten you into discovering on him."

"Yes, sir—and how they offered him goold and his life if he'd turn informer. But the good drop was in him—he had a stout heart—he died brave—he died brave," and her eyes gleamed, and her withered face lighted up with enthusiasm.

"But is it true, sir, that Frank Mullally joined the army?"

"Well it is true, Jude." "*Mavrone*! 'tis little I thought he'd ever be a red-coat." "But his coat is not red, Jude." "Eh?" she exclaimed quickly, "they're not *Sasenachs* out there? May be they're like the Frinch?" "Exactly, Jude—Frank is an officer in the Irish American army."

Jude whirled her crutch, and hobbled off humming a line of an old '98 ballad:—

"And we'll plant the tree of liberty on the top of Slieve-na-mon."

I recalled Frank's last words to me, while replying to my arguments against his leaving Ireland again; and while he spoke was struck with his voice and manner, and the lines thought had traced on his face. The hot youth had become a man of purpose. He said that Ireland's outcast children were not lost to her. On the contrary, a just Providence would make them the instrument of breaking the chain, and humbling the oppressor. "To that end my life shall be dedicated," said he, "and if ever you see any signs of life in the old land, and if the thought occurs to you that Frank Mullally has forgotton his allegiance to her cause—go stand under the elder tree in the churchyard on the hill, and you will doubt me no longer!"

I stood under the elder tree and saw what he alluded to—it was this:—

ANNIE O'BRIEN.

Aged 20 years.

ULICK DUNLOE.

SKETCHES OF THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

THE BLACKWATER.*

“ There's a far famed Blackwater that runs to Lough Neagh,
There's a fairer Blackwater that runs to the sea—

The glory of Ulster,
The beauty of Munster,
These twin rivers be.

Davis.

THE scenery of the Blackwater—the Rhine of Ireland—is magnificently grand and imposing. It is second to no river in Great Britain or Ireland in natural or artificial beauties. Though it has not the sea-like grandeur of the Shannon, or the varieties of the Lee from Cork to Queenstown, it has its splendid mansions, its beautiful landscapes, and its lordly ruins, majestic even in their decay. Seen from the deck of the steamer, as it dashed and fumed, and puffed through its placid waters, the river had an imposing appearance. See the old castles on its banks, how grimly they look as if defying their ruthless master, time; how changed they are since the time when contending chieftains battled for their possession, battled for fame and glory, chieftains whose names are now scarce remembered and but seldom mentioned.

See yonder old abbey with its ivy-crowned walls, now crumbling to decay, and affording a shelter only to the owl and the bat. No more shall it resound with the voice of holy praise, no more shall it breathe the perfumed incense, no more shall it wake with strains of love and adoration to the living God. On each side of the river are gentlemen's seats; some, with their windows gaily overlooking it, others so near that the water washes their bases. Its sides are adorned with shrubs and flowers, and indented with artificial bays. Graceful yachts skim along its surface, dashing o'er it like things of life, with their snowy sails flapping and inviting the gentle breeze. Parks and demesnes, with their herds of timid deer, extend in the distance.

The river, for the most part, flows between hills that rise in gentle undulations from the water's edge. In other parts cliffs and rocks, their sides bristling with trees and shrubs, rise abruptly. Here are rocks, with a noisy little brook foaming and fretting, and rushing through them; they look as if they were going to plunge into the crystal waves beneath them. I have lately travelled along its bank by moonlight, and then did I rightly appreciate its grandeur. There lay its placid waters, like a mirror, reflecting back towns, towers, and trees, or like a mighty mass of molten lead slowly rolling to the sea. There was something in the stillness of the

* The reader may feel surprised why I have passed, without notice, Mount Melleroy, Lisamore, &c.; as I have lately given some account of them in other periodicals, I could not, with justice, notice them again; however, to make amends I will pass on to Youghal, Ardmore and Cork, giving some account of them, *en passant*, also of Raleigh, Cromwell, and other places and persons.

night, in the soft, silvery moon reflected in the waters, in the unbroken tranquillity around that made me feel even more than a poet's or painter's enthusiasm. I watched the river gently flowing on, its rippling waves slightly curling on the banks; its motion scarcely perceptible, the ripples on its surface appearing, in the soft moon-beams, like perspiration after the toil and agitation of the day.

It is a poet's ideal of a lovely river. What must be poor Davis's impassioned and romantic feelings, when he wrote of it:—

“ Its rocks rise like statues, tall, stately and fair,
And the trees, and the flowers, and the mountains and air,
With wonder's soul near you,
To share with and cheer you,
Make paradise there.

“ I would rove by that stream, ere my flag I unrolled,
I would fly to those banks my betrothed to enfold,
The pride of our sire land,
The Eden of Ireland,
More precious than gold.”

I have said enough of the Blackwater and its scenery. I thought to have given here a short sketch of Edward Walsh, but I am glad that I have been anticipated by my talented friend, whose biography graces your pages. Poor Edward Walsh! the bard of sorrow! Poor fellow! while he poured forth his soul in song, the world was dark without—dark as his own heart within. Though his fine spirit was broken and his gushing strains chilled by poverty, still he had a balm for all in the love of his Craoibhin Cno—nut-brown maid.

How his heart throbbed with love for his fond young bride, as he wrote:—

“ My wild heart strays to Amhan-Mhor's side,
Mo craoibhin cno;
With love and thee for aye to bide,
Mo craoibhin cno.”

Alas! who can tell his feelings when he saw that fond confiding wife and his darling children, poor and friendless, before an unfeeling world. I even wonder that his honest, loving heart did not wither and die sooner.

I now pass to another poet, more distinguished in literature, but not so dear to Irishmen. He, too, wooed his bride and the muses, and had his sufferings by Abhain-Mhor's waters; I speak of Spenser. Though Irishmen can have little sympathy for him, still he is so connected with some stirring events in our history, that I mean to give a short memoir of him. Edmund Spenser was born in East Smithfield, London, in 1553. In 1580 he attended the Lord Deputy, Lord Grey of Wilton, to Ireland as secretary. Through his influence he obtained, in 1587, a grant of 3,028 acres of the Earl of Desmond's confiscated lands.

Spenser, in obedience to the royal patent, lived on his estate, in the castle of Killoleman, Co. Cork. The castle had belonged to the Earl of Desmond, and was then in good repair. It is now in ruins, nothing remaining but the old, tottering walls, an arched hall, and a small room on the top. In this castle, Spenser began

the eighth year of his residence in Ireland; here he began his "*Fairy Queen*," three books of which he had written when Colin Clout, as he calls Sir Walter Raleigh, visited him and found him—

"Keeping his sheep amongst the lonely shade,
Of the green alders by the Mullas' shore."

Raleigh induced him to return to England, and publish his work, which he did in 1590.

Shortly afterwards he was introduced to the Queen, and appointed poet-laureate. Some think that there was no pension attached to the office then, that it was a mere honour; others say that he had fifty pounds a year; however, he speaks in such a touching manner of court patronage in his works, that I think he had none. About the year 1591 he returned to Kilcoleman, and in this poetical retreat finished his "*Fairy Queen*" and other works.

Spenser now became enamoured of the "fair Rosalind." In her were all his hopes centered; she was the ideal of the poet's fancy. He wooed her with the warm attachment of a poet, yet she was inexorable. Slighted love and the snows of forty winters had stolen the graces of youth from his brow, leaving nothing but a poet's fame and thrilling sensitiveness to recommend him to the object of his affections.

The desponding lover made a greater impression on the sensitive Rosalind than the glowing poet. She relented, and they were married in Cork, 1594.

In the fulness of his love he celebrates the happy occasion thus:—

"Behold! while she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest, that to her speaks,
And blesses her, with his two happy hands:
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks!"

Shortly after his marriage he again went to London, and published three books more of his "*Fairy Queen*." He now returned to enjoy the domestic repose of Kilcoleman, with the love of his fair young wife. Two sons, of the poetical names of Sylvanus and Peregrine, blessed their union.

The gentle Rosalind, and the prattling of his cherub-faced babes, made his home a paradise. Courtied as a poet, esteemed as a man of genius, surrounded by domestic bliss, Spenser now was happy.

This happiness was shortly interrupted; the cup of felicity was dashed from his lips.

The bold Tyrone was in arms. The confiscated castle of the lordly Desmonds was an object of his vengeance.

Poor Spenser now trembled for Rosalind and his children. His Saxon blood chilled before the red hand of O'Neill. So precipitate was his flight that he was forced to leave an infant after him to the care of servants. The servants, too, fled; and on that night the home of the Desmond smoked, and cast its lurid light to Heaven, amid the shouts of Tyrone's followers. The poor babe, being unseen, fed the flames, for its cries were unheard amidst the shouts of warriors and the noise of the crackling pile.

In England, Spenser lived for some time in want, in King-street, Westminster; at length, the loss of his child and broad acres, preyed so much upon him that he

died, leaving his wife and children in want. He died in January, 1598, and was placed beside Chaucer, in the south aisle of Westminster. Rosalind survived him but a few years; true to her plighted love, she pined and sank into a premature grave.

ATMER CLINGTON.

THE JESUITS IN AMERICA.

(Concluded.)

To endeavour to account naturally for the wonderful ascendancy which the Jesuit fathers obtained over the minds of the natives, would be to shut our eyes to the truth, which is, that they were wonderfully favoured by God; Southey, in his "History of Brazil," sees nothing more in it than the fact, that "Savages are accustomed to the contempt of death," and that accordingly, they admired the Jesuits who met death with firmness. He, as a Protestant, could not perceive that the blood of Martyrs is the seed of the church; and in Paraguay, the seed was sown abundantly.

At length, in 1610, Father Joseph Cataldino, and Father Simon Macerata, both Italians, succeeded in obtaining full power from the bishop and governor, to go amongst the Guaranis, one of the most extensive Indian tribes, with full authority to govern them independently of all Spanish authority, and to oppose in the King's name all who would endeavour to subject them to slavery. These two Fathers accordingly collected together two hundred Guarani families, the members of which had been baptized by Father de Ortega, and Fields (a Scotchman), and formed them into a town, which they called Loretto. This was the first of the Reductions, as they called the Christian Indian settlements, founded in Paraguay.

The reputation which the Jesuits had obtained amongst the Indians, in consequence of their efforts to preserve their liberty, caused great numbers of them to flock into Loretto, which soon became so crowded, that it was resolved to found another settlement, which was done and appropriately named St. Ignatius. In the words of Charlevoix, "It was soon found necessary to found two more, for the reception of proselytes; and these peopled so fast, that the two Jesuits immediately formed the project of a Christian republic, which might, in the heart of this barbarous country, revive the happiest days of primitive Christianity." This was not done without first obtaining the consent of the Spanish King, who, on the representations of the Missionaries, that the conduct of the Spaniards had rendered Christianity odious to the pagans, and that in consequence it was absolutely necessary, that these converts should be protected from the tyranny and bad example of the old Christians, at once approved the idea, and authorized it in the proper manner. It must not, however, be supposed that the Reductions were to be subject alone to the Jesuits; on the con-

trary, the Spanish King did not abandon any of his prerogatives, by confiding the government to the Fathers, who were always careful to inculcate principles of loyalty and devotion to their sovereign, in the minds of their neophytes, and this loyalty, on subsequent occasions, was of great importance to the Spanish interest in the New World.

It is now time to give some account of the effects produced on the Indians by the teachings of the missionaries and of the rule which produced these effects, and first it will be necessary to describe a Reduction. The streets of each Reduction were laid out at right angles to each other. In the centre of each Reduction, there was a square in which the church and arsenal stood. This square was the *place d'arms* in which the militia, of which there were two companies in each Reduction, weekly assembled for exercise. There was also a well organised police in each Reduction. The houses originally were merely huts built with canes and plastered over with mud and without chimneys, but in course of time they were built with as much neatness and as many conveniences as those of the Spaniards themselves. As the soils surrounding the different Reductions varied in their produce, the deficiencies of one were supplied by means of barter from the other; for according to Charlevoix "gold and silver shone no where but on the altars." Each Reduction had two Jesuit fathers constantly residing in it, one for the spiritual duties of the station, and the other who applied himself in a more particular manner to the temporal care of the Indians. This division of labour was the more needed because of the difficulty which the missionaries found in eradicating the native instincts of the people which led them to indolence and carelessness of the future, the consequence of which was that famine frequently threatened them, and was only averted by the vigilance of their guardians. The agricultural business of the Reductions was performed by the male Indians, divided into classes, according to their age and strength, superintended by the rector, who was assisted by overseers selected from the most intelligent of the Indians. No female was permitted to assist in the labours of the field. They were engaged in various branches of manufacture, suited to their sex. Each family occupied a single dwelling, and throughout each settlement a strict, though mild discipline was preserved; order was enforced principally by means of moral restraint, but occasionally when this childlike people transgressed, the childish punishment of the rod was inflicted, a punishment most suited to their nature, which could not endure incarceration. The most rigid industry was enforced and no one was allowed to beg in the Republic; even the children had tasks apportioned to them according to their strength, and their inclinations were consulted in the occupation they were set to. Charlevoix states that "They succeeded as it were by instinct, in all the arts to which they were applied. They did not discover any talent for invention, but they were soon observed to possess that of imitation to an extraordinary degree. It was enough, for example, to shew them a crucifix, a candlestick, a censer, and to give them materials for making others. They copied them so well, that it was no easy matter to distinguish their work from the pattern. They have been known to make on bare inspection, the most intricate organs, as well as astronomical spheres, Turkey carpets, and other most curious manufactures. They

engrave upon brass, after giving it a due polish, all the figures traced before them. They have naturally a just ear, and an uncommon taste for music, and touch as well as make all sorts of musical instruments."

This aptitude was of the greatest assistance to the Jesuits in their conversion of the Indians, as they set to music all their religious instruction, just as now-a-days, in the national schools, it is employed in union with rhyme for imprinting on the children's minds those things which it is important to commit to memory.

But all these material improvements were made subordinate to the great object of Christianizing the Pagans. The Jesuits did not believe that their "mission" was to give the heathen a taste for European luxuries or conveniences, so that they might be good "customers" for the country which sent them out. In those days the "Manchester" spirit did not prevail exclusively. The saving of souls was not made subsidiary to the clothing of pagan bodies in European manufactured cotton. Therefore by English writers, have the labours of the Jesuits in America been derided and scoffed at. They found the Indians children, and children they left them, say they. Children indeed they were, but it was children of God, for not even the benevolent dreams of Sir Thomas Moore in his "Utopia," could exceed that which was realized amongst these barbarous and almost brutish people. So profound was the religious spirit implanted in them that very frequently they entered the churches, and publicly confessed those faults of which they had unfortunately been guilty, even though the practice was not encouraged by the fathers. It was only after a considerable probation that the new converts were permitted to partake of the Blessed Sacrament, for nothing is more false, as is proved by their adherence to it, than the charge that it was only a nominal adherence to Christianity, that the Jesuits required from the Indians. In the intervals of labour the churches were always filled with pious worshippers, and these buildings were decorated in the most beautiful manner, with a profusion of flowers, in the arrangement of which the Indians exhibited a charming taste and skill. Drunkenness, theft, and violence, were unknown, and so great was the purity that existed, that rarely were there other than venial sins confessed at the tribunal of penance. Charlevoix describing a procession of the Blessed Sacrament amongst them, says, "without any display of riches it forms a sight which yields in nothing to the richest and most magnificent procession in any other part of the world—no treasures were to be seen at this ceremony, but all the beauties of simple nature are there so happily disposed as to represent her in all her glory."

It must not be supposed that all these blessed changes were effected without many trials and some disappointments. The position of the first established reductions on a portion of territory, claimed alike by Portugal and Spain, subjected them to many inroads of the inhabitants of the Portuguese Colony of St. Paul's, who associating themselves with an Indian tribe, who were the hereditary enemies of the Guaranis, carried many of the converted Indians into slavery. The Spaniards refusing assistance to the reductions, several of the establishments had to be removed to places of greater safety; but subsequently the new Christians armed themselves, and under

the command of their pastors, succeeded in defeating the combined Portuguese and Indians. This, however, they did not accomplish without much suffering and considerable loss.

The Indians suffered extremely too from small pox, and a malignant fever, against which the fathers had the more trouble in guarding them as it was extremely difficult to cause them to take the proper precautions, or even proper remedies to avert or cure either. They met death with the greatest calmness; their only desire being to secure the consolations and holy rites which fortify the Christian at that hour. The labours and sorrows of the Jesuits, on these occasions, were beyond description, but their consolation, in the words of Charlevoix, when their flocks were visited with disease, was, "that heaven was peopled with their loss, and that they thereby gained so many new intercessors with the master of the harvest, to give them a more abundant crop in their spiritual excursions."

It has been objected to the Jesuits, that the system of unceasing supervision and control, that they exercised over the Indian converts, though calculated in the first instance to reclaim them, was not adapted to advance their further progress, either in civilization, or riches, or knowledge, or even virtue, and that, though it made them cease to be savages, it prevented their ever becoming enlightened citizens of a free community. The answer to this is evident enough to any one who enquires into what has been the fate of the Indians under any other system. When this enquiry is made, it will be seen that the Jesuit plan was the best ever adopted yet towards them, for under every other, their gradual extinction has resulted. The Jesuits in Paraguay renewed on a more perfect scale than circumstances ever before permitted, the attempt, which the church has never abandoned, of raising human aspirations to higher and better things than wealth or worldly grandeur. The only glory they desired was the glory of God, and this they advanced. In the first place it was necessary to fit the Indians to be citizens of heaven, and this was surely the best preparation for making them good citizens of an earthly community; notwithstanding anything to the contrary, said by the enemies of the Jesuits.

It was not only to the Guaranis, that they extended the benefits of their ministry. They also collected and reclaimed the Tapas, another of the most extensive tribes of South America. The Mojos, the Chiquitos, and the Avipones, were all gathered into the same fold, and the blessings of religious civilization would have soon been extended to the whole native race of South America, when the gaily act of one man in Europe effectually impeded this blessed result.

The eighteenth century may be described as the age of infidelity. Kings who claimed to hold their thrones from God, scoffed at the idea of his existence. A hardened cynicism took the place of faith amongst the higher classes, who, affecting to disregard what they called "prejudices," by their evil example effectually contaminated the minds of all. The most scandalous licentiousness prevailed in all the courts of Europe, and in that of France, a Courtesan's favor was generally the means of gaining the highest offices of the State. This pernicious example extended to all the other courts of Europe. At this period, an effort was being made by the

higher classes to relax the restraint that religion has imposed on vice, while at the same time, they endeavoured to draw more closely the bonds which bound the humbler classes in subjection to them. Society was completely polluted, and a moral tempest was necessary to clear the vice-laden atmosphere. The Jesuits were the first victims of its fury, as they had been the most unbending before it, while it was gathering. The best guarantee of the freedom of the masses in any country, is the moral purity of the rulers. The Jesuits, who never ceased the effort of endeavouring to keep alive the feeling of conscientiousness in the minds of the aristocracies of Europe, were at length felt to be an obstacle to their wicked designs, and, accordingly, the extinction of the order was determined on. The first step to be taken to effect this was to blacken their character as a body, and to this task all that school of writers, who, even by Protestants, are described as "infidels," applied themselves; no atrocity was too great, no wickedness too extreme, or even extravagant, to be attributed to them. Even our own times have seen the same effort made by Eugene Sue, who so over-coloured his canvass as to make the picture he drew merely ridiculous. And yet, the only proofs of these charges are the mere assertions of them, unsupported by any evidence.

The Marquis De Pombal, Chief Minister of Portugal, actuated by his hatred of the order, was the first to put into execution the designs against the Jesuits. An attempt having been made on the life of the king, he made it a pretext for seizing on and expelling all the Jesuits throughout Portugal, and confiscating their possessions. They were hurried on board ship and conveyed as prisoners to Italy, where they were turned ashore on the states of the church. Pombal's success encouraged the Due de Choiseul, Louis XV.'s minister, to endeavour to banish the order from France and Spain. Charles III. of Spain was incensed against them by its being represented to him that disturbances which had broken out in Madrid the preceding year, on account of the preponderance of a French influence at the Spanish court, and also of the oppressive character of some of the Royal monopolies, had been caused by the machinations of the Jesuits. It was also represented to him that the order was amassing immense riches in their American settlements by the enforced labour of the Indian converts. Charles's minister Aranda, who was a creature of Choiseul's, was the person who solely influenced his royal master by these representations and induced him secretly to sign an order, and to write and sign, with his own hand, circular letters directed to the governors of the different provinces, decreeing the expulsion of the Jesuits. These letters were not to be opened by those to whom they were addressed until a particular hour, and when that hour arrived they found that they were directed to make prisoners of all the Jesuits within the provinces they governed. They were hurried to the sea coast and crowded on board vessels prepared for them, and conveyed to Civita Vecchia, but there, the governor not having instructions to receive them, they were again obliged to put to sea, when many of them being aged men and infirm, and too much crowded together in the ships, suffered so dreadfully from intense heat that they perished miserably! Those who survived were at length landed in Corsica, the only place in Europe which could be persuaded to grant these

holy men a refuge ! With the expulsion of the Jesuits Christianity may be said to have died out of Europe. But they were speedily avenged by the breaking out of the French Revolution, the effects of which fell with greatest force on the three countries, France, Spain, and Portugal, which had treated them with such injustice.

Those who can see a special providence in the birth of the founder of the Jesuits, just as Columbus began to discover the new world, may also recognise its action in the birth of Napoleon Buonaparte, in Corsica, almost within the year in which his native Island gave them a refuge. He was not merely their avenger, but the providential agent by which their career of usefulness was again opened up to them, for it was he who after the period of gloomy infidelity which had existed (and which made the French Revolution a necessity,) again made Christianity an European "institution."

The precautions that were taken to arrest the Jesuits in Spain were redoubled in the Spanish colonies, where, at least amongst the Aborigines, there were those who would have resisted the attempt ; but all the arrangements had been made so secretly, that news of the suppression of the order had not arrived when messengers charged with powers to seize them and send them in custody to Europe, arrived in America.

The order commanding their seizure and expulsion was gladly obeyed by the old Spaniards who never ceased to resent the protection they extended to the Indians. By a simultaneous movement all the missions were entered by armed forces, on the 18th of July, 1768, and the fathers arrested. In no single case was resistance offered. In every instance they exhibited the greatest resignation, and in the true spirit of religion *they* said, that their sins deserved the punishment which God inflicted on them. They were hurried in detachments to Buenos Ayres where they were crowded on board ships prepared for their transmission to Europe. The immense treasures which were expected to be found in the Reductions, which was the great inducement, it is probable, for the banishment of their guardians, turned out, on inspection of the magazines, to consist only of such articles of merchandise as were required for the establishments and which had been procured in exchange for the articles produced by the labour of the Indians. No treasure of gold or silver was discovered, nor had either of these metals been discovered, up to the period of their expulsion, in the district of country occupied by the Jesuit Missions of Paraguay.

After the seizure of their pastors, the Indians were assembled by the governor, the Marquess de Buccharelli, who, by means of an interpreter, harangued them telling them that he had come to release them from the slavery in which they had been held by the Jesuits, and to put them into possession of their property which they had so long withheld from them ! In the words of a spectator of the scene "they did not seem discontented, but it was more easy to discover surprise than joy in their countenance." This is just what we might expect from this poor people, whose apathetic and fickle natures were incapable of high mental culture, and required the constant supervision of careful guardians to keep them from relapsing into their original condition of barbarism.

The Franciscans succeeded to the charge of the reductions, and under their care they still flourished and extended over the whole southern continent, and so continued, until the revolt of the Spanish colonies from the mother country, when their revenues and property were all seized by the various states which have grown out of the Spanish Colonial Empire. Since that period the Indian race, deprived of the guardianship of the clergy in temporal matters, is fast hastening to extinction, or relapsing into a condition similar to that in which the Jesuits found it when they arrived in Paraguay in 1586. In cases where the ordinary incitements, which influence men to perform acts such as those of the Jesuits in America, do not exist, where wealth was not to be attained nor that description of glory which the world is most eager to extol, we must recognise motives of a nature which can only come from God. The influence obtained by the Jesuits over the savage tribes of South America, was not of that kind to which men of genius, such as they were, would have aspired, for intellect seeks only to triumph over intellect. It was to further none of the ordinary ends of ambition that the Jesuits abandoned all the enjoyments of civilised associations to cast their lot with the poor untutored inhabitants of the wilds and woods of the new world.

Their mission was to save not the souls alone of the Indians but to preserve their persons from slavery, and to effect both these objects the course they adopted of separating them completely from the influence and example of the Spanish colonists was forced upon them; experience had proved to them that the extinction of the race possessing least adaptability for new circumstances, (which was the Indian) must result from communion with a stronger and more vigorous race like the Spaniards.

This want of adaptability in a people to the minds of Englishmen is a reason why they should be conquered, and "if necessary" exterminated to make way for some other wonderful people—say the "Anglo-Saxons." But the Jesuits reasoned otherwise. Here was a race sunk nearly as low as it was possible for human nature to descend. The Jesuits, prompted by a heaven-inspired intelligence, determined to enkindle the spark of divinity which never ceases to smoulder in the hearts of the most degraded of the human race, and which only requires patience, such as they brought to the task, to mount into a flame. Feebly and ineffectually have these pages told how this was done and what wonderful results followed on these efforts. It is true that immense treasures did not flow into Spain wrung from the American Indians under their charge—and therefore the Jesuits failed in America, say English writers, and they point to their Warren Hastings, and Clives, with exultation as the model missionaries!

As the systems of both classes of missionaries differed on earth so did their earthly reward. The spoiler and the oppressor of the East sat with princes and was honoured exceedingly, while for the American Jesuit, his fondest earthly hope was that he might say to his convert children—when earth was passing away—

"Here lay my bones, that the same tree may wave
O'er the poor Christian's and the Indian's grave."

J. O'R.

RECRUITING.

"Come leave this barren mountain soil
And throw your spade aside,—
Give up your weary life of toil
To live a life of pride.

There's fame to win in fields of fight,
And plunder for the bold,
For India's skies are not so bright
As India's treasured gold.

Yon maiden, if your love she be,
Will love you better far
Arrayed in gallant garb like me,
A soldier for the war.

Then leave this barren mountain soil,
And those poor cabin walls—
Glory is won by lighter toil—
It is your queen that calls."

The peasant smiled a bitter smile ;—
On that young face so strange—
The tempter 'mid his words of guile
Paused, wondering, at the change ;

"That home of mine," he sternly said,
"Well have you called it poor,—
A mother died for lack of bread
Upon its rugged floor :

Fixing on us her gaze intense,
Her spirit passed away,
While stricken down in pestilence
Around, her children lay.

Oh ! 'twas a dreadful thing in truth
To lie that form beside,
While fever wrestled with our youth,
And two pale sisters died !

And dreadful too to bear, were those
Fierce pangs by hunger bred,
When I and my one brother rose
Up from amid the dead.

And joined the troop of living ghosts
That prowled along the plain,
From whom the laws your England boasts,
Kept back the hoarded grain.

The bearded men, the comely dames,
We saw them gasp, and fall,
Yet life clung to our wasted frames,
We struggled through it all.

Back to those walls we strove to come,
A sad and orphaned pair,—
And there within our lonely home
I was my brother's care,

Until your queen's rude hirelings came
Our resting place around,
And pouring scorn upon our name,
My brother seized and bound.

They said his treason was revealed,
And as their speaking proof,
Drew forth a pike and gun, concealed
Beneath the blackened roof.

They swore that he had placed them there,
This day I cannot tell,—
I know he had a heart to dare,
And loved his country well.

They would have left me;—one so young
Could not awake their fears,—
But round my only friend I clung,
With love's last strength and tears.

And willingly his bondage shared,
Within their prison cast,
Till the strong heart the famine spared,
Was broken there at last.

Say, ere I go across the sea
To fight in England's cause,
Will she give back my dead to me
Slain by her tyrant laws?

Away!—their memory fills my breast
 Who died and made no sign,
 Go serve your queen as seems you best,—
 I'll rise or fall with mine."

Ethna.

RELICS OF OLD READINGS AND GOSSIPINGS.

(NEW SERIES)

No. 3.

AYLWARD OF BURNCOURT.

THE little hamlet of Burncourt, in the Co. Tipperary, scarcely challenges attention. The scenery about it, to be sure, is bold and magnificent—and the ruins of an old castellated structure might tempt the Archæologist to step a few paces out of his direct way. Otherwise, Burncourt might as well have been buried under *Galtee-More*—with a tiara of brown Irish ferns for a monumental memento. Yet, Oliver Cromwell thought this same little humble locality worthy of a visit, and unintentionally, too, was the cause of its being named as it is to this day. History and tradition tell the story thus: Cromwell, that strangest compound of villainy and virtue—baseness and magnanimity—buffoonery and blasphemy—absurdity and good sense—that we find upon record in the annals of mankind, had just ran the gauntlet through several of the Irish towns—viz.: Dundalk—Drogheda, Wexford, Ross, Cork, Kilkenny, Carrick; into each of these, before his attack, he sent in letters of terms and promises—and such letters!—such precious compositions of cool audacious blasphemy! Such appeals to the Almighty!—such free use of scriptures passages commendatory of himself! and at the same time such unmistakeable ill-disguised threats of merciless murder and unsparing vengeance against all who opposed him! in fine, such fiendish epistolary lucubrations—as only could emanate from such a wretch as himself. In most of these towns he saturated himself and his followers with torrents of blood, in the name of the Almighty—and in writing back to his English masters, he fervently prayed the same omnipotent power to grant him life and strength further to fulfil what he termed his sacred mission of mercy—all of which demon whinings may be found duly recorded in Carlyle's "Letters and Speeches" of this arch-blasphemer and hypocrite. Mr. Carlyle indeed thinks him a model man—what a pity that such an eccentric hero-worshipper cannot be supplied from some monster menagerie with something to love and fondle and to put next his heart at night, some anomalous savage, half Hyena, half Crocodile. Such a man as Cromwell may truly be judged by his fruits. In ruthless murders and massacres, were spent his long days of maturity, sometimes playing the fool, sometimes the

executioner, he seemed indeed to have an appetite for blood in general, and for Irish blood, and popish blood in particular. The name of the holy sacrifice of the mass always set him in a fury, and he never failed to hang all Catholic ecclesiastics who fell into his hands. "He reconciled (says Smollett) the most atrocious crimes to the most rigid notions of religious obligations, and from the severest exercises of hypocritical devotion, he relaxed into the most ridiculous and idle buffoonery."

Now let us see how did he die—"He became," says Sir Walter Scott, "morose and melancholy, at last, always wore secret armour under his ordinary dress, never stirred abroad unless surrounded with guards, never returned by the same road he went, nor slept thrice in the same apartment, from the dread of assassination." His health broke down under these gloomy apprehensions, for now his ranting blasphemies were no longer any use to him, an inward monitor was at work, which neither steel nor hypocrisy could quiet, which neither the field nor the cabinet could appease with honor or emoluments. He sickened and died of fever and ague, and was buried with great pomp and magnificence in Westminster, at a cost of £28,000, which sum the *grateful* government he served, left as a burden upon his heirs and executors, and which at last crushed his son into almost abject poverty.—"Like master—like man," says the quaint old proverb. At the restoration, the royalists disinterred Oliver's skeleton, and having hung it up at Tyburn, cast it afterwards into a hole beneath the gallows.

But to return to our little historical and traditionary episode in Ireland, and about Burncourt.

Cromwell approached Clonmel—but Hugh O'Neill was there before him—Hugh, the nephew of Owen Roe, under whom he had served in the continental wars.

Oliver sent no hypocritical blasphemous letter in there!! he knew his man too well for that—but set to work at once and in right down earnest, to overwhelm the town by brute force—for O'Neill had but twelve or sixteen hundred of his gallant northerns against Cromwell at the head of 20,000 Englishmen. But blessings on your brave arm, thou gallant O'Neill! who slew two thousand five hundred of them, in one assault alone, which lasted, (according to Lingard) no less than four hours.

Hugh O'Neill defended Clonmel for two long months despite of all the arts, force, and stratagems of his powerful enemy, and then being obliged to evacuate the place for want of powder and provisions, withdrew his garrison so skilfully, that Cromwell being unacquainted with the circumstance, gave the unarmed citizens as honourable terms of capitulation as if the garrison had been in the town.* This same Hugh O'Neill afterwards defended Limerick against Cromwell's son-in-law, Ireton, until he was compelled to capitulate by the machinations of a traitor, but so favourable was the impression which the Irish officer's

* Clonmel continued true to the cause of Ireland even to the time of the last struggle in Limerick.—"McGeoghegan."

conduct made upon his prejudiced and bigoted enemies, that his life was spared even by those sanguinary fanatics.*

Amongst those who so secretly and dexterously vacated Clonmel with the O'Neill, was an Irish gentleman named Aylward. He was the lord and master of a strong castle only a few miles distant—the ruins of which now appear within the precincts of Burncourt. Thither therefore he sped—not to put it into a state of defence, indeed—for, that were bootless—but to transfer all its provisions, arms, wines, and stores into the waggons of O'Neill, now *en route* for Waterford.

This feat—with the assistance of many a stout servant and retainer, he speedily accomplished, and was just preparing to follow the O'Neill himself with all his men, in hot haste, and who was but a few hours in advance of him—when lo! a single officer of the Puritan Army appeared in view, mounted on a stout charger, fully armed, and bearing in his hand a flag of truce. He was a messenger from Cromwell.

Two large wolf dogs bounded at him as he leisurely rode into the court yard, and were only restrained from injuring either the steed or the rider, by the quick interposition of one of Aylward's men at arms. From a strong room, used by the proprietor as a study, or place of more remote retirement, Aylward watched the proceedings in the court.

"Your master?" enquired the republican, alighting and handing the reins to the Irish soldier.

The man received them upon his javelin, and jerked them upon a hook in the castle wall, then pointing the way into the high hall, ascended by stone steps, he merely said, "along the corridor to the right—straight on!" up the trooper tramped, his steps sounding gloomily along the lofty and arched way—until he reached the corridor indicated—here he was met by another man at arms, who challenged him peremptorily.

"Your master?" was the same stern response of the Puritan.

"My lord receives no armed visitors," said the man gruffly. This announcement seemed to startle the roundhead not a little, but after a moment's consideration, he pulled the pot-helmet from his brows, and the long rapier from his side, and flung them with a rattle like thunder upon the echoing flags.

"Now?" "On straight—my lord waits you."

The disarmed officer again tramped along, for about a minute, when a door suddenly opened before him, and Aylward appeared ready to receive him.

The lord of the castle was a powerfully built, tall, soldierly-looking, man, clad in half civilian, half military costume, he wore long travelling boots, and long flowing hair—a plumed cap lay on the table beside him. In his hand he held a sheathed heavy sword, which, upon seeing his visitor unarmed, he chivalrously put away; his countenance was open and manly, and his keen black eye met the glance of the Cromwellian with such a steady and meaning firmness that he winced a bit beneath its resolution.

* "Green Book."

An iron gaunt man was the stern representative of the regicide, his wiry hair cropped close to his ears, and sleeked down upon his forehead, which was ridged with fleshy seams from the pressure of his rude helmet—his face was long and sallow, his height considerable, and his gait awkward and shambling in the extreme.

"Your pleasure, Sir," quoth Alyward, inviting the Puritan into the apartment, and pointing to a chair—but the hardy soldier of the field seemed to think that their conference, at least on his part, could be best supported in an erect posture, for he heeded not the intimation, but forthwith proceeded to business.

"My pleasure is the will of the Lord! and the commands of the governor-general! who lovingly appeals to you, through me, his humble servant, and dutiful, to resign, without wilful and sinful opposition, this castle of yours, for the use of England and the parliament, or else, hold it on still, and forever—recognising their authority withal, and complying, for the Lord's sake, and theirs, with the usual provisions."

"What provisions does the regicide offer to an Irish gentleman?"

The Puritan winced, his right hand through sheer custom half pushing towards his sword hilt, or rather where it should have been, but the next instant, recollecting himself, he answered:—

"Renunciation of the Mass—allegiance to the republic—and present submission to Lord Cromwell."

"Am I to understand, then, that renunciation of my sacred faith is of more importance to your general than my allegiance to his party, or submission to himself?"

"The matter were easily adjusted," evaded the "Babe of Grace."

"How so?" "A nominal concession on the matter of religion; (light and grace may follow in due course), and your immediate adhesion with that of your followers, and all will be right."

"Take care, Sir, that your extensive amenity may not compromise you with your general."

"I act for the best, under the Lord's guidance."

"And what, may I ask, do you call a nominal concession on the matter of religion?"

The Puritan paused, but after a sharp glance at the questioner plausibly replied:—

"For instance: your green riding coat, I perceive, is lined with scarlet. If you wish to be sparing of words, just turn it, and let the parliamentary colour abide for a time, in my justification."

A withering sneer curled the lip of Alyward at this sagacious suggestion, which the ill-favoured tempter quickly observed, so changing his tactics, he further proposed,

"Or if that process irketh you, I will merely require you, in the general's name"——

("The Devil's," said Aylward, aside.)

"To walk down to the stream before your castle's walls, which pours from the fosse, into the meadows, and return to me again, in token of acquiescence."

"And then my castle and lands are my own, never to be molested?" inquired Aylward, carelessly.

"Your own and for ever, upon the faith of one of the godly!" sanctimoniously and eagerly assented the Cromwellian.

"Have you now fully acquitted yourself of your commission, Sir Soldier?" said Aylward, changing his demeanour suddenly, and turning upon the "babe of grace" with a look of scorn and ferocity.

"To the best of my weak endeavour," was the unruffled reply, although the fury of the speaker was fully noticed and understood.

"Well then, go back to Oliver Cromwell—the regicide—and to the band of English plunderers and murderers that accompany him."

The Puritan, with a fiery glance, was stepping towards Aylward's sword which stood against the wall, but the Irishman was too quick for him—he seized the weapon, and opening a window at hand, pitched it out.

"Insult for insult, Roundhead!—we are still man to man and unarmed; tell him I say—him, the regicide, and the canting blasphemer!—that I defy him, despise him, and detest him and his filthy marauders, from my inmost soul—tell him that as an Irish soldier and an Irish gentleman, I will not let him have my soul—nor any other devil, by God's help—that I will not let him have my castle, nor my retainers, nor my adhesion. And this is my answer to Oliver the Regicide."

The Cromwellian had listened to this impetuous, indignant torrent of long pent-up recrimination with a burning brain and a fanatic fury, until, with sheer vexation, the perspiration poured down his face—but the conscious feeling that he had committed himself, and went beyond his instructions, and mistook his man so utterly, seemed to have partially confounded and bewildered him, or he would have attacked Aylward at any risk. He therefore contented himself by digging his nails into his iron palms—and with eyes glaring with bitter looks of vengeance, uttered the few more sentences he had to say, or wished to say, in a tone so ominous and sepulchral, that Aylward could not help blenching for a moment, under their demoniac influence.

"Your castle shall be burned to the ground," he said, "not one stone left standing upon another."

"By whom?" demanded Aylward, in a voice of thunder.

"By Cromwell, the regicide!" sneered the Republican.

"It shall not—so help me, God!" swore the Irishman.

"It must come to pass!" retorted the Puritan, "and that before another day visits the world."

"Never!" shouted Aylward.

(To be Continued.)

The Celt.

AUGUST, 1858.

THE "EMPIRE" AND THE IRISH PROVINCE.

DROWNING men are said to catch at straws, and in the confusion of a perishing and blind agony to clutch at nothings with energies that differently and rightly directed, would have achieved security.

Thus the country has its eyes rivetted upon a packet from Galway to America, as if its return was to bring to them the gold of California, the independence of the Americans, and the glory of the stripes and stars. Nay, the very ship looks beautiful in their eyes, as though the wolf-dog was couched beneath Bryan's harp, upon her stern, and the glorious sunburst of Old Ireland fluttered over her deck; while the projector of this very proper British speculation, is hailed and honored as a patriot and a national benefactor.

Do we exaggerate this Galway Packet business? Do we sneer at the interest felt in its success?

We neither exaggerate nor sneer. We wish to the city of the tribes all the commercial advantages which a direct communication with America may bring to her desolate quays; and it shall gladden our eyes to behold new docks and warehouses, and a large traffic resulting from this enterprise. And if after long years tall ships disgorge, the traffic of two worlds upon Galway's shores, and long luggage trains carry them with hissing steam to the eastern bay of old Dunleary, thence to enter England; our heart shall be so far gladdened with the increased industry and employment, which shall give to the Connaught capital comparative prosperity.

We once knew a noble-minded merchant who having failed in the world and fallen into the very depths of poverty, was yet too proud to beg, and with a big national heart pulsating in his breast, he stood upon the quays of Liverpool, and from the earnings of humble portorage he wrung an honest livelihood, and in years came back to his own Ireland to stand there as he once had stood.

Galway brings back his story to our memory. If this packet trip succeeds, she is destined to be free. No! to carry England's commerce on her shoulders, and make something by it. She is to be John Bull's special porter as Ireland is his special vassal.

Galway may grow richer, the shares of the Western Railway Company may rise in value, but what will it benefit Cork or Londonderry?

It will not lessen British taxes in Ireland, it will not create a national commerce, or national manufactures, it will not extend our fisheries, reclaim our bogs or open our mines.

It will not bring freedom or domestic legislation. It is a good, but only a local good. No doubt it is a good worth looking at, and as such we watch it with interest; but we would ask the eyes that look most yearningly after it, not to rest there, but to look beyond it, and to look determinedly for that home rule which will secure it, and a thousand greater blessings with it.

Local improvements, local advances are of value. We value them most when we behold them progressing in the direction of the common good of the common country. We value them least if they tend to isolate the locality or its interest from that of the country at large.

A cold shadow passes over our heart when we think of a petition which was presented to the Irish Commons in 1800 praying for a union with Great Britain, because the petitioners, who were southern merchants, did believe the union would personally aggrandise them by giving to the south the trade which Dublin was sure to lose when she would lose her parliament. Selfishness is the mother of treason. Let us not be misunderstood. We do wish that the Galway project shall succeed. We pray for its success because, though the modicum be small, it is yet a good and therefore desirable. But it should not be permitted to turn the Irish aspirations aside from greater things!

When we hear of this packet coming and hear men earnestly speculating upon its arrival, the words of Tell rush upon us—"But when will liberty be here?"

One circumstance connected with the sailing of the "Empire" from Galway has afforded us much interest; we allude to the impression gone abroad that Liverpool jealousies were used foully to damage the success of the undertaking.

How far this may be true or false we will not presume in this special case to pre-judge. Two wretched human beings will most probably have been tried for the offence ere this article shall meet the light, but in no case would we, before that trial, seek to prejudice the public mind by word or sentence against them. We only hope that if there be guilt, and deep and terrible guilt it would be as well against the country as against human life and happiness, that the criminals who instigated the offence may be discovered and reached even in their hidden security, for if ever the principle of "*Facit per alium facit per se*" had force, it should be in the case of such an atrocity as this.

If the Empire was piloted in the direction of that hidden rock through the stupidity or ignorance of the pilots who undertook a duty they were unequal to, then do we trust that their punishment shall be simply a declaration of their incapacity to ever act as sea-guides again; but if it should appear that the ruin which threatened the "Empire ship," and the consequent certain failure of the attempt to make Galway the European port for America was the result of premeditation, we hope that Irish lawyers will be found to sift to the bottom the motives and the influences which could tempt men to such a crime, and that if there be instigators to the foul deed they shall be reached, and that they shall be the parties upon whom a condigna

punishment may fall, for he who bribes and tempts to crime by the reward he offers to the perpetrator is assuredly far guiltier than the wretch whose necessities may have laid him open to the tempting offer, and who might well exclaim "My poverty and not my will consents." In such a case the real criminals would be the merchants, the class, the party or the people who, actuated by a jealous rivalry of Ireland, had purchased the services of other men to do a deed they would not stain their own hands or names with, forgetful that the crime should stain their consciences and blast their very salvation.

In this light have we, for long years, viewed the bribery and corruption with which English jealousy has sought to degrade and destroy everything Irish, pouring its baleful poison through every vein of the state, from an ermined judgeship, down to a village schoolmaster, pervading all classes, all grades, all professions, all occupations, and so staining the body politic here with a sort of foul leprosy, that some reflecting men have been led to think our country unfitted for liberty, or for moral or physical regeneration, and that it is destined to remain branded by provincial degradation, a thing tabooed, because of its meanness, amongst the natives of the earth.

Is this our belief? Heaven forbid, and yet we can understand why reasoning men have so thought.

Failure through corruption, failure by reason of bribery with place or money, has been the chronicled history of Ireland's attempts at liberty, under all her Norman-Saxon rulers, from Strongbow to Strafford, from Strafford to Castlereagh, and from Castlereagh to Russell and Clarendon.

For seven centuries she has been ruled by bribery in one shape or other, until the highest offices and places in Ireland have become accessible, not by eagles as the proverb hath it, but by slimy reptiles who creep from the low places.

And the toad was crowned with a precious stone upon his forehead, and became a thing to honor and worship. Irishmen, how long, oh! how long shall this continue? It cannot outlive your discovery of it, if your souls indignantly repel the contamination, the contaminated and the contaminators. Truly has Grattan said when speaking of such a state of things, "In a free country, the path of public treachery leads to the block, but in a nation governed like a province, to the helm!"

Is there no remedy? there is a remedy. Domestic legislation! a home parliament, properly representative of the people, identified with the people, and resolutely careful of the real interests of the people and of the country. Therein lies the remedy.

Will Irishmen awake and look for this remedy, or are they satisfied that Ireland shall remain "but a suburb to England, sunk in her shade."

Ireland needs but the resolve of her people to at once avail herself of far greater benefits and greater blessings than can result from a mere transatlantic traffic with Galway.

She needs extended trade—that commerce for which nature fitted her with the finest bays and harbours in the world; those manufactures for which she possesses such immense water power, and such cheap labour. She wants bogs reclaimed—mines worked—church and sect ascendancy pulled down—landlord and tenant differen-

ces adjusted—laws made for her own soil and people—weighty taxes diminished—honest education for her children—honourable and manly training for her youth. A patronage that will reward and not degrade. Home resources to be fostered and nursed into luxuriant growth—foreign advantages to be sought after and secured. Home rule can do those things, and it is only home rule can do them. This is no new thought; sixty years ago such thoughts found utterance in Ireland, and were poured forth in words, which the traveller who visits Lord Rosse's monster telescope may not find engraved upon a tablet in Birr Castle; but which nevertheless sheds an honor upon the name of Parsons in Ireland prouder than the discovery of even a new star; for they bear evidence to a high appreciation of what Ireland might be, mingled with sad regrets, over her fall and degradation. "Who," exclaimed Lord Rosse's ancestor, "Who out of Ireland ever hears of Ireland? What name have we amongst the nations of the earth? Who fears us? Who respects us? What notion have foreign states of us? Where are our negociators? Where are our ambassadors? What treaties do we enter into? What alliances do we form? With what nation do we make peace, or declare war? Are we not a mere cypher in all these? and are not these what gives a nation consequence, and glory, and fame? All these are sacrificed to the union with England; absorbed in her, we forego everything that is great and aspiring, and are satisfied with our humble and obscure situation!"

Discontent grows with years, and the time is coming which will prove all are not satisfied with Ireland's "humble and obscure situation."

This very business of the Empire Ship will turn men's eyes and direct their thoughts to the consideration of English jealousy of the growth of trade in Ireland. Even men who have already swallowed the camel, and now strain at the gnat, will have their blindness removed; but they must not cry out at poor men becoming criminals against the country for British gold, while they tolerate, in the highest places of the land, fouler corruption still. The accident, be it accident or design, is valuable too, in its own humble way, as a straw upon a great river to show how the current runs. It indicates what will be done to keep Ireland down, and what should be done to raise Ireland up by these in the country who are yet honest enough to love her, and independent enough to avow it. Men who can resist temptation, and are bold enough to exclaim in the words of poor Egan, the chairman of Kilmainham, who recording his vote against the accursed union expressed himself, "Ireland for ever, and to H—ll with Kilmainham!"

RELICS OF OLD READINGS AND GOSSIPINGS.

(Continued from page 240).

"As sure as the day comes, the General's wrath will scorch it into ashes"—and he left the room as he was uttering the words.

"Tell the regicide I dare him, and that he shall never do the deed you promise for him."

"As sure as Heaven witnesses, it shall be done, son of Baliol!" retorted the Puritan, now lustily, for he had gone into the hall and taken up his arms.

Aylward strode after him furiously, calling at the top of his voice—"No Roundhead ranter shall ever enter these halls again! Aylward sends the regicide and his foul brood defiance! HE NEVER SHALL BURN AYLWARD CASTLE!!!" But the "Babe" had now resumed his saddle, not feeling entirely safe, as the Irish servitors began to assemble at the sound of their master's loud voice, and seemed inclined not to obey his gestures, as he waived them away. So, on all hands, the hardy Republican, fearless and heedless though he really was, thought it the better part of valour to move on—which he did, incontinently, vowing all the way, as he rode back to the camp, to be the first man, next day, to set the den of the vile son of Baliol in a blaze, and above all to give no quarter to any living thing on the premises, and the more and especially and above all others did he not except Aylward, its lord and master.

The Lieutenant General of the English Parliament foamed with rage when he heard the defiant reply of the contumacious rebel, and so moved was he thereat that although he was peremptorily summoned to England on the next day, yet he resolved to procrastinate for the gratification of inflicting summary vengeance on Aylward, his castle, and every living thing surviving within it. Nothing less would sate his blood-thirsty heart.

History tells us that when Herod was in his death-agony, he ordered his sister's husband, Alexas, to summon all the heads of the Jews to repair to Jericho on a set day, under pain of death, and upon their arrival ordered them to be shut up in the Circus. He then gave Alexas strict charge to butcher them all without reserve. Oliver had taken a leaf from Herod's book, and left Clonmel with precisely the same hellish intent towards the Irish at Burncourt that his teacher entertained for the Jews.

He divided his forces, accordingly, into three large divisions, despatching two of them to the right and left, whilst he himself marched with the third, directly, towards the scene of the intended annihilation. By these means he expected to be able so securely to surround the doomed fort and its inhabitants, that he should not be played the same Sepoy-trick as that of Hugh O'Neill's in Clonmel.

The arch-Puritan, too, acted with great caution and circumspection on the present occasion, taught, no doubt, by the serious loss his fanatical presumption

had caused him to incur, on the occasion of the late siege, by despising the power of his opponents. He thought, also, that Hugh O'Neill might have left some of his garrison in Aylward Castle, or that some unlooked-for force might have been concentrated there to baffle him once more in his siege-operations.

Deeply revolving these things in his mind, Cromwell rode on at the head of his Ironsides, with several pieces of artillery in his front, and powder and ball in innumerable waggons in his rear—enough, indeed, to blow up twenty such fortresses as that towards which he was now so furiously hastening.

On they rode through the mountain defiles of Tipperary, horses galloping, waggons trundling and labouring, colours flying, and the bright arising sun flashing from the naked swords and rude iron breast-plates of a thousand armed Republicans. On they strode, in dull leaden silence—a silence that was wont on all occasions, with cruel old Noll, to portend a coming harvest of blood and death. On they rode, until the whole troop came suddenly upon the summit of a bold commanding height, which looked down upon the whole campaign beneath, and over an area of very many miles in advance. Here Cromwell suddenly drew rein, and with a loud and bitter exclamation of rage and disappointment, pointed with his truncheon to an object upon which every eye was instantaneously concentrated.

The Puritan was foiled—Aylward Castle was no more. Its lord and master had made his word good, "*that Cromwell should never burn or despoil it*"—HE BURNED IT HIMSELF!! And there now were its charred walls and fallen battlements—one huge black wreck—the thick, heavy, foggy smoke heaving up now and then from the smouldering ruins, and jets of lurid flame occasionally springing from beneath the prostrate masonry. Cromwell was foiled! Aylward had gone on to Waterford, with all his men and retainers, to rejoin the gallant Hugh O'Neill, and the only satisfaction left to *Clan Oliver* was, that his discomfiture gave a new name to the scene of its enactment; for, ever after and to this day, the place is called *Burncourt*, and the story of the *Aylward of Burncourt* is still well known and often repeated in many an Irish homestead in Tipperary.

CAROLAN.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE PALE;

OR

IRELAND FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY G. M. O'KEEFFE, ESQ.

(Continued from page 210).

CHAPTER XVII.

"Then sounds the trumpet clearly, then clangs the loud tambour—
 Make room, make room for Gazul! throw wide, throw wide the door!
 Blow, blow the trumpet clearer still—more loudly strike the drum!
 The Alcaydé of Algava to fight the bull doth come.

And first before the king he passed, with reverence stooping low,
 And next he bowed him to the Queen, and Infantas all a-row:
 Then to his lady's grace he turned, and she to him did throw
 A scarf from out her balcony was whiter than the snow."

Lockhart's Ancient Spanish Ballads.

FROM the limb of a giant oak which rose in the centre of Hoggen green, (partially shaded by the verdant foliage which fringed its magnificence) hung a gorgeous tablet, glowing with heraldic blazonry, fantastic devices, and with knightly names, blazoned in letters of gold on a white ground, of the barons and lords who had engaged to run at the tilt against all comers—such as "Sir John Grace of the iron belt," a stalwart knight from Kilkenny; "Sir Gerald Fitzgerald, surnamed *Marcoh*," or the Cavalier; "*Sir Risdard an Eeran*," or the iron Knight; "Sir Christopher St. Laurence," or the fair Knight, and "Sir Redmond na Sguab," the destroying Knight; Sir Ion Kinsalla, the Knight aspersed with blood, &c.

If the reader will imagine a vast plain mantled with fair grass and dotted with noble trees sloping on the one side to the modest Liffey, and extending on the other apparently to the azure mountains of Wicklow, he will have some conception of the crowded "green of the virgins" on the great day of the tournament. Instead of Grafton-street, Nassau-street, College-green, and Brunswick-street, which were not in existence, a prodigious wooden paling—a great wall of egg-shaped palisades—extends for a quarter of a mile in the direction of the mountains, and encloses the great "*lists*." It is full of life. That extremity of the wooden paling which is situated nearest to the bannered City of the Swords, presented the appearance of a portal or gate such as admits you to a castle of great magnitude—like that of King John at Trim. Two mounted warriors could enter this portal side by side. The other extremity of the lists (echoing for ever to the trumpet) which lay next the mountains, opened likewise with a portal at which two mounted Knights riding abreast could easily enter. At either extremity of the oval palisading there was a guard of gallowglassés, their shining axes polished to the brilliancy of silver—their reticulated hauberks and

lofty helmets flashing at every motion in the sun. Lusty fellows, proud and choleric, of mighty bodies and with great beards. They maintained order in a most peremptory manner by depriving those "mere Irish" who disturbed it of their heads, or at least threatening in a choleric voice so to do. Adjacent to these was a huddle of armourers, farriers, and smiths, hammer in hand, with smutted faces and leathern aprons. In addition to whom you might likewise see a band of heralds, trumpeters, and pursuivants, in brilliant taberds and fantastic costumes glittering inside the lists, haughty as peacocks and almost as gorgeous.

On that portion of the suburbs now termed William-street, a line of splendid pavilions rose, topped with white and green pennons fluttering above them—"lofty, many-coloured banners,"* as an Irish poet terms them. These were the chosen ensigns of the heroic men who presented themselves as challengers at this great tourney, "not one of whom would give way the space of an inch backwards." Before each pavilion hung a glittering shield—one of which was "a choice wreathed golden-bordered shield," while another, which hung before a second pobal or pavilion, was "a beautifully streaked, truly-firm, chainful shield," &c. An *íar-íolla*, or squire, stood beside each shield—a fantastic looking fellow—clothed in one instance in a complete suit of green shining armour which encased his face, and shone like metal though composed merely of twisted rushes skilfully plaited so as to resemble plate.

The great plain of the Steyn was elsewhere covered with barbed chargers, gay squires, dancing plumes and flashing lances—tents, banners, and noisy retainers gay with silken scarfs and rich brocades. The mechanics and plebeians casting their caps towards the welkin, shouted for joy at the superb appearance of the green which they themselves had laboured for weeks previously to cover in and set off.

The Earl of Kildare, mantled in purple cloth of gold, was seated on a rich throne under a magnificent canopy at the nearer end of the lists, with ladies, nobles and chiefs at his right and left, while underneath were the knights, squires and archers of his train. The lord mayor of Dublin then appeared, bowing as he passed, and followed by the mace-bearer, lowering his sign of authority. These officials, with the Marshal of Ireland, were advancing in procession to the farther end of the lists where scaffolds of similar form but inferior magnificence were erected for their reception. The guards of the lists rode in on horseback, and received their charge from the marshal of the city and the constable of Ireland, who were stationed beneath the throne.

Internal to the lists, the bards of the barons, chieftains, and Knights of the Pale, formed a great circle round the lists. The tournament was opened with a chorus of these bards, and while the knights sat their plumed chargers like iron statues the bards sung the loveliness of the female sovereign of the lists, the *Reine d'Amour*, to the symphony of a hundred harps. "The pine of Sliere Eahty," they said, "was less majestic than her form; there was more lustre in

* *meán-íolla 'árda íorbaaca.*

her countenance than in the radiant star of evening skies—pure, large, and bright. Never was the *luachra* of the Boyne so graceful as the ‘Light of Beauty;’ the tint of the blossom of *Lusgorman* was seen in her sparkling eyes, and the glow of the Hollyberry in her finely chiseled lips. The purity of her pearly teeth exceeded the blossom of the sloe, while over her polished shoulders fell her luxuriant locks in a shower of shining ringlets. She was radiant as the sun, and milder than the moon.”

The noble Knights of Lagenia, had splintered several lances and run many a noble course amid the cries of the rude and joyous populace, when the trumpet sounded at a distance and an unknown horseman rode towards the lists. His barred vizer was down and his bever was up.

From head to foot he was sheathed in complete plate which was fluted and polished to the highest degree of lustre, a suit that had apparently been made expressly for himself—his form being too broad and massive for that which was commonly imported from Milan.

“I require you,” said the herald, “tell me your name.”

“Sir, as for my name,” said the unknown, “I will tell it to no knight that beareth shield.”

His shield was covered with a cloth, to puzzle, not to gratify curiosity, and all the smiling beauties who embellished the martial pageant—seated in galleries round—secretly admired his proud and stately form.*

Little more than three minutes elapsed in the silence of expectation when the lists rang, and every heart thrilled with the brazen blast of a defiant trumpet which echoed from the opposite extremity of the arena. At this answering blazon the joyous spectators cheered—knowing that the challenge of the unknown knight had met an acceptance. But all soon became anxiety amid the masses of the clamorous and perspiring populace when the answering knight failed to appear. This delay was only momentary, in another instant the rich curtains of the pavilion of the new knight were seen separating and young Lord Howth—“from spur to plume a star of tournament”—rode forward on a magnificent courser, shining with splendid harness, and bearing a shield which was blazoned with the sea wolf. The shouts of the applauding multitude became loud as thunder as they contemplated the rivetted trim of this plumed combatant, whose lance with that of his opponent were submitted to the heralds and pronounced “Sans faute,” without fault.

Amid the breathless silence of a thousand eyes the combatants took their spears and places. The trumpet sounded, and as the heralds exclaimed “on valiant knights! fair eyes behold you,” they dashed along the lists, and coming like two whirlwinds clashed together with amazing force and a harsh fragor which is indescribable. The spear of the unknown challenger was seen thrust through the gorgeous shield of his antagonist as if the buckler were parchment, but no blood was spilled as the weapon passed over the shield arm. The com-

* See preface to “Battle of Magh Rath,” in the publications of Irish Arch. Soc.

batants careered their heated steeds backwards to the end of the lists, and drawing up there as still as statues were greeted by the acclamations of the crowds. So masterly was the horsemanship of both the knights, and so perfectly were they accomplished in the exercises of chivalry, that in the second course neither suffered or inflicted a bruise. They accordingly resumed their places, and for the third time couched their spears. At the third collision their fiery horses swerved a little aside, but in the starting the helmet of young Howth was driven off by a side thrust. He returned bare-headed to his attendants, and a new helmet was busily and hurriedly placed upon his head and rivetted upon his neck. Again they were mounted, and mutually took their lances and ran another tilt. They met with their spears in the middle of their shields. The force of the shock nearly swept both from their horses, and would have hurled them to the earth but by gripping their steeds with all the strength of their legs they clung to their saddles and saved themselves from falling. They then returned to their places heated by their exertion and took breath. The new knight, young Lord Howth who, was desirous of signalling his intrepidity on this particular occasion, took his spear again and spurred his horse across the arena; the unknown knight in an instant dashed forth to meet him—each struck the other with such force that the fire flew out of their armour. With that collision the young Lord Howth was hurled over his horse's tail prostrate on the plain, while the heated stranger came back again to his place. This unknown knight was greatly praised, and the spectators protested that he had "right well done his devoir." Again he desired for the love of his lady to have another course, but he was refused, while he was scanned by the knights and spectators, whose gossip knew no end. Meantime the fallen cavalier was borne from the lists—his helmet was unlaced—his cuirass removed, and his glossy tresses were seen curling over his bare neck and finely formed shoulders. The edge of an earthen vase of cold water was put to his finely chiseled lips by a mailed and brawney axeman, at the taste of which he uttered a sigh, and the bruised knight returned slowly to consciousness.

The stranger knight was meantime rewarded with a chaplet, or crown of pearls, by the fair hands of the "Queen of beauty and armour," who presided over the lists, and who, when he rode over towards her seat, and dismounting knelt before her, placed it herself, with her own beautiful hands, upon his helmet. As her eyes lighted on the bars of his helmet (while graciously performing this operation), she suddenly drew back from the glare of the eyes which flashed within the visor and turned deadly pale—fixing her looks upon the stranger, palsied with intense and tremulous anxiety. A word, however, was whispered from the visor, and was heard by no human ears but her's, and her alarm vanished and was followed by joy. She blushed, smiled, and sparkled with gratified emotion, and seemed as if she could have kissed a chevalier who had so valourously acquitted himself. She saw that for her sake he had come into the field, that for her—

"he dressed

His manly limbs in mailed vest.

Any adoption by the native chiefs of the aristocratic customs of the Palesmen was always the occasion of bitter censure, if not of the open mutiny of his clansmen. His belt and golden spurs were considered by the Irish as ignominious tokens of degeneracy from native freedom. Nothing could be more natural than this, for every clansman was self-regarded as the free kinsman of his chief, while every vassal palesman was, on the contrary, self-regarded as the slave, or *mog*, of his seigneur; and every clansman naturally dreaded lest, when his chief became a baron, he himself should become a thrall.

When the knights and barons and chiefs had run a certain number of courses the whole city again swarmed with their followers and varlets, horseboys and falconers, with hounds, hawks, and horses, who all streamed out of the lists and marched to Crumlin to take their pleasure in those prodigious woods, in—

“Chasing the wild deer, and hunting the roe.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

“There’s something strange, I know not what,
Come o’er me;
Some phantom I’ve for ever got
Before me.
I look on high, and in the sky
’Tis shining;
On earth it’s light, with all things bright
Seems twining.
Sometimes like two bright eyes of blue
’Tis glancing,
Sometimes like feet in slippers neat
Comes dancing.
By whispers round of every sort
I’m haunted;
Never was mortal man in short
So taunted.”

Thomas Moore.

In a lofty and many-coloured tent, which had been erected on a perfectly level space in the immediate vicinity of the lists, stood a knight sheathed in complete plate “Ho! Michael! unrivet these accursed canisters, thou that knowest the craft of them. That a brave man should ever hoop himself in these crab-shells of cowardice! Give me instead a naked glaive and my *lene*.”

“A brave heart,” observed the *gíolla-áirim*, “is the best plate armour.”

“It is alike cumbersome,” continued the gilly, “and a great hinderance.”

“Light and easy armour be the best and most convenient, such as brigandines and shirts of mail,” remarked the *bladan*, another attendant on O’Farrel.

“Yes, where the fight and trial be in narrow and rocky places in bogs or woods, light armour will best serve,” said the chief.

"True for your honour. Men who are nimble and quick of body, and light of foot who seek bye-ways, straits, and bogs, what do they want with almaine rivets?"

"Heavy harness be fit only for France. The soil and country of France is plain, open, and champagne. But Ireland is rocky, rough, and full of hills and bogs, where heavy harness is an impediment."

"Besides being once on foot, no man can serve in almaine rivets by reason of his armour, and as saddles be so great and deep, one cannot with ease leap up and down in complete harness."

The knight proceeded when his harness was unlaced—the pectoral separated from the breast—the cuisses from the thighs—the ailettes from the shoulders—the gorget from the throat, and the scaly gauntlets from the hands—to array himself in what the palesmen contemptuously termed "Irish rags." In other words he superinduced upon his person, a shirt of dark grey linen, ample and voluminous. Three broaches made of "red gold," beautifully variegated. He next put on an easy and elegant *ionar*, a garment resembling a peliss, rich with girdle and buttons, and hemmed with gold. This garment which sheathed his person so as to exhibit its symmetry, extended from the nape of his neck to the knee. Pendant at his side, he placed a sword blue in the blade, keen in the edge, and brilliant in the handle.* Then sitting down, the moody chief leaning on his hand, resigned himself to reverie. His bard, whose life was concentrated in *his*, and who watched the variations of his face, as David watched those of Saul, sought to dispel his gloom by the gentle tones of his eloquent instrument.

Loving poetry as O'Farrel did in a passionate manner, he necessarily had a heart tender and generous, glowing with the joys and saddening with the calamities of others, even of imaginary personages—a mind large enough to comprehend the greatest thoughts, and delicate enough to appreciate the most beautiful ideas. He was capable of entering into all those subtle graces, and all that divine elegance, the enjoyment of which the soul may experience but words cannot express.

"Was ever man so befooled!" he said, "I scorn myself for my fatuity, as if there were no bright eyes in fair Annely! And now she refuses to see me! Was ever such vexatious caprice? I, who screwed myself into those vile canisters of cowardice," and so saying he rose and kicked his sounding cuirass and cuisses and vambraces to the extremity of the apartment, with fierce kicks that made them ring along the floor and then sitting down.

"Sing to me but not of love good Fuvroac," said the chief, "console me."

"The Dugals are all treacherous a Heirna," replied the old man as he arraigned his angular harp "evil threatens my master I know by my dreams. Many a noble Gael have they beguiled and buried in their dismal dungeons. With wine they have beguiled some and some with women. Do not let a cloud darken thy fair brow a *lanna ma chree*. Would that my old life could—"

* See Battle of Magh Leana, p. 112.

"A hierna I saw a fine hound in my dream."

"Let us have thy music not thy dream."

"Oh! Blessings on the meadows of O'Farrel the free
And the rivers and the mountains of fair Annely,
Where the warblings of birds
Swell so sweet from each vale!
Like some harp stringed with gold,
Memorizing the Gael.

The chief made a gesture of impatience—his heart was not in Longford—
the old bard tuned his instrument to a note of war—

A mound that's made of massive stone,
Stands on Ulla's* plain alone;
Silent and alone it rears
Its form above the plain of spears.
Should'st thou ask me why this stone,
By a monarch's name is known?
Let me tell thee how they came
To give this mound a kingly name.
luḡh̄aḡḡ m̄al† who heaped the slain
In thousands on the battle plain;
luḡh̄aḡḡ m̄al he and his band
Were banished from their fatherland.
In seven ships those warriors bore
From Eire fair to Alba's shore,
He the monarch with the spear,
He the king whom kings revere.
He the caoḡḡreac† rode the wave,
His gallies crowded with the brave,
"Exiles! shout till sea and sky
Give us back our battle cry.
Shout for him till sea and shore
Echo luḡh̄aḡḡ m̄al n̄o m̄on,"
Ages distant yet shall hear
Of this monarch of the spear.
And his ships that stemm'd the wave,
Freighted with the Irish brave,
luḡh̄aḡḡ m̄al the great and free,
King of ships, of men, and sea.
By many a battle spreads his reign
From the Orkney isles to Spain,
Can the powers of man essay,
To arrest great Looys way?
No, it's not in man or heaven,
To withstand his legions seven.

Having conquered far and near,
He whose sceptre was the spear,

* Ulad pron ulla. † Pronounced *Looee maul*.

† caoḡḡreac pronounced *theesha*; m̄al a king.

With fluttering sail and banners spread,
 To Eire back the victor sped.
 On Ulla's plain the conqueror stood,
 Ankle deep in human blood;
 He the mighty—he the grand—
 Wants a spot whereon to stand.
 Every spearman took a stone
 To raise aloft a battle throne;
 To build a cairn white and grand
 For this victor king to stand.
 There he stood the fight to see,
 There he reaped the victory.

Hence this massive mound of stone
 By a monarch's name is known,*
 Hence the fabric high and hoar,
 Bears the name of Iughair nór.

"At this moment a fearboga (or archer) entered the presence of O'Farrel; this man had a long cane-coloured beard and a peculiar dare devil look—he carried a quiver, and his shield, six feet in length, was slung behind him. Its convexity blazoned with his master's "device." In fight it covered the warrior from head to foot. A letter tied with a silken braid was presented with a low obeisance to Donald O'Farrel by this long shielded archer. O'Farrel opened it and read the following words, "For God's sake mine own lord draw unto Drimbna castle, for there are you beloved and ever when you may and as you list you may come to me and at all times early and late I will be at your command to live as poor a life as ever did lady, thine own Maude."

Ere the chief O'Farrel had well raised his eyes from this letter the Lord Brehon of his tribe followed by the standard bearer and Marshal stood before him.

"Was it," asked the Lord Brehon with a grave voice, "to woo a wanton you brought the hoary elders—the *gnuaigach* of our clan into this den of swine?"

The young chief's face mantled with the crimson of indignation blended with the fire of shame as he observed in a low tremulous tone, "If it be a crime to woo purity and loveliness—a virgin worthy of a king—in that case, I break my wand of dignity, let me sink into the plebeians' rank. Let me be a swine herd if you will, anything save the victim of this intolerable tyranny that enslaves and thwarts me under the guise of dignity."

"This tone becomes you not sir," said the Brehon, "this tone to me."

"I'll break my wand of chieftaincy," interrupted O'Farrel. "Woe worth the day you placed it in my hands—gather up the fragments—give them to whom you will. Better be a hind and till the glebe than chief of this turbulent people."

"Is this, sir, your respect for your *urriaghs*, individually your equals,

* For the Original Irish Vide, "Miscellany of the Celtic Society," page 68.

collectively your superiors—who *kinged* you honourably on the green hill's side? Have you forgotten your solemn oaths? To feed your childish vanity as well as to gratify your misplaced affection, you have conformed to foreign customs—mingled with sordid men—men who know not their own fathers. Was it, sir, for this—to expose us to such indignity—you dared to bring us here?” Then he added, after a pause, speaking slowly and distinctly—

“Unhappy young man! you are not an O’Farrel.”

“It is possible, sir, that I am not an O’Farrel, but at least I am, sir, a human being.”

“Forgetful of the noble men from whom you derive your birth, you basely love the enemy of your clann—a crime against your country for which you deserve to perish.”

“Sir, I love my country, but I likewise love my mistress. Nor is it assuredly my fault. I was fostered by this lady’s father. In his halls this girl was my guileless playmate. She was his only daughter, and nearly of my own age. I inevitably loved her innocent beauty more than my life. It was impossible it should be otherwise. Her mother had expired in giving her birth. This girl was termed my sister, and such I deemed her, and she on her part regarded me as her brother. I never spent an entire hour out of her company. We played together, walked together, ate and drank in one another’s company. A mutual love, gradually increasing with our years, naturally sprang up between us.” Here the speaker paused, as if expecting some remark from the Lord Brehon, but the latter remaining silent he resumed, “I surprised her one day in the orchard, seated near a crystal fountain arranging her beautiful tresses. Enchanted by her angelic loveliness I said to myself as I gazed on her—how painful it is that she should be my sister. As I murmured these words she looked up, and starting from her seat flew to embrace me, exclaiming at the same time, ‘why did you leave me, dear brother, so long alone?’ ‘I have been long looking for you, sister,’ I replied, ‘but could meet no one to tell me where you were, until at last my heart told me. But tell me have you really any certainty that we are brother and sister?’ ‘The love I bear you is the only proof, and that we are so called by those around us.’ ‘And if we were not brother and sister would you love me as you do now.’ ‘Were we not brother and sister,’ she replied, ‘my father would not suffer us to live so constantly in one another’s company.’ ‘I prefer,’ said I, ‘separation to consanguinity.’ Her beautiful face was suffused with crimson as she stammered, ‘And were we really brother and sister, what harm would that be?’

“If we are brother and sister,” said I, “we must part for ever.” “I do not understand you,” she replied, “on the contrary, this natural relationship should make our union inseparable.” “Were the chain of kindred dissolved, your beauty would then become a chain to bind me to you for ever; but as it is our affection is chilled by our relationship.” While I was thus speaking, my hands had been busy in twining a chaplet or garland of roses and jessamine, which I

placed upon her head. She smiled, and said as she looked into my face, 'how do you like me, Donald?' 'You are the queen of the world,' said I, 'and, with your matchless beauty, capable of conquering the world.' She took my hand, and replied, 'were I queen of the world you should be no loser by my dignity.' She then left the garden, and I followed her. We led this enchanted life until the secret of our relationship was finally made known to us; for we discovered as we grew older that we were nowise akin. I cannot imagine what her feelings may have been on this discovery, but I, for my part, was highly gratified, however much I may have since suffered in consequence. The pure love vanished which we had previously cherished, and an insane passion took its place, which has rendered us wretched."

CHAPTER XIX.

"Marvelled the Duchess, how so well
His legendary song could tell—
Of ancient deeds so long forgot;
Of feuds, whose memory was not;
Of forests, now laid waste and bare;
Of towers, which harbour now the hare;
Of manners, long since changed and gone;
Of chiefs, who under their grey stone
So long had slept, that fickle Fame
Had blotted from her roll their name."

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

Scarce had the Brehon entered the tent, when the flourish of trumpets and the tramp of a numerous cavalcade proclaimed the approach of a visitor; and an uasal entered to announce the Earl of Kildare. A few moments afterwards the stately Earl was ushered into the pavilion with all the stateliness of ceremony befitting his high rank. After ordinary greetings, and partaking of some rich Malvosie, borne by the *golla copairn*, "My Lord, said the Earl, "sith the time I bare arms, saw I never Knight do so marvellous deeds of arms as thou didst in our poor tournament. Know you well," continued the Earl, "that we be right glad that we have found your great prowess; and we be of a fellowship that would be right glad of your company; for ye be the best lance of the world, and the one which the noble fellowship of the Pale desireth most to have in their company."

"God thank them for their goodness but I feel well that I am unable to be of their fellowship, for I was never of such deeds of worthiness for to be of the company of such a fellowship."

"Say not so, a *hierna*; ye are the man of most prowess in Ireland; full hard I saw you as you smote Sir Christopher upon his helm thrice; that you abashed his helm with your stroke. By my hand, you are one of the noblest lances that ever I saw, and the courtliest knight in his fighting."

"I would not," was the reply, "for all the lands my father left me have hurt Sir Christopher but when two noble men encounter, needs must the one have the worst, like as God will suffer at that time."

After conversing on several subjects, at length the earl came to business—the object of his visit.

"The king, I grieve to say it, is of late greatly displeased to learn"—

"The King of England?" queried O'Farrel.

"Yes," replied the earl.

"To learn what?" asked O'Farrel in a cold and altered tone.

"That your lordship lately marched to a great town in the land of peace, the very same day being the patron day of the town" (O'Farrel smiled grimly,) "commonly called the church holiday"—

"Proceed, my Lord." The earl seemed a little disconcerted. "Pray proceed;" and O'Farrel smiled.

"When every man was in his bed, you, my lord, in the dead of night came with all your company, who like unto a sort of furies, new come out of hell carried upon their poles flanks of fire, and did set, as they went, the low, thatched houses on fire, and so, in a thrice and a moment, the whole town was flaming! The king hath been advised"——

"The king, again!" exclaimed O'Farrel, interrupting him; "what hath the king to do with Longford, my lord? Longford is mine, not the king's."

"Pardon me, my lord, but thy title?" queried the earl, in a soothing tone.

"My title is here," and he touched his sword. "If you know a better I shall seek to procure one. Should the King of England call in question O'Farrel's right to the lands of Annely, this is O'Farrel's answer; it is stronger than parchment. As to the rest, let him know that the Lords of Longford obey to no other temporal person but only to him that is strong. Donald O'Farrel is chief captain in his territory; he maketh, and shall make, peace and war for himself; he holdeth his realm by the sword; he hath imperial jurisdiction within that realm, and obeyeth to no other person, English or Irish, except only to such person as may subdue him by the sword."

"Nay, my lord, you take it too gravely," said the earl; "I did but jest, my lord. But of a surety, your highness would not lessen your title an' you received the king's sheriff into Annely."

"My lord, the king's sheriff is welcome to Longford, and all his kin along with him, heartily welcome! let him come; the O'Farrel keeps, and always will keep, houses of hospitality for all comers, and it is well known never refused to receive any one. But is he a poet, my lord?"

The tone in which this question was put, showed that O'Farrel was ignorant of the meaning of the word Sheriff.

"No, my lord, he is not."

"I will that ye wit the hall of O'Farrel is ever open to bards, harpers, romancers, physicians.

"My lord, he is none of these."

"Then what is a sheriff, my lord?"

The earl explained the office and duties of a sheriff. While the earl was speaking the whole character of O'Farrel's countenance underwent an indescribable change. To the eyes of the earl he seemed to grow hideously ugly. In reality he was grievously mortified. He had, he thought, committed himself; he was slow to reply. At length he made an effort to swallow his vexation.

"To O'Farrel my lord he is still welcome. To the clansmen of Annelly, wont to be ruled by the precepts of Felimy, he may be obnoxious. They love not Saxon law. My lord, I fear me, his life will not be safe."

"I am to wit good my lord, that you refuse the king's officer."

"The door of O'Farrel has never been closed. He shall be welcome, heartily welcome. He shall hunt the wolf and the boar in Longford. But as for the clansmen of Annelly, the O'Farrels are game for a sovereign. None but the king shall hunt them."

"The sheriff represents the king," replied the earl.

"If so, my lord, let him come, but when he comes let me know his Eric, in case he be slain."

"His Eric?" queried the earl in amazement.

"His Eric, my lord, the number of beeves you consider equivalent to a sheriff. We shall be ready to discharge the fine—nay, give you beeves sufficient to cover the slaying of a score sheriffs."

Deeming it a hopeless task to introduce "civil conversation" among the clansmen of O'Farrel through the humanising instrumentality of a sheriff and his hangman, and the substitution of the gallows for the *Eric*, the earl turned the conversation on the chase. Between the city and the Dodder a "a long-sided wolf" had been, for some weeks past, skulking. This was an inexhaustible subject. An idea was suggested to the chief by this conversation. Turning to his *gillícheac*—a page or lackey, who always stood at his elbow—O'Farrel, in the calm tone of habitual command, uttered a few words, and almost immediately his *gíolla gíada* entered the pavilion (a youth with ringletting fair hair curling round his comely visage), who bore a pair of noble *falcons* fluttering on his arm. The eyes of the earl sparkled with delight on seeing those magnificent birds—they were fit for a monarch. Perusing the face of the earl, O'Farrel asked him as a great favour to present those "wild dogs" * to his noble lady. Sincerely thanking the chief, the earl secretly resolved to present them to King Henry. He nevertheless refused to receive them; the chief should himself present them at her castle of Maynooth, to the lady of that poor dwelling. Meantime he trusted he should see O'Farrel at the wolf hunt, in which he said he could venture to promise him noble sport. Finally, taking his leave, the earl issued proudly from the gorgeous pavilion attended by the chief, where the Earl of Kildare's retainers, two hundred in number, shining with glistening helmets, spears and shields—the cognisance of the earl blazoned on their breasts—were awaiting his

* *Faol* wild, *con*, i.e., *cu*, a hound, i.e., falcon.

appearance. In the open space before the pavilion the earl and the chief embraced, kissed, and parted with every token of love. Finally, the earl departed with his whole cavalcade, men-at-arms, hobblers, archers, and billmen, rank after rank, with mustachoeed faces, and sunbrowned visages. The pointed pennons of knights-bachelors streamed and fluttered over dazzling salets, while the square banners of the arrogant knights-bannerets flickered and reeled here and there along the procession, while bands of bearded horsemen, their master's crest emblazoned on their breasts, rode in complete armour, handling lances twelve feet long. *Chivoux al armes hoblours et gentz a pie.*

(To be continued.)

OUR NATIONAL LANGUAGE.

THE merest tyro in politics perceives the importance of language to a nation. It combines all the other elements that constitute nationality, preserves the national idea, long after these have ceased to exist, and even after the lapse of centuries, calls the nation to life and independence again. Language alone traces the geographical limits of Italy, and is the only preservative of German unity. The Latin has preserved those municipal laws that are blended in the jurisprudence of modern states, and it is only by the light thrown from her literature that we are enabled to study the political and social life of ancient Rome. In our own time Greece has received independence solely from the literary interest which invested every mountain and valley and rivulet of that classic land.

With these facts before us it is strange that we have so long neglected the cultivation of our national tongue. Perhaps we have been rendered indifferent by the reflection that, in the Anglo-Irish, we possess a literature as foreign in spirit to that of England as it is to the literature of any other country, without considering that, after all, this very literature confirms and naturalizes that corrupt and artificial union we have so much reason to deplore. On the continent, the fact of the Irish using, and preferring to use, the English language, furnishes the assumption that we are one and the same people, governed and inspired by the same laws and institutions, made and founded for the national good. Our literature is discussed as part and parcel of England, and people talk of translations from the "English" of Tom Moore.

But Irish is not dead. It is spoken in the pulpit and market place and cottage, and is used by the untutored peasant to body forth his national loves and hatreds and wrongs. The writings of our poets, statesmen, and divines, are scattered throughout the libraries of Europe, and while a little spirit and industry would suffice for their circulation we have become a bye-word among the people, for suffering those memorials of our ancient glory to decay. Those writings should be of more interest to an Irishman than the productions of other ancient countries, and the study of Irish affords

the precise advantages, which directors of educational institutions tell us are derived from the study of Latin, as those acquainted with the genius of our elaborate and constructive language will readily perceive. But, in fact, it has more advantages still; unlike the Latin, once acquired, it can be put to immediate use. A language that has existed for two thousand years must possess every possible formula necessary to modern requirement, and there is in itself, nothing to prevent its being used in the tribune, the press, epistolary correspondence, and even in the fashionable saloon.

Though the most enthusiastic nationalist doubts and perhaps does not desire the probability of this last, it is quite possible to place it in a state of brilliancy, commensurate only, it is true, with the political state of the country, yet in a condition to attract the admiration and sympathy of surrounding nations. The young democracy of Italy in the middle ages starting into life amid the debris of Barbarian monarchies moulded the modern Italian on a Latin basis, though the printing press was not then invented, though a book was not in Italy then, what it is in Ireland now, a necessary in every homestead of the land.

In fact, the revival or creation of a national language is, more than any other political movement, of a purely artificial character. Taking warning from the failure of previous isolated attempts, every one attached to the old country and cause should aim at giving a helping hand. Knowing how withering is the blast of aristocratic patronage, our societies and literary clubs should neither seek the alliance or expect the encouragement of a local snob. At present every available support might be given to the Ossianic Society, but we may expect, in the South and West at least, other societies with the same general purpose formed to carry out a certain object not coming within the sphere of that Institution. It may be not improper to remark *en passant*, that a subscription of five shillings per annum constitutes a member of the Ossianic Society, and that members are entitled to the yearly volume of the society's publications. This volume which is large and thick, (annually increasing in bulk) is brought out in an elegant and proper style.

This is not enough. Irish should be at present, a vehicle for the national thought! It is strange that journals professing to express the wishes of the Irish people never contain an article, a paragraph, or even a sentence in the Irish tongue. In other countries such nationality would be ridiculed and suspected. In America emigrants from the other countries of Europe have their newspapers published in the language of their old fatherland, in central Europe a newspaper contains articles in two and even three languages, in Belgium there is an ancient journal published in a dialect spoken only by a few thousand persons, and while the German Legion was in England a German newspaper was published in London supported solely by subscriptions from the camp. Local journals in the east and north of Ireland could not be expected to be foremost in the experiment, but there is no excuse for the editors of the west and south.

Let then those who guide, instruct and amuse the people only commence the work of love, other and perhaps more ardent labourers may follow. The compilation, the treatise, the fictions, the ballad and lyric will appear in proportion as personal interest is brought within the influence of the current.

It would be frivolous to allude to a higher order of literature, it cannot be created with a dash of the pen. A poet is a spontaneous production of his age—a brilliant form glittering on the waters, filmy and frothy it may be, but reflecting all the hues of Heaven, and to most men a thing of substance whose evolutions beguile many a dreary hour of life. To sing to a free people the glories of our old race, whose pride is prouder than Guelph or Ghibbeline,—to lisp in the language of Tyre and Sidon, as Tasso did in the language of Pisa and Genoa—to accomplish for Ireland what Dante accomplished for Italy, what Goethe accomplished for Germany, to be the suggestive idea of Sesostris and Napoleon, the connecting link between Moscow and New York, is a destiny greater than the destiny of Homer, or Virgil or Milton, and which none but one greater than any of these may be called on to fulfil. And it will be fulfilled,—so sure as the fragments of that race shall gather to their native soil to build up a young nation from their old traditions—a nation which our Cloncurry said shall be the home of civilization and freedom.

P. N

ANECDOTES AND REMINISCENCES OF THE CELEBRATED CAPTAIN
MICHAEL DWYER, OF THE WICKLOW MOUNTAINS.

Written by M. A. M'D, as communicated by D. O. B.

THE details which we here give, of several remarkable incidents in the life of this Insurgent Leader, from 1798 to 1803, have been taken down, almost verbatim, from the lips of one who had been the personal friend, and intimate acquaintance of Captain Dwyer, and who if he did not participate in the transactions he describes, was undoubtedly an eye witness to many of them.

We will commence with the affair of Bernamuck, and then proceed to other, and many of them hitherto unwritten, events of the men, and times, of that terrific period.

In doing so, we will have to describe atrocities, and murderous deeds, which “*Quanquam animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit*” we shall lay before the public, precisely as they have been given to us, as a matter of duty, both to truth and history.

During the period that Dwyer was out, he had many wonderful escapes, but the most miraculous took place at Bernamuck, in the glen of Emale, on a Friday night, at the close of the winter of '98. He and nine of his men, being fatigued, and nearly exhausted, with incessant watching, and oppressed by the intense cold of the day, stopped at night in Bernamuck, in order to take some rest. They were divided into two parties, and lodged in two houses, at some short distance from each other, six men namely, Wat M'Donnel, Darby Dunne, John Ashe, Martin Hoar, (Hugh Byrne, afterwards an informer) and a sixth, who went by the name of the little Dragoon, remained in one house, and Captain Dwyer, Samuel M'Alister, John Savage and Pat Costello, took up their residence in the other. They all retired to

rest early in the night, and had not long done so, when the informer, who is said to have been a man of the name of Connel, hastened direct to Hacketstown, and gave information to the army, about the party. A large number of the Glengarry Fencibles, under the command of Colonel Macdonald, Captain Roderick Macdonald, Captain Beaten, and Lieutenant James, hastened to Bernamuck, and suffered very severely on their march thither, as the night was one of the most severe that had been known for many years in this country. The soldiers were drenched with snow, not even their ammunition could be kept dry. They reached the place at the dawn of day and proceeded to the house in which the six men were, knocked at the door, and summoned the inmates to surrender. The men immediately seized their arms, advanced to a small window and got a view of the Highlanders. Wat M'Donnel primed his blunderbuss and encouraged them all to fire out on the soldiers, but they refused, saying "that whatever chance they had it was by giving up their arms quietly," which they shortly did. Captain Dwyer and his other three men, knew nothing of the presence of their enemies, all this time, but he was shortly apprized of it by a very loud knocking at the door of the house in which he lay asleep. He and his men jumped up and found the house surrounded. They were then ordered to give up, or else the house would be instantly set fire to. Dwyer cried out "to spare the people's property" as he had taken forcible possession of the house. Shortly after this the firing commenced; Corporal Dougal Cameron fired into the window, and broke M'Alister's arm with the ball, John Savage immediately took aim and shot Cameron through the heart; they continued to resist, until all their ammunition was nearly expended, and the fire had reached the roof of the room in which they were, and the heat from it was so excessive that some tubs of butter which were in it melted into oil, and flowed on the ground. At length M'Alister turning to Dwyer said, "Captain dear, you see that I am rendered useless, and can fight no longer, as my arm is shattered, and I would wish to prove even in death, my sincere affection to you "I think it best to have us open the door, and on the instant, I and Savage will present ourselves at it, when we are sure to receive the volley of the Highlanders and fall, but you might perchance escape, by rushing out through the midst of them, and being concealed by the smoke and falling snow, be able to gain the glen in safety." As Dwyer saw no alternative, but to be buried alive or submit to the enemy, he agreed to the proposal of M'Alister, and having tenderly embraced each other, M'Alister and Savage advanced to the door, dashed it open, and ran out; they were instantly shot down, and in the twinkling of an eye Dwyer bounded out through the midst of the soldiers, leaped a small fence, that surrounded the farmyard, and ran along by the door of the barn, but in passing a small stream, that was frozen, which ran by the end of the cabbage garden, his foot slipped on the ice, and he fell flat on his face. To this fall he most miraculously owed the preservation of his life, and his final escape, for he had scarcely reached the ground, when a score of balls, fired by the Highlanders at him, passed harmlessly over his head, which, had he been on his legs, would have most certainly perforated his body. He was soon up again, and took to his heels and ran like a deer, closely pursued for some time by a powerful

young Highlander. Dwyer found himself much exhausted, and feared this man might outstrip and seize him, so he stopt suddenly, stepped aside, and tripped up the Highlander, and by this small advantage Dwyer got rid of him, for by the time he had regained his feet Dwyer was a considerable distance in advance, and never lost his pace till he reached the Slaney, which he crossed without much difficulty, as he was nearly naked on leaving Bernamuck, and soon after gained a place of safety. The soldiers pursued him as far as the river, but there lost all traces of him, and were obliged to return unsuccessful.

There have been several songs written by the peasantry of Wicklow, commemorative of Dwyer's escape from Bernamuck, and condemnatory of the informer Connel, a verse or two of which I insert here to show rather the feelings of the people towards Dwyer, than from the correctness of the rhythm.

It was at the dead of night, old Connel took his flight,
Straight the road to Hacketstown, he took that very night,
He said unto the Highlanders, "If a secret you will keep,
I'll bring you where Dwyer and his men all lie asleep."

Another old song:—

It happened on a Friday night,
Was raised a dreadful storm,
Brave Captain Dwyer he lay at rest,
Thinking of no informer,
It's little he thought a Catholic
To him would prove unfaithful,
Before the morn was far advanced,
His "Liberty Boys" were taken,
Had they let Wat, fire off one shot,
The rest would be alarmed,
John Savage shot the Highlander,
That broke M'Alister's arm.

To return to the prisoners. Five of them having been tightly handcuffed, were about being led away, when one of them said, "There is no use in leaving Hugh Byrne after us," (who had previously secreted himself in the chimney,) the officer demanded where he was, and was told the place; he sent in three or four soldiers, who found him there, dragged him down, and brought him off with the rest to Hacketstown. Here they were detained for one night; on the next day official communications reached Colonel MacDonald, from some of the leading magistrates, in and about Baltinglass, directed him to have these men, five of whom were from that town, sent there, in order that they might be put to death, before their parents and friends. A court-martial was held on them, and they were condemned to be shot. Next day they were marched up to the sand pit, now called "Gallow's-hill," and there shot; their bodies were given to their friends who interred them all, in one large grave, in Kilrimdella churchyard. Owing to some information that Hugh Byrne offered to give, concerning the murder of Dr. Armstrong, Regimental Surgeon to one of the cavalry regiments whose head quarters lay at Baltinglass, he was detained in Hacketstown, and had his life guaranteed him.

Immediately after the death of his five associates, Byrne was taken to Baltinglass, and accused a blameless young man named Case, of having cruelly murdered Dr. Armstrong, the particulars of which I will now give, according to Byrne's information. This gentleman was very fond of shooting, and went on the day of his murder to snipe shoot over Mr. Greene's bog, at Greenville, where he fell in with Valentine Case, who acted as caretaker to Francis W. Greene, Esq. Case told the Doctor, that he knew of a part of the bog, higher up the river, on which he was sure to meet abundance of game, and induced him to go there. When they came to a lonesome place, Case and one or two accomplices attacked the Doctor and soon overpowered him, and pulled him into the river that ran through the bog, and held his head under the water, till life was extinct. They then robbed him of his gun and whatever money he had, and carried the body to a barn belonging to Mr. Greene (as the family were from home), there stripped it, and thrust it into a heap of threshed oats. During the night Case became apprehensive lest the corpse might be discovered in the barn; he went and had it conveyed to a place called New Inn, about three miles distance from the scene of the murder, and there left it exposed on the high road.

It was a fact well known through the country, that an enmity existed between Byrne and Case, caused by false insinuations, made to Byrne by some ill-minded wretch, that an improper intimacy had existed between Byrne's wife and Case, in the absence of Byrne during the Insurrection. Mrs. Byrne was known to be a virtuous woman, and lived in the house with her parents in the absence of her husband, and it seems there had not been given the least cause for those suspicions; on the other hand if Case were a man of loose morals, or improper conduct, he would not be employed, and retained so long in Mr. Greene's employment, who was remarkable for being most discriminating in the choice of his servants. It would appear also, that Byrne himself must have been the real murderer of Dr. Armstrong, as he was able to detail so minutely all the circumstances of it, and indeed this was, and has always been the opinion entertained by all the inhabitants of that part of the Co. Wicklow, and his own sister offered to prove, that he, and not Case, was the guilty party, but her testimony would not be received. Case knew perfectly well, that Byrne had been detained in Hacketstown, when the five men were sent to Baltinglass to be shot, and consequently that he must be about to give some information, otherwise he would have suffered with the rest; then if Case were guilty of this dreadful crime, it's natural to suppose that he would have absconded, but what was the fact? he remained attending to his master's business, until the day of his arrest. On that day some Dragoons called at Greenville house, and enquired for Case; they were told where to find him. He had gone out on the side of the mountain, with two or three small dogs to hunt for rabbits; when he saw the Dragoons riding up towards him he instantly walked up to them, and was asked by some of them, what his name was; he said, "Valentine Case;" upon this, they shouted vociferously, and waved their caps, and three of them dismounted and seized him, then tied him behind one of the dragoons, and carried him away to Baltinglass. This

happened on a Saturday ; the next day being Sunday, Byrne was supplied with a hatchet, and other implements, and Case was led up to the Chapel-yard, during the celebration of mass, guarded by a large body of soldiers, and a gallows was erected there ; Byrne who acted as executioner adjusted the rope about Case's neck.

Case was half hanged and then taken down ; Byrne was then directed to complete the business, and it was at last seen, for what purpose he had brought the hatchet. Some of the soldiers cried out to Byrne that " he was the boy who would brand him," and from that time he was known by the soubriquet of " Hughey the Brander ; " so dexterous was he in the use of the hatchet, that the head was taken off before life was extinct. A respectable inhabitant of Baltinglass affirmed that he saw the mouth open, and shut, after the body was decapitated. Some of the soldiers then kicked the head down from Chapel-hill to the Market-place, whilst others of them caught the body by the heels and dragged it, most barbarously, along the ground, so that its blood marked the entire way ; this inhumanity was perpetrated, in the presence of persons of every creed, as they were coming at the time from divine service. The head was then dipped in a pot of boiling pitch, and stuck up on the top of the Market-house, where it remained for years.

About a fortnight after the death of Case, Michael Lalor, father-in-law to the Brander, James Hayden, and Peter Whelan, lost their lives, in consequence of some remarks they passed about Case. The three were shot on the same night by an armed party unknown. A party of 14 or 15 men called into a respectable house, in Tarbertstown, on the same night that these men were shot, and demanded some refreshment ; the only members of the family at home, were the eldest daughter, and her youngest brother, who was in bed when they came. But in the absence of the rest of the family, a Protestant young lady of the village used to sleep with the young woman of the house at the latter's invitation, and she was there also this night. The men were cheerfully supplied with whatever food was to be had and after partaking of it, they departed. The young lady returned home as usual the next day, and related the affair of the night to her friends. Her brother, a yeoman in Mr. Hume's corps, went immediately and gave information of this fact. Captain W. H. Hume and three of his yeomen, repaired to this house, and inquired whether or not she knew any of the party, who had been there, on the previous night ; she answered " that she did not." When the affair was reported at head-quarters, a strong body of Dragoons came to Tarbertstown, and took the young woman a prisoner to Baltinglass ; she was detained in confinement for some weeks, and was frequently examined by the magistrates, touching her knowledge of Dwyer, or this party. On one of those occasions, an able attorney was appointed to cross examine her, who did not behave very courteously towards her, and at length his insolence elicited the following remarks from her :—" I won't answer you," said she, " but I will answer a gentleman. Let Capt. Stratford interrogate me, and I am ready to reply to him, but since you have forced me to it, I can tell *you*, that *you* and your fellow yeomen, were the persons who broke open my mother's cupboard, about a year ago, and carried off a considerable sum of money out of it, after gorging yourselves with the best

food and drink that the house contained." Upon this Capt. Stratford said "that the lady must be liberated as there was no charge against her;" she was accordingly allowed to return home, which she did, amidst the acclamations of the people of the neighbouring district.

To return to Dwyer. After the escape at Bernamuck, Captain Dwyer remained in such seclusion for a considerable length of time, that most persons thought he had made his escape to France, or America. In the summer of '99, a number of patriotic young women of the neighbourhood of Kilrindella, the principal of whom were Mary Dwyer, sister of Captain Dwyer, and Margaret O'Brien, entered into a subscription, in order to have the bodies of the Insurgents, who were killed in battle, or shot by the yeomanry, collected and interred in one grave. They succeeded in recovering eight bodies, which they caused to be brought to Kilrindella Church-yard and there buried, with Dwyer's men, who were taken in Bernamuck. Mary Dwyer, and Anastasia Devlin, accompanied by three other young women, and two boys, went at dead of night, to the old church-yard of Leitrim, to disinter the bodies of Samuel M'Alister (the bosom friend of Captain Dwyer) and Pat Costello. They brought a car, and coffins, but were not a little puzzled, for some time, where to find the exact spot, when Captain Dwyer suddenly presenting himself, pointed out to them the place, and having reprimanded them for bringing the boys with them, for says he "They may be shot if seen," he then disappeared. One of the boys got down into the grave, but found himself unable to lift the body; Mary Dwyer instantly jumped in, and assisted in raising it, and laid it on the ground; she cried out, "That's Sam's body," for she knew it at once. The other corpse was also taken up, and both put into the coffins, and carried away. Those young women, mentioned above, had purchased, and most tastefully decorated, thirteen garlands, and about three hundred rods, which they distributed amongst as many of the people, and when they came within two miles of Kilrindella, with the corpses, they were met by thirteen young females, each bearing a garland, and a vast number of the peasantry, three-hundred of whom bore the rods, and in this manner they preceded the bodies, up to the church-yard in which they were laid by the sides of their companions, and a garland hung over the head of each "Rebel," and the rods were placed around the graves.

Miss Margaret O'Brien wrote out the following couplet, and attached it to the centre garland:—

"Our posterity may say, as they stand weeping o'er our graves,
Those heroes died for liberty, rather than live slaves."

Numbers of persons, from remote parts, of the County visited the Church-yard, whilst these decorations were suffered to remain in it, but in about the space of a fortnight after their erection, they were torn down, and trampled upon by three dastardly yeomen, named "Ellis" from near Holywood glen. All comment on this action, the writer thinks superfluous, as the act itself fully demonstrates the unmanly dispositions of the perpetrators of it.

Further Anecdotes of Dwyer.—A gang of unprincipled ruffians were in the habit of going about the country at night and robbing under the name of Dwyer, and no

one thing that happened to him, gave him so much concern, and annoyance, as this sort of conduct, for whatever faults he may have had, he was void of any tendency even in the remotest degree to dishonesty. Several of these robbers, he pursued through the mountain fastnesses, and as it is said, shot, others of them he fettered, and sent into Humewood, in order to have them tried, and convicted, but on the day of trial as the chief prosecutor, which was himself, was unwilling to trust his body to the tender mercies of the yeomen, and did not therefore appear, they were discharged. He heard that some of the same gang intended to rob the house of a respectable farmer, near Tinnihaly, and he determined, if possible, to prevent it, and at the same time to punish the robbers. For this purpose he proceeded on the day appointed to the house of this man, and arrived there late in the evening and made himself known to him; after some time he opened to him the information he had obtained of the intended burglary. He then asked him what family he had in the house, to which the farmer answered "his wife, two grown young men, sons of his, and some small children and a couple of servants, and that the only stranger he had in the house was a woman who was travelling and had not been able to go any farther that night, and to whom the mistress had given lodging. "Dwyer's suspicions were instantly excited, and he entertained an idea that this woman might be an accomplice of the party; he told the farmer he had a wish to see her in order to have some conversation with her; the farmer said "that she was sitting at the kitchen fire telling stories to the children, when he had left there."

So they both went into the kitchen. Dwyer sat down by the fire, and began to interrogate the stranger, who seemed anxious by her answers, to avoid his conversation, as much as possible. A fiddle happened to be hanging over the fire place, and Dwyer asked one of the boys, to play him a tune, which he complied with cheerfully; after two or three tunes Dwyer said that it has been now a long time since he had heard such good music, and as he was fond of a dance, that he would trespass on him to play up a jig, for says he "I must try what metal this young woman in the corner is made of, as she seems to be very active and light of foot." The boy played up a smart jig. Dwyer asked the woman then to have a step; she very coyly refused. He said, "by dad you must take one step, at any rate," and finally forced her out; in the course of the dance he capered and whirled the woman around the floor, to the great amusement of the family; but in the height of the merriment he gave her a trip, and tumbled her on the floor, and then cried out, "down she tumbles again." The family instantly jumped up to raise her, but he said, "pray not so fast;" he then tore open her shawl and pulled out a case of pistols, and some utensils necessary for opening locks. By this time all were convinced of the intention of the pretended female, who turned out to be an athletic young man. Dwyer seized him, and said that he would shoot him on the instant unless he gave a full and true account of his accomplices, and how they meant to act. The captive gave satisfactory information of the names of the party concerned, and told them, that they were to come that night after the lights were extinguished in the house, when he was to arise and to open the door, and let them in on a preconcerted signal been given. Dwyer then

said to him, "at your peril be it, if this turn out false, for I will without doubt shoot you." They then pinioned and gagged him, and tied him to a bed post in an inner room of the house. Soon after this Dwyer prepared himself, and the two boys and father, in order that they might give a warm reception to the expected visitors.

The farmer wished to have the door firmly secured, but this Dwyer would not allow, as he said they were strong enough for them; he then latched the door and put out the light. In some short time after this a rap came to the door, and as it was not opened they dashed it in, which was not difficult to do, as it was left nearly open. Dwyer had placed himself and the male part of the family directly opposite the entrance, and as soon as the robbers entered the passage he and the rest fired at them; some of them fell in the hall, but were conveyed away by the rest; it has not been discovered how many of them were either killed or wounded, but the blood was tracked beyond two miles from the house the next morning. Dwyer and the others were preparing to pursue them, when the mistress of the house flew to the door, and would not suffer her husband or sons to go out to be shot; on that account, they were not pursued. Dwyer shortly after left for his old haunts, having first expressly charged the farmer to send for the cavalry to Tinnehaly, and resign to them the prisoner, which was soon after done; this affair occurred in the winter of 1799. The tune that Dwyer danced to on that night has continued an especial favourite to the present day among the peasantry of Wicklow.

A SCENE AT A WEDDING.

A respectable farmer near Hamilton Lodge, Co. Wicklow, was getting his daughter married, and amongst the other guests he invited the Lieutenant, who commanded the force stationed there, to come to the wedding. This farmer was in the habit of supplying the military with provisions, and by that means became acquainted with this young gentleman.

As was then usual in the country the wedding dinner was not served up till long after nightfall; during the dinner Dwyer and Hugh Byrne entered the house, not knowing that the officer or his two orderlies were there; the master of the house became alarmed at their presence, as he had not invited, nor did he expect such visitors; however he thought it best to ask them to take some dinner. They sat down and dined very heartily. The officer began to suspect that there was something strange in the conduct of these two men, as the company present could not refrain from displaying unusual concern in their looks since they had joined them. In the course of conversation the officer made some sarcastic remarks concerning Dwyer, and said "he was to be out next night in search of him." Dwyer turned, and asked, "would you wish to see Dwyer," the officer answered "that he would give his commission for a sight of him," "well then," says Dwyer, "here I am." "What," says he, "are you Dwyer?" "I am Dwyer, and if you don't believe me look at my left hand without the thumb," at the same time holding up his hand.

The officer instantly jumped up and laid hold of two knives and two forks, reversed the points and got the hafts in his hands. He then sprang at Dwyer, but

Hugh Byrne intercepted him, rushed in upon him, and deprived him after a fierce struggle of the weapons. The officer then fought with his fists, and struck Byrne. Dwyer did not stir off his seat, and directed the company not to interfere. Byrne was a powerful man, and dashed the officer on the ground several times. Dwyer seeing Byrne act thus, jocosely said.

“ Ah Hugh, don’t hurt the officer.”

As soon as the altercation had commenced, some young men, friends of Dwyer, hastened to the kitchen in which the orderlies were and secured them. The officer became somewhat exhausted, having been beaten so hard in the face, that he was deprived of the use of his sight, but certainly he got no foul play, for Dwyer and the company several times wanted him to desist, which he would not listen to, so long as he was at all able to stand on his feet. Dwyer and Hugh Byrne shortly after left, taking with them the arms of the orderlies. The officer was conveyed home by some of the company and his two men. When the event was known, he was summoned to Dublin, a court-martial held upon him for cowardice, and he was sentenced to be cashiered, and pronounced unfit to hold his majesty’s commission, and the two soldiers underwent the severest military punishment that could be inflicted upon them. Dwyer ever after regretted the unmerited punishment of this gentleman, whom he often designated as the bravest man he had ever met with.

(To be continued.)

BRIEN TO HIS ARMY.

A.D. 1014.

“ OUR foemen are gathered—all thickly they swarm—
 Moynalta is black with the clouds of the storm—
 They dream that our victory’s star hath grown pale,
 They dream at their numbers our courage will fail.
 Say – shall we prepare the invaders to meet,
 And lift up the gauntlet they fling at our feet,
 Or, leave our fair island the prey of their kings,
 The sunburst o’er gloomed by the raven’s dark wings?
 I hear but one answer burst forth from your lips—
 “ Our lives for our land !—drive them back to their ships.”

Lament not Dalcassians, that Donogh, afar,
 Is gallantly bearing his part in the war,
 For what though the ranks round my banner be few
 When they are of soldiers as valiant as you?
 With Morogh my brave one in arms at my side
 And Marcachs like mine, let them look to their pride.

Since with me ye fought by the rock-bounded spring
 Where fell the assassin, who made me a king,
 And wild Iniscatha re-echoed the plaint
 Of robbers we drove from the shrine of the saint—
 I proved ye my soldiers, in many a field,
 And stars of the battle!—ye never would yield.

Too long have these pirates infested your land,
 And dared to usurp here a regal command—
 Have issued their orders, and levied their fines,
 Have murdered your chieftains and rifled your shrines,
 May Heaven's high master command us this day,
 And will that it shine on the last of their sway!

And if the false monarch of Leinster combine
 His forces with their's to annihilate mine,
 He fills his own poison cup full to the brim—
 Destruction to us is destruction to *him*—
 Too soon oh! Maelmorra!—too soon would'st thou know
 The foe of thy country was also *thy* foe.

Behind his hill shelter the envious Maolseachlnin
 Prepares to exult in the triumph of Lochlin:
 But vainly he listens such music to hear,
 The dirge of the vikings shall ring on his ear,
 And he who would barter his country and king,
 Shall find that his arrow flew false from the string.

This day that the Holiest laid down his life,
 This day they insist we shall meet them in strife,
 But their's is the crime—upon yonder blue dome
 The angels have written we fight for our home.

This cross be our safeguard,—behold it above,
 And honour the symbol of faith and of love—
 With this in our van and our anchor on high,
 What man or what demon shall force us to fly?
 To night ere the sun-rays depart from the heath
 Shall Brien be victor in life or in death?"

Echne.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH INVASION IN '98

OF that intrepid band of heroes who forsook the peaceful labours of the field for the hazards of insurrectionary war, none brought to the fearful struggle of the French Invasion in 1798, a bolder heart, a stronger arm, or a deeper hatred of oppression, than Larry Gillespie, whose enterprising feats of muscular powers at Castlebar caught the attention of the armed loyalists, and who, when the outbreak ended in disaster was one of the men with a price set on their heads. Engaging with a mounted dragoon near Sion Hill, he no sooner had him borne off his saddle by a thrust of his long handled pike than he was assailed by three of his mounted companions. Ere they could reach him with their naked blades, his foot was on the throat of his fallen foe, and wrenching the carbine from his gripe, he shot one antagonist of the three. "Bravo Larry," said a stentorian voice behind him, "you will not have all the glory—no by japers, one at a time is enough," and in a moment he recognised his friend, Captain Timlin (the famous outlaw, afterwards gibbeted at Castlebar), who rushed at one of the fellows, and while a candle would besnuffing horse and man were put into the dike, and down the rider tumbled with Timlin's pikehead kissing his ribs. "Quarter, quarter," shouted the trooper. "Lie there in the dike," said Timlin, "I scorn to kill a wounded man; I make King George a present of you for the rest of the campaign."

Larry during this time was engaged with the other trooper. He was a powerful swordsman, and for a while parried Larry's pike thrusts, when Timlin turned from the wounded trooper, "Bravo," said he to Larry, "spike him in the arm-pit." So Larry thrusting the steel as desired, down fell the trooper on the ground.

A tremendous cheer burst from the vast insurgent host, blended with the *vivas* of the republicans. The rout was general. Down Stoball rolled the retreating tide, across the narrow bridge swept the beaten squadrons and battalions of the King—after them rushed the insurgent mass. A single curricule gun manned by Corporal Gibson, and about a dozen of Highlanders, for a moment stopped the rebel torrent.

Foremost in that second Macedonian Phalanx were Timlin and his friend Larry; they dashed against the gun whilst the Highlanders fell back under the bridge, and in the tumult the brave gunner was borne with the wedged mass, and a voice was heard crying, "Hurrah for the green, hurrah for the green," and a thousand voices responded. Lake and Hutchinson were routed; the former sought in India to redeem his lost prestige, and the latter among the sand hills of Egypt.

Next day Larry and his friend Timlin parted, never to meet in this world, and early next morning Larry Gillespie was to be seen with a broken pike shaft in his hand passing the narrow defile of *Barnagee*.

In a village on the northern shore of Lough Con, Larry's choicest treasure, next to the honour of his country, a young and faithful wife panted for his return. Surrounding it were the studded and sylvan groves of Deel Castle. The Deel swept on through a meadowy valley here and there thickly wooded, and the princely piles of Deel Castle, the old Elizabethian fortress of the Gores, and the new mansion

erected by Colonel Cuffe stood embosomed in the foliage of autumn. The broad blue lake expanded from his door, and the giant mountain crags of Pontoon and Addergoole, with Mount Nephin soaring upwards until it kissed a cloud of fleecy whiteness, and rose in tapering grandeur towards the sky. Here was a scene over which Naiades might preside, and it was through this valley, among these groves, and in the depth of those woods, along the flowery banks of the lake and river, that Larry Gillespie and his young bride sauntered when their lips sealed those vows which ended in the holy bonds of matrimony. It was from among those scenes that he left her to take a run into Ballina to see the *French*, with a promise that he would be back in three days, and to the moment, he entered with his broken pike in his hand, and a standard torn from the retreating red coats. When Peggy Gillespie gazed on her young husband a smile of delight lit her fine open guileless countenance, just losing its former natural blush, for she was fast approaching to be a mother.

"Arrah Larry avourneen," said she, "I hope you did not come without leavin' a legacy with them bloody red coats. I hope acushla you paid them as Davy Rorke paid the Tithe Proctors long ago, by givin' thim an ounce o' lead for every sheaf of corn."

"Troth, Peggy," said the gallant Larry, "I left a whole dozen of the spalpeens killed and wounded in the dike; I am sorry I did not meet big Jack Ormsby, I'd make his big stomach as flat as a tomb-stone, and let his inside see the light o' day any how."

Mrs. Gillespie being impatient to see the French, she and Larry took their departure for Ballina next day, carrying with him his broken pike shaft and the torn ensign of King George. Passing on through the fields, the thrilling sound of martial music was heard blended with the wild shouts of the peasantry. It was a large body of the insurgents going out to rob and loot the houses and cellars of the aristocracy. Meeting this formidable gang with their leader Hugh M'Guire, the latter accosted Larry, and called on him to go to the fun. "No, Hugh," said Larry, "I have an arm to strike a blow for our country, but not one for smashin' locks and robbin' cellars," (pointing with exultation to his broken pike shaft and the torn flag), "come on, Peggy, I often heard Father Roche, say, that Ireland was lost in Wexford by drinkin' up the cellars."

Larry and his young bride entered Ballina, and going down by the Druid's monument, (*cloch otho gaul*), there was a large fire with several pots boiling beef, and an idle gang of half armed stragglers lounging along the ditches. Seeing that Mrs. Gillespie was approaching to be a mother, a stout matronly looking woman stuck the long prongs of a stable fork into the meat, and running over presented it to the young wife. "By the pot hooks, ma'am," said she, "you never will pass until you keep the youngster's tongue in; here, this is no harm, take it." Mrs. Gillespie called for a knife to cut a slice off the beef, and called for a pinch of salt. "Bless you ma'am," said the female cicerone, "salt is as dear in Ballina as diamond dust at the jewellers." So Mrs. Gillespie, to keep the youngster from putting his tongue out, eat the beef without salt.

When Larry went as far as the market cross, he had the pleasure of showing his wife one of the French detachments left after the invading army. "Why Larry," said Peggy, (pointing at one of the officers) "this gentleman is light enough to dance a jig on the palm of your hand."

"Then Peggy," said Larry, "these little fellows have all Europe under their feet."

"Shame on my countrymen," said Peggy, "to lie under their heavy load of rents, tithes, and taxes, and duty-work, when these little *Lochramauns* of fellows have all Europe under their feet."

A few weeks rolled on, Humbert committed the fault of Hannibal after Canae; he made a second Capua of Castlebar, and rejected the advice of the Irish Leaders to march direct for the South. The triumph of Lake at Ballinamuck scattered the insurgent hosts, and Ireland was crushed beneath the heels of her oppressors. Larry Gillespie was a prisoner in Ballina, and tried before Lord Portarlington; Colonel Jackson and Captain Ormsby sat there, and mercy was stifled in the cry for blood. As soon as the tall, erect and powerful figure of Larry was brought in tied and manacled, "On my honour as a Peer of Ireland," said the fat lord, "it is a pity to swing this fellow, we will send him to His Majesty's Ally, the King of Prussia; he will make a splendid Grenadier of the Royal Guard."

"Swing him," said Colonel Jackson, "he has a traitor's eye, the king's enemies must perish."

"'Tis false, I am no traitor," said Larry, "I loved my country and stuck to her cause to the last."

"Away with him, guard," said Jack Ormsby, "if there is a rope in Ballina he must be hanged."

"I fear," said Portarlington, "you are too rash; what proof is there that this man carried arms, and levied war on the king?"

"He has a rebel's face, and a traitor's eye," said Colonel Jackson, "which is all the proof I require."

"If we don't gibbet them in scores," said Jack Ormsby, "the king's authority is a dead letter. I was told that this very fellow was one of the first that struck down the gunner on the bridge of Castlebar."

"But we will put him from ever doing harm to the king," said Portarlington, "by making a present of him to the King of Prussia."

"We will give up our swords to the king," said Jackson, "unless his enemies are put to death."

The cruelty of faction drowned the voice of justice, though Portarlington's heart was not insensible to the voice of pity, the blood thirsty cruelty of local satraps frustrated the natural bent of his mind. Larry Gillespie was removed a condemned felon with the sentence of death upon his head. As he was dragged from Colonel King's mansion across the street to the military barrack, one gazed on that noble and athletic frame, in whose bosom all hope was not lost—it was his beloved wife. No tear dropped from her blue and dazzling eye, her life she resolved to devote for his, and if every resource failed, the proud consciousness remained, that she was bearing

in her bosom the pulsations of young life, that might in the course of events avenge a father's death. The intrepid hero recognised her, and his face beamed radiant when he saw that she preserved her wonted courage unimpaired. A smile of recognition lighted up his lip, and the eye fixed for a moment told, that he felt her expression of sympathy would follow him to the grave.

On an evening in October, 1798, Larry Gillespie heard the blows of a hatchet in the guard-room where he was confined; they were the blows of the carpenter constructing the rude scaffolding for his execution with his brother felons. On an ash tree in Lloyd's Garden, with only a narrow street-way between itself and the barrack, the tragedy of the death was to go on. Sitting under the shadow of the high wall opposite the towering instrument of terror as if counting the blows, sat a woman young, pale, and thoughtful, evidently soon to be a mother; it was the young wife of Larry Gillespie.

The early shades of night had fallen, the loud blast of the equinox shook the huge tree and scaffolding, nature seemed to conspire in wrath against this tragedy of blood, and though the trees and houses creaked in the storm, and the sentinel sought the shelter of the sentry-box, there sat that lone woman with the young life that throbbed in her bosom; her hour had come; "where there is a will God sends a way;" the night favoured her, she rose at last when night waned in the storm and foot-steps ceased about the barrack. Stepping over to the sentry she said, "please Sir to take a small drop, the night is long and cold, a *cruiskeen* will keep out the cold."

"Eh lass, you are my guardian angel, 'tis honey to me now," said the soldier with an English accent, taking a full swing from a wooden measure which she filled out of a half-gallon jar.

Said the soldier with his frank English nature, "I expect, lass, some dear friend is about to swing up here tomorrow," pointing with his screwed bayonet towards the tree. "Yes in troth, my poor husband will be murdered there," said she; "they condemned him without judge or jury." "They'd do anything in Ireland, from cutting a throat to hanging an innocent man; her gentry are tyrants, her middlemen are robbers, and her soldiers are cowards, only fit for killing innocent people," said the soldier. "I myself saved dozens from the yeomen." "God bless your English heart," said Mrs. Gillespie, "I feel as strong as a trooper's horse by the courage you give me," and she filled another goblet which the soldier drank to the bottom.

The two hours on guard passed away, the soldier told her not to stir, and that he would get her in to see her husband. He got time to tell his comrade, who succeeded him, of the succour that was at hand, and after giving him a full *cruiskeen* she was led to the guard-house.

This was a long dark room without any fire-place, and in a corner a few sods of half-kindled turf raised a smoke which half obscured the one candle that threw a dim flickering flame, the soldiers neglecting to use the snuffers. Grouped together on a heap of straw lay four prisoners, three reclined at full length in a sound sleep, while one alone sat with his back against the wall, his folded arms showing that sleep could not drown the deep mine of thought which flashed in his brain.

When the gentle figure of the pale young wife entered she only cast a fleeting look at the stern features of her husband. Moments were precious, a life was to be rescued from the talons of the law, and knowing she was a welcome guest with her "jar of the true religion," she began to divide it with the guard.

"Your minutes are worth years to you," said her friend the first guard, "give me that and go over to your husband for the short time you have to stay, which is two hours, before the officer of the guard goes rounds," and the generous soldier took the first goblet and handed it to the gallant rebel.

The mountain dew went round, the minutes were passing fast. Mrs. Gillespie placed a few damp sods on the fire which increased the smoke, the moment for action came; "Larry, Larry," said she, "for the sake of all the saints in glory put on this cap and jock and be out the back way, the sentry will let you out, he will think it's me." "Arrah Peggy a cushla," said Larry in a low whisper, "they'll hang you." "Never mind," said Peggy, "not till what I'm carrying is born anyhow." Larry bounded into the yard and giving a gentle tap, the door was opened, then stooping so as not to look too tall, out he went, the soldier bidding the good Irish gal good night.

Larry cast an eye at the tree and tall scaffolding where his fellow rebels were to be hanged on the morrow, and favoured by the darkness and the storm he struck through a lane into the fields, and in the morning was far away from his enemies.

The next day the work of death went on, the three men swung from the ash tree, and a green leaf never grew on it since. Two other trees were also there and still are in the same garden, this day in beautiful bloom, old, tall and stately, but not as much as a vestige of a leaf on the other is to be seen, and any person coming to Ballina can be pointed out this speaking blight.

Mrs Gillespie fell into a deep slumber, and slept soundly. In the morning she was recognised crouched among the condemned. The report was made to Lord Portarlington, who said with a smothered smile of satisfaction, "I thought to make a present of that fellow to the King of Prussia, and nothing would satisfy them but his blood. Let them follow him, and let the woman go, I will not order a court martial."

Larry Gillespie struck straight for the wilds of Erris. Fortunately Captain O'Malley the Irish smuggler, who saved many a rebel leader from the gallows, was landing a cargo of brandy and tobacco.

Larry Gillespie formed one of a dozen rescued from the vengeance of the law, and was landed at Flushing. There the flag of the great Republic gave him protection, and joining the French army he became a candidate for glory on the battle field.

In Napoleon's second campaign of Italy, he often thought of the Deel and Loughoon, in his bivouac on the Adige. In the grand army at Boulogne for invading England, his heart yearned for a field where he would meet the oppressors of his country. And at Ulm, Jena, and Friedland he escaped the carnage of those days. His prowess at Friedland caught the eagle eye of Napoleon, and he was joined to the old guard. Having joined Murat's expedition to Spain, he found a field congenial to his wishes during the whole Peninsular war, and in Soult's division felled many an English soldier, until Toulouse ended the bloody fray. In the last charge of the old guard

at Waterloo, the prowess of the tall Irishman was felt; and one of the last who departed on that bloody rout was *Captain Gillespie*.

In the year 1816, a tall stranger in military appearance came to Ballina. A deep scar on his right cheek, and the loss of two fingers showed that he had been a warrior in arms. It was Captain Gillespie; he went to his native village and the haunts of his early bliss, and seeing a tall young man of eighteen digging potatoes in a field, the lines of his dear wife's countenance were marked in his. Making careless inquiries about the village his heart burst with joy when he learned that his wife was there. Not communicating the parentage to his son, they walked together to the humble cottage, where, rich with two acres of land and a cow, but never deserted by hope, they lived together. A woman with bluff and healthy appearance, approaching forty, was over her spinning wheel, lifting her head and gazing on the tall soldier-like man; his face and features were much changed, but looking at the grey twinkling eye, her heart burst, and she fell into a swoon lisping the name of Larry. There she was, a spotless Irish mother worthy of his exiled heart. As he lifted her gently up, he implanted a kiss on her lips, her eyes opened, and on his breast she saw the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

In three weeks afterwards, father, mother and son, were on their way to America.

Conal Cearnach.

Ballina, May, 1858.

Critical Notices.

The Old Mountain Home, or The Eviction.

Dublin: James Duffy.

THE night of the 19th of November, 1821, was made hideous by the perpetration of that fearful deed of vengeance, "The burning of the Sheas." We have met with what purports to be a circumstantial account of this occurrence in a book which the author tells us is meant to "illustrate national character and manners." The book is entitled "*Revelations of Ireland*," by D. Owen Madden, Esq., &c., &c., and is dedicated to "the Earl of St. Germans," &c., &c.

We might search the pages of every calumniator of our race, from Cambrensis to the penny-a-liners of our own day, and not light upon so atrocious a libel upon the character of the Irish peasantry as this "night of horrors" which Mr. Owen Madden has dished up and flavoured to suit the Anglo-Saxon palate. He not only takes the evidence of an abandoned woman for gospel truth, but actually draws upon his imagination to add new horrors to the picture. According to him, a gang of the peasantry surrounded the cottage of the Sheas and set fire to it, *having first fastened the door on the outside* to prevent the escape of their victims—thus roasting alive seventeen human beings, men, women, and children, most of whom never did them any injury, and many of whom were total strangers from other counties, who had come to that neighbourhood for "the potato digging." Here is an extract:—

"The roof of the cottage had now fallen in, and not another solitary groan was heard. Gorman and the gang returned again to Maher's house. Again they passed the very spot where Mary Kelly lay concealed. Again she crouched down and marked them as they passed. They talked eagerly of the deed which they had committed, *and the ruffian Gorman made his fellow miscreants laugh while he amused them by mimicking the shrieks of the dying and imitating their appalling groans!*" (Page 235)

William Gorman and Darby and Ned Maher were hanged on the evidence of this guilty woman, who kept up an illicit intercourse with one of the Mahers for a year and a half after the burning, which length of time she took to wind her toils around her victims, and bring her plot to maturity. Philip Gorman and Richard Brown were subsequently brought to trial and acquitted, the same evidence which hanged William Gorman and the two Mahers being proved to be a tissue of perjury from beginning to end!

We have heard the particulars of the burning from the friends of both parties, and the *worst* construction we have heard put upon the horrible act is, that Gorman's faction wanted to murder Ned Shea, and could find no other means of getting him into their power but by setting fire to the house. The key was lost in the confusion of the revellers within the house, and hence the horrible tragedy. It was never even suspected by any one acquainted with the facts of the case, that the door was fastened from the outside. The true history of the burning of the Sheas is pretty closely adhered to in a work which appeared some years since in the columns of the *Irish American*. We are surprised that this tale of "The Outcast" has not been published in a complete form before now. It is evidently the production of a powerful mind. It is a panorama of society in Ireland at the time it treats of, and bears the true stamp of genius upon every page. The Tory lord and the Whig lord, the patriot and the priest, the agent and the *shoneen*, the schoolmaster and the peasant, are painted to the life. The springs are laid bare by which the politics of that day were set in motion. We are let into the secrets of coercion acts and special commissions on the one hand, and "reform" and "amelioration" on the other. We know of but one man to whom to attribute this work. If we are right in our supposition he is one who has—

"——Run the outlaw's brief career,
And borne his load of ill."

But, right or wrong, the present writer takes this opportunity of expressing his admiration for the talents and sterling patriotism of brave Michael Doheny. The story of "The Outcast," and that of "The Old Mountain Home," though built upon the same unfortunate occurrence, do not resemble each other at all. Neither do they clash with one another. "The Outcast" is a political tale—it takes a wider range, and grapples with hard facts: the other, though exposing the heartlessness of our rulers, is a domestic story, and the writer avails herself (we opine a lady is in the case) of the privileges of the novelist. And well and skilfully has she done so. We took up the book for the purpose of criticising

it, but we could only rage and weep over it. We heartily recommend it to our readers. It will teach them to love Ireland and her people better. It will also teach them the value of virtue and religion in the time of affliction, when the hand of sorrow presses heavily upon us, and poor human nature is assailed by temptations from every side. Works of this kind are calculated to do a great amount of good. If they only helped to check the stream of pollution poured in upon us from the "cheap literature" press of London, they should be encouraged. Instead of giving extracts from "The Eviction," we recommend our readers to procure the book and judge for themselves. We occupy the remaining portion of the space allotted to us for this notice, with a short account of the causes which led to "the burning."

The Gormans held a farm of about eighty acres, to which was attached a tract of mountain commonage. The family was noted for hospitality. Their kindly feelings towards the poor were evinced by the fact that the homeless outcast was never refused a site for a cabin on Gorman's portion of the mountain. No wonder then that they had troops of friends in the neighbourhood. Besides they were connected with most of the respectable farmers of the district. One of their relatives was an extensive farmer, named John Shee—or, as he himself wrote the name, Shee. He was a man by no means devoid of good qualities, but he had one pervading passion, which, when brought into play, blinded him to all other considerations but its gratification. This passion was greed of land. It was to repress this vice—the source of so much crime and misery—that Father Tom O'Shea planned the Tenant Protection movement in '49. A number of young countrymen were coming from a fair one moonlight night. They fell in with the schoolmaster, who held forth to the "gazing rustics" upon the formation of the moon, just as they were passing Mr. Shee's house. "Land in the moon!" exclaimed a rustic wit, looking towards the house. "Arise spake aye or Johnny Shee 'ill be looking for a farm in it."

The Gormans were ejected. Philip Costello, a cousin of theirs also, offered himself to the agent as nominal tenant, with the intention of giving back the farm to the Gormans. The agent approved of the plan, and gave Costello a letter to the landlord, who lived in Waterford. Costello acquainted John Shee with the success of his negotiation, but added that as he had some hay to secure on the next day he should defer his journey to Waterford till the day following. He presented himself before the landlord in due time, but was informed that John Shee had been there and got the farm the day before! When this fact was known in the neighbourhood of the "mountain foot" the uproar it created was tremendous. Even John Shee recoiled before this outburst of public indignation. He agreed to give half the land to the Gormans; himself keeping the portion on which was the dwelling house. The Gormans were satisfied and built a new house. Matters went on smoothly enough for some time, John Shee's brother, Ned, occupying the old house and the land attached to it. But they only waited for the public feeling to cool down to get rid of the Gormans

altogether. The poor Gormans thought they were secure, as there was a written agreement signed by both parties. Joe Kelly swore, at the trial, that this document was left with him for safe keeping, but that it was lost, he could not tell how. (Joe Kelly was brother-in-law to the Shees.) The Gormans were ejected. They begged to be allowed to remain in the house for a month or two, till they could find another place. They were refused, and the new house they had built was pulled down before their eyes. They then asked to be left their potato crop. This request was refused likewise, and the infatuated man, Ned Shee, hired a number of men to dig these potatoes. He supplied them with whiskey and firearms, and volley after volley was fired, and shouts of revelry and defiance reached the ears of the evicted Gormans day and night. Was it in human nature to suffer all this tamely? We leave those facts to speak for themselves. The tragedy was an appalling one, whatever way we view it. But we protest against the diabolical version of it which Mr. Madden has given to the public, and for which there is not a shadow of foundation.

We stood upon the scene of the "Old Mountain Home" within the last few days. We looked up the mountain and down the valley. All was peace and loveliness. Heaven be praised! But the notice to quit is potent as ever; the law, too, will have its victim, right or wrong (witness the trial of the Cormacks), and the "thirteenth jurymen" still finds a place in the box. Yet it will not always be so. The people are every day becoming more fit for freedom. When they *are* fit for that greatest of all earthly blessings, it will come. But, O friends, it will not come of itself.

BALLAD POETRY OF IRELAND.

THE Ballad is the simplest form of poetry. The Song—the concentrated form of the ballad—is the sweetest shape the ballad can assume. The Ballad may have a musical accompaniment; the Song cannot be done justice to without it. The Ballad has a story running through it, and being more lengthy than the Song, and of a dramatic form, must almost universally depend on animated vocal reading for the true communication of its beauties.

And such a reading is essential to its just estimation. A false reading may destroy the effect of the finest Song, or Ballad. With thought, feeling, and culture, many a young person might aspire to read well—but the gift to sing well is a power more rarely bestowed: and the time lost in learning to sing, by those who have no sufficient voice, nor ear, and wasted in company in listening to their attempts, would surely be much better spent in listening to a well-recited Ballad.

From the poetical remains of the ancient Bards of Ireland, we have the best evidence of the mutual relations of clans, chiefs and kings. The Bards were the inmates of the castle, the abbey, the cabin; stationed in the palace, or shift-

ing their quarters, and firing hearts wherever they went with the love of noble daring. But the professed bards were not the only poets. The Irish tongue ran into numbers; it dilated into impassioned imagery; rested on endearing affection in the mouth of king, chief, and people. Its power in moving the feelings is celebrated. "If you plead for your life, plead in Irish," is a well-known adage.

It is only lately that some of the most valuable of Irish treasures are being brought to light in our adopted tongue. The Dublin "Archæological and Celtic Society;" as well as the "OSSIANIC SOCIETY," have lately ushered into light, highly valuable ancient bardic records. That these should have so long remained inaccessible, shows the neglect into which the most precious records of the country had fallen, even among her own people.

Prior to this, Miss Brooke had laid us under many obligations, by devoting her cultivated mind to such labours. And we have had occasionally, still more valuable contributions of translations from the Irish, as they have been more idiomatic, by men of ability and learning, such as Walsh, Mangan, Furlong, Ferguson, Dr. Drummond, and others.

No history of Ireland can impart to the reader such vivid faith in the early civilization of this country, as the perusal of these bardic records. Remains from before the Christian era startle him into a recognition of the truth so eloquently enforced by Thomas Davis.—"*This country of ours is no sand bank, thrown up by some recent caprice of earth. It is an ancient land, honoured in the archives of civilization, traceable into antiquity by its piety, its valour, and its sufferings. Every great European race has sent its stream to the river of Irish mind. Long wars, vast organizations, subtle codes, beacon crimes, leading virtues, and self-mighty men were here. If we live influenced by sun, and wind, and tree, and not by the passions, and deeds of the PAST, we are a thrifless, arid a hopeless people.*"

Alfred, King of the Northumbrian Saxons, spent some years of his life in Ireland. There is extant in the Irish language a poem attributed to him, date 685. In this, the picture presented of the people of Ireland contrasts vividly with the present aspect of the peasantry of Gweedore, and of the South.

"I travelled the fruitful provinces round,
And in every one of the five I found,
Alike in Church, and in palace hall,
Abundance of food, and apparel for all.

"Gold and silver I found and money,
Plenty of wheat and plenty of honey.

"I found in Connaught, the just redundancy
Of riches, milk in lavish abundance.

"I found in Leinster, the smooth and sleek,
From Dublin to Slewmary's peak,
Flourishing pastures, valour, health,
Long-living worthies, commerce,* wealth.

* Tacitus in his life of Agricola, states that the harbours of Ireland were better known by means of commercial navigators than those of Britain.

" I found besides from Ara to Glea
In the broad rich county of Ossorie,
Sweet fruits, good laws for all and each,
Great chess-players, men of fruitful speech.

" I found in Meath's fair principality,
Virtue, vigour, and hospitality,
Candour, joyfulness, bravery, purity,
Ireland's bulwark, and security."^{*}

" Fitzgerald's ode to his Ship," written by an Irishman of that name—in the time of Queen Elizabeth of England—is finely descriptive, majestic, sublime, and devotional.

" Edmond of the Hills," bewails the destruction of his home by English tyranny in verse, the original melody of which breathes the very soul of music. Apostrophising his ruined home he exclaims :—" Oh ! thou dear hoard of treasured love." How different were *the treasures* his oppressors sought to obtain in Ireland to those, the loss of which he so touchingly bewails !

Hugh O'Neill fled from Ireland in the year 1607, and dying at Rome, was interred on St. Peter's Hill. A Bard—Owen Roe mac an Bhaird—accompanied him, and wrote a lament over his grave, addressing it to a sister of Hugh O'Neill, who, with a few friends, had accompanied her brother to Rome. There is an interesting history of their flight given in the "Annals of the Four Masters." From "The Lament" we shall give a verse. The Bard opens by wishing that the "woman of the piercing wail," Hugh O'Neill's sister, were amongst her own people, the Irish—that her brother's grave were in "Green Tírconnell," where such grief as hers could not pine companionless, and proceeds—

" Oh, no—from Shannon, Boyne, and Suir,
From high Dunluce's castle-walls,
From Lissadill,
Would flock alike both rich and poor,
One wail would rise from Cruachan's halls,
To Tara's Hill ;
And some would come from Barrow's tide,
And many a maid would leave her home,
On Leitrim's plains,
And by melodious Banna's tide,
And by the Mourne, and Erne, to come,
And swell the strains."

The Bard then proceeds to describe the valour, youth, strength, beauty, and truth of the O'Neill and his brother chief ; and concludes with an invocation of strength and comfort on their surviving sister—"the woman of the piercing wail"—and a prayer for the fallen land.

* The allusion here is to Tara, the residence of the supreme monarch. We are told in a very old manuscript, that Tara was so called for its celebrity for melody, above all the palaces of the world, Temur or Tara meaning the wall of music.

We find that Goethe was studying and illustrating the native poetry of Ireland, while it was neglected at home. He gives a lamentation over an Irish chieftain's child. He has caught some of the spirit of our songs. It runs on thus—

"Thy mother too! how could she part
From thee, her darling fair and sweet,
The heart that throbbed within her heart,
The pulse, the blood that made it beat?"

A relic full of pure affection is "The Lament of Felix McCarthy." Compelled to fly from persecution to the western part of the county of Cork in a sequestered rocky glen, he constructed a temporary habitation for himself, wife, and four children. During the absence of himself and his wife, the shed fell, burying beneath it the four children who were asleep within it, at the time. Beautifully he pictures each child—

"Thou Callaghan devoid of sin—
And Charles of the silken skin,
Mary, and Anne, my peerless flower,
Entombed within an hour.

"Mute are the tongues that sung for me
In joyful harmony—
Cold are the lips whose welcome kiss
To me was heavenly bliss."

Nobly he speaks of his religious consolations, yet not as denying the solace of nature's grief—concluding with a wail of pity for the mother—

"Who fed them at the fountain of her breast,
And hushed their infant rest."

We dwell upon these relics of Irish Songs, as the horn of the Elk found in our morasses, brings before the mind's eye that stately creature ranging the magnificent woods, which abounded in our country, before they were cut down by the Norman robbers, in clearing a passage for themselves; as the basaltic columns of the Giant's Causeway indicate the potent power with which nature worked on our coast; so do these outpourings and upheavings of the Irish heart, made imperishable in the Native Ballad, display to us our people as living, battling, working, loving and adoring beings; not fighting savages, as they appear on the pages of English History, but as in reality they were—men and women that we can love, and reverence, breathing the same air, treading the same soil, fording the same rivers that we do to-day; not wild beasts—but human beings, in the Castle, the Abbey, and around the Domestic Hearth; and preserving "their own" with a constancy and a power from which we, in our different estimation of means, may receive an inspiration to a higher circle of achievements.

We cannot quit this portion of our subject—The Native Ballad—without some

allusion to the celebrated Address to Ireland, idealized as Dark Rosaleen; by a Bard of the Chieftain Hugh the Red O'Donnell. Mark the impassioned power, the yearning love of country, and solemn grief over her defeated condition, and the fine tone of Oriental imagery.

"The Erne at its highest flood,
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood."

"Red lightning lightened thro' my blood,
My dark Rosaleen.

"The heart in my bosom faints,
To think of you my queen:
My life of life, my Saint of Saints."

He concludes thus—

"And gun-peal and slogan cry,
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade or droop or die."

In a little work, by Henry R. Montgomery, published in 1846, we have given to us, chronologically arranged specimens of this early native poetry of Ireland. It is an excellent little book, but we believe now out of print.

The Dublin University Magazine for 1832, 1847, 1848, gave many of these translations from the ancient Irish; but in an essay such as this we can only indicate the subject; our object being to direct the attention of the young people of Ireland, and of those who may not yet have read upon the matter, to this most interesting department of Irish literature.

We see in these reliques, men living in the earnest discharge of the common duties of life, living according to the light that was in them. The Irish Bard was at the battle, and at the house of mourning and of feasting. Not singing of the liberty of Ireland retired at ease from the strife, or luxuriating in a foreign capital. He saw the misery he bewails, and suffered in it. He struggled and triumphed in the victories that he celebrates. His songs have the directness and power of the labourer about them. They are not the fine drawn fancies of the pillowed poet, writing on a perfumed desk. His desk was the flowery sod; his descriptions of scenery have all the freshness of nature about them. By the hearth, and in the camp they were written—the men and women he introduces, are not the abstractions of the poet's brain, but breathing men and women; heroes and lovers.

On the book shelf, in the home of every Scottish peasant, are to be found the well-thumbed volumes of the poems of Robert Burns. "Give me the making or the songs of a people, and I care not who make their laws," cannot be too often repeated. The influence of their songs in moulding a people's character, can hardly be over estimated. Learned in infancy, from the mother's lips—thrilled through the house by the sisters at the household work—sung by the father to his

children at the evening hour of rest from toil around the parlour fire—wedded to music which without effort fixes the words ineradicably on the memory, and which is as stimulating as the bath that purifies, or as the oxygen we breathe; they cannot fail to exercise a large influence on the formation of character. Robert Burns is loved by the people of Scotland. His memory is dear to the peasant and artisan. They can discourse as nice discriminators on the characteristics of his genius. Do you desire to hear his songs so as that they shall move the heart and flood the eye?—not to the drawing room will you go, but to the highland glen; where at sunset hour, returning from her daily toil, the peasant girl sings his lays. They have taken hold of the heart of the people, and contribute their part towards stamping an upright bearing on them. They realize the dignity of humanity from his simple song—"A man's a man for a' that," better than from a hundred homilies. "The twa dogs," "The Brigs of Ayr," "The Visions," contain truths, which in no other way save in the fire, wit, and force of these simple lines could the people so well recognize. The love songs of Burns too, his simple, impassioned, unworldly love songs, go to elevate the Scottish people; for ever, with a few exceptions, it is some grace of character which throws a halo round the mortal form, and gilds as with a spiritual light, the landscape that holds the figure.

A man of deep intellect and large heart writing out his experiences, his triumphs, and his perceptions of the common things of life in his songs, and leaving them a legacy to his countrymen, confers upon them an inestimable blessing. All the zest of spontaneity works up the faculties of the Subjects of the King of Song. They find themselves taught, not schooled; awakened to self-reliance, not worried with injunctions. A poet is born in the village to sing immortal songs of the people that till the common earth, and of the scenery that surround them, and the peasant, awakening exclaims: "Are those indeed the hills and fields, the woods and streams I live among; are their inhabitants too capable of exciting such interest in the heart? Then may I walk in a new world—nothing is common—all these goodly creatures—all this inanimate, and all this breathing mass has an infinite value of which I had not before conceived"—and he goes on his way working and rejoicing in the light of the common day.

In Ireland, till within a very recent period, we wanted some great man to stamp his character in his songs, to write out his heart and soul in his Ballads. For whilst we had bards innumerable writing occasional scraps of surpassing excellence, we had not one poet, recognising the true dignity of his calling, and breathing to the last his *life* in his *words*. Moore is the first to unbind the harp and retain it, till the world listens to his strains:—He gave, as he proudly and truly says, all its chords to light, freedom, and song; and when he gracefully acknowledges the sweetness of the ancient song, adds, "I was but as the wind passeth heedlessly over, and all the wild sweetness I waked was thine own." In his strains we have the exquisite polish, like that of the prepared shell or pebble; the ravishing sweetness, sweeter than that of the running stream, or than the

" strains the enthusiast hears at evening wandering on the echoing shore ;" the profuse fancy, rich as that of eastern land ; the brilliant wit, like flashes of the northern light ; and words fair as strings of pearls, or as lilies on the Lee.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler, of America, has written a song to the memory of Moore, which we could like to see set to music by some Irish bard ; if this has not already been done. The first verse might be given, say, as a duette—

" Here's a health to thee, Bard of Erin !
To the goblet's brim we will fill ;
For all that to life is endearing,
Thy strains have made dearer still !"

The second verse might be given as a tenor solo—

" Wherever fond woman's eyes eclipse,
The midnight moon's soft ray ;
Wherever around dear woman's lips,
The smiles of affection play."

Then the first verse might be repeated, sung by four voices or a full chorus—

" We will drink to thee, Bard of Erin !
To the goblet's brim we will fill,
For all that to life is endearing,
Thy strains have made dearer still !"

The third verse would come in well as a treble solo—

" Wherever the warrior's sword is bound,
With the laurel of victory,
Wherever the patriot's brow is crowned,
With the halo of liberty."

The first verse to be again given here by the four voices or the chorus—

" We will drink to thee, Bard of Erin," &c.

The last verse might be given as a base solo, or a duette—

" Wherever the voice of mirth hath rung
On the listening ear of night,
Wherever the soul of wit hath flung
Its flashes of vivid light :"

Concluding with the first verse again by the four voices or full chorus—

" We will drink to thee, Bard of Erin," &c.

We have one with eager face, and expansive brow, yet ignorant of his powers, grasping the Harp, which Moore had laid aside, and with a strong purpose, waking the echoes to its strings. Thomas Davis, the noble patriot, and profound scholar, with his large heart, identifying himself with the mechanic, the sailor, and the peasant.

How completely he realises the sensations of the people ! He gives you the Kinsale fisherman's wife singing of her good man. One of those comely Kinsale women who, with her presence, in white cap, and bright handkerchief, decorated the great repeal procession, that "once upon a time" entered the city of Cork, if inspired, could not more earnestly sing of her homefelt happiness.

The purity of the boatman is depicted, and, by a fine simile, strength which in such a man we would naturally expect to be its accompaniment, is indicated—

“The wind that round the Fastner sweeps
Is not a whit more pure.”

The beautiful image of a goat springing from rock to rock, in the vicinity, is well introduced—

“The goat that down Knock Sheehy leaps,
Has not a foot more sure.”

We have then the fine picture of the powerful sailor, in his own boat, *facing* an Autumn gale. In another verse, the wife, with true dignity, sings—

“The brawling squire may heed him not,
The dainty stranger sneer.”

And again—

“The scarlet soldiers pass along,
They’d like, but fear to rail.”

The feeling of Davis with the poor was that of a man of genius looking beneath the crust of humanity to the universal soul, and recognising its dignity. It was not the regard of the selfish patriot looking upon them with interest merely because they are so much material which he finds it necessary to use in his effort to build up a nation.

He sings of the Tipperary Man, and it is evident that he has been in the cabin of the poor, partaken of their hospitality, and loves them with a brother’s heart. In four lines how distinctly he draws the man—

“Tall is his form, his heart is warm,
His spirit light as any fairy—
His wrath is fearful as the storm,
That sweeps the hills of Tipperary!”

There is grandeur in the two lines—

“His wrath is fearful as the storm,
That sweeps the hills of Tipperary!”

The interior is dashed off with ease—

“Yet meet him in his cabin rude
Or dancing with his dark-haired Mary,
You’d swear they knew no other mood
But mirth and love in Tipperary!”

“You’re free to share his scanty meal.”

And the picture of his Cailin is surpassing—

“Soft is his *Cailin’s* sunny eye,
Her mien is mild, her step is airy,
Her heart is fond, her soul is high—
Oh! she’s The Pride of Tipperary!”

In his song of "The Marriage," we have another among many instances of the facility with which he takes into himself the heart of the poor. The country girl singing of her lover says—

"His eye is as clear as the day,"

indicating, how surely!—his straight-forward honesty; it was scarcely necessary for her to tell us after that, that—

"His conscience and vote were unsold."

The pride of rank—the pride of money—how it shrinks before such an ennobling feeling as this! Thomas Davis is no drawing-room poet depicting the feelings of a peasant. Here we have the heart of the peasant girl, itself bared to view, and beating before us. With what raciness and charming simplicity she tells us what *Eoghan* does possess, "though he owns neither castle nor mill"—

"But he has a tillogh of land,
A horse and a stocking of coin,
A foot for the dance—and a hand—
In the cause of his country to join."

We doubt that the Chief of Song Writers, of that land celebrated through the world for its songs, ever surpassed, in any of his productions, that gem of a song, "The Welcome."

Burns, singing of his Love, always thinks and speaks of her influence over him as ending with the earth; but our Davis celebrates—

"— Love as unchangeably beaming,
And trust when in secret most tunelessly streaming,
Till the starlight of Heaven above us shall quiver,
And our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

On the Historical Ballads of Thomas Davis, we have not time to dwell. They celebrate and record important events and eras, in such a manner as to leave an impression on the memory that no dry history could. In that fine song—"The Penal Days," with a few bold strokes he brings before the mind, the heart-rending scenes of those days, and in conclusion breaks out into a sublime prayer.

But these songs should be heard with the noble tunes to which many of them are wedded, to have them duly appreciated. Of the "Lament of the Milesians," we cannot say more than that the words are worthy of the glorious old air to which they are united. And of "The West's Asleep," the same holds good.

If a young man, at a social gathering, pours out in a sweet and powerful voice with feeling, taste, and rapture, "The Man of Tipperary!" we naturally feel more exultant, more inclined to shout aloud our approbation, than if it had been "Scot's wha hae," or "The Flag that braved a Thousand years," that we had been listening to. All Irishmen capable of singing, should not confine their selections of songs to Scotch and English productions; but look to their own land, and they may there find what is far more stimulating, healthful, and natural to them. Or if a young man, in a fine, deep, rich voice, gives us "The West's Asleep," we feel the call to "Learn Liberty" all the more keenly, because it

has a local application. When a young woman sings "The Lament of the Milesians;" and Gerald Griffin's sweet song of "Old Times!" not to the air to which it has been published, but to one far sweeter, simpler, and more appropriate, the very echo of the sense; there is to our mind an infinite value added to them from the fact of their being indigenous to old Ireland, and "racy of the soil."

We have not space to dwell on the merits of the other modern bards of Ireland. Not even on the sweetness and wildness, the felicitous overflowings of Gerald Griffin's heart. His "Eibhlin a Ruin," and "Mary of the Curling Hair," are pearls of poetry. Nor on the sweet songs of Callanan. Nor on the powerful productions of Ferguson—beautiful as they are powerful. The wisdom contained in "The Saint's Tenant," by Thomas Furlong, and in his "Drunkard," we must pass by. Nor can we dwell on the true ballads of Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, nor of Duffy, nor on the numerous and beautiful productions of D. F. McCarthy—unsurpassed for sweetness, purity, and grace of sentiment; nor on the volume of sterling lyrical poetry by Irwin, lately published under the auspices of the Celtic Union; nor on the group of wild, sweet, powerful songsters *without a name*, for we must hasten in conclusion to notice the volume of poems by Francis Davis, the Belfast Man.

Even if a Song or Ballad be robbed of its metre, the thought or sentiment should be worthy of attention. A pomp of words will not do unless they represent a pomp of worthy thoughts. Nay, the plainer the words in which the thoughts are expressed the better. The language of the workshop, the home, and the farm, has a force, a nature, and a raciness about it, that the "orient sunsets," the "Chloe" shepherdesses, etc., of an artificial, sentimental, lyrical poetry cannot rival. In poetry as well as prose let us call a stool, a stool; and a spade, a spade, and Peggy, only Peggy to the end.

Burns submitted some of his manuscript songs to the literati of Edinburgh—they thought to render them more graceful, and in the attempt pressed out some of the poetry—he restored the fire of the original before sending them to type, exclaiming:—

"Wha's a' the learning o' your schools,
Your *Latin* names for *horns* an' *stools*."

The Belfast Man sings in simple metre, in plain words "in homely westling jingle," as Burns would say, and it goes to the heart, for there is thought and feeling in the song—



"And little reck we queens and kings
When daily labour's o'er;
And by the evening embers sing
My Kallagh dhu ashore."

(To be continued.)

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